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Lil' Keke "Candy Red"

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Chorus: Know I'm candy red, I'm on the scene Know I'm sippin codeine (codeine)

(Lil Keke)

Apple red, brand new grind California Dream Boat It's super nice, I sprayed it twice, I swear I got a mean coat Pull up on the scene hot Can't forget my green top I'm down in Houston Texas, where them gangstas live their dreams out S.U.C. another year Drankin like it's Screw in here We tippin broads and sippin barre, I'm trying to make myself, clear Boys got to see me on the scene They say "That young Don keep that mothafucka clean" I'm out here like a king Candy on the car We on them double cups and drankin green labeled barre They blow the blunt that sticky when they taught me how to hold I turn the lane and do my thang that young nigga cold Don 'Ke Chorus: Know I'm candy red, I'm on the scene Know I'm sippin codeine (codeine) (Mike D) Boys don't know they shouldn't never let the Hogg loose

4 door ? stretched out the ? Red turn heads but I come through, in that black thang Lincoln on Gorillaz , they thankin I'm Fat Pat, mane Body rock the ? turn through the tray Having it my way I ball, sunny you gray Live out the pen, still runnin them jiggas Eight dollars a cooler, steal they drank nigga

Three summers later Only question "Where the paper?" Ain't talking bout a ? Real back, the whig on that old school monsta ? Aviators, ballin since a youngster Tappin on that iPad, Yappin on that iPhone Cup full of Big Moe That kush got my mind blown Yeah, I say that kush got my mind blown And the game over cause the mother fuckin Hogg home

Chorus: Know I'm candy red, I'm on the scene Know I'm sippin codeine (codeine)

(Big Pokey) Candy red top crack '45 cocked back (That Lean) Giving niggas the business, Bitch I'm about that? Yo we stop that, I'm cleaner than a motha fucka Crawlin under the strip, fifth leaning like a motha fucka Aye Hell yeah, I brought my swag with me Bank roll, bad bitch in the jag with me Head turning when you see me in the streets Pullin up in sumtin exotic, the speakers on its feet Square that up, sold the wall and hit 'em Smash the pedal to the floor Watch this motha fucka get off I pull up on the scene Got the whip, look at me ? traffic got the whip, looking clean Yeah

Chorus: Know I'm candy red, I'm on the scene Know I'm sippin codeine (codeine)

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