

Mavi Sakal

"3rd Coast"

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(*talking*)

Yeah sup Ro sup Grace, it's your boy Den Den
To jump on this track with you boys, you know I'm tal'n
bout
It's all about the 3rd baby 3rd coast, yeah I got this

[Den Den]

See I'm mentally ready, fuck those is testing me
Progress is so sweet, ain't tripping with envy
Slip and slide like a snake, vibrate the world like a
quake
Mashing hard on the gas, with 3rd Coast on the plate
Roll on cowards and busters, peeping them soldiers
and hustlers
Got an eye for them fuckers, that trying P.H. with
snorkels
Got a trunk full of clutches, blinding mine make you
stutter
I blow like a hurricane, so close all your shutters
See I wants everything, and everything I'm gone have
Roll out my red carpet, just to go to my stash
Third coast, blinding and shining like a brand new slab
On my birthday, I'm throwing me a fortune life bash

[Hook]

If you living shife, don't fuck with 3rd Coast
These niggaz can't fade 3rd Coast, these niggaz can't
fade 3rd Coast
You could lose your life, don't fuck with 3rd Coast
These niggaz can't fade 3rd Coast, these niggaz can't
fade 3rd Coast

[Grace]

This how we ride in 3rd, po' up syrup blow herb
From lane to lane we grip the grain, and 20's chop up
the curb
We popping flippers on sippers, 3rd Coast g's on the
rise
With bubble eyes and customized, and chrome be 20
inches wide
Entertainment center be lit up, and all the trunks gone

lift up
Button rims they rip up, down talkers mouths gone zip
up
It's that time and here we come, 3rd Coast take a stand
We drew it up and screwed them up, proceeded
through with the plan
Jumped in the mix with hundred bricks, and now a
mobbing gorilla
Unanimous go-getter, about the scrilla my nigga
Stay loaded up and we ready, Box City working that
jelly
Burning more streets than Perelli, while cutting up like
machetes
No doubt screwed up candy paint, killer think straight
drink
Down here we swinging the tank, and every thought be
bout bank
I'ma be T from the S.U.C., pay dues got stripes that be
ranks
That boy G-R-A-C-E, 3rd Coast born caught off game

[Hook - 2x]

3rd Coast, don't fuck with 3rd Coast
These niggaz can't fade 3rd Coast, these niggaz can't
fade 3rd Coast

[Z-Ro]

I done took a lot of losses, now it's time to win
No more signing dotted lines, and I stay dollars spend
I want convertible Benz, with the blue bubble lens
I'm worth a million off the corner, when I'm pimping my
pen
Blue over gray is my choice, pearl white Rolls Royce
Don't need no natural lemon tea, I don't be training my
voice
I'm signed thoed by nature, suckers, punchers, simps
and fakers
A click full of back breakers, and more in a Studebaker
The Mo City Don, I wave a truck like it's a wand
Hit the ATM machine, ain't no need for me to pawn
Cause I'm paid, my game sharper than a razor blade
Bald faded and X-rated, the Gucci's is tailor made
I bubble in the sauna, as I smoke marijuana
From Daytona to Arizona, no longer on the corner
World wide, I gotta keep the dream alive
Tupac and Biggie done died, so now they ready for the
Southside
Top dropping, body rocking like Fat Pat
Dirty rats get splat, when I pull out my black Mack
Cause it's over, the fat lady done sung the song
From California to Rome, these hoes pussies stay warm

And on to the Alamo Dome, then right back home
Ain't no regular we hydro'd, as 4-54
On the po's, be spinning flipping with yellow boned
women
Swimming in divid-ends, cause I'm cold with my
pimping

[Hook]

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