

## Mr. Lucci

### "There They Go"

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feat. Mr. Pookie  
(Mr. Lucci)  
Say hold that down lil' daddy (wussup)  
ahh its nothin'  
man I thought I just seen the rollahs  
gon head and keep on chokin'  
do you see them scopin (where)  
over there wit the long  
4 g's I bet I go get her  
or my name ain't the wig splitta, should I naw  
I'm just flossin up on the scene  
let me gon and drop mo screens  
nigga lets gon and splurge mo green  
hop in the bourbon, poppin the ???,  
rockin the curb, in my excursion on these fools  
chop chop the block, then cock the glock  
spread the word here comes my crew  
Lucci, tre 80 set straight ain't no hate in the lone star  
state  
while we bake the cake, then brake the plate  
Them the south side playas that a ya date  
cause we B-A-L-L-I-N what I'm known fo knockin down  
yo stone do'  
wit 4 12's and my chrome tote  
fuck up in the reefer smoke  
when I turned the corner wit my head blown  
talkin' bout my business deals and my sprint phone wit  
icons  
if you thank you sho they hold on cause Mr. Lucci puttin  
in work  
candy apple below the seal wit a wood wheel sittin on  
some skirts

(chorus repeat 2x)

When we come around the block wit the glock cocked  
and I scream pop  
there they go, motherfucker there they go  
When we comin down the lane grippin grain let 'em  
hang what they sayin  
where they go, motherfucker where they go

(Mr. Pookie)

Bend in corners on twanky twak  
wit double coated candy pain't  
ducked down in my bucket seats wit a box of sweets wit  
a cup of drank  
puff the dank all through the streets  
drop the top, cock the heat, pop the trunk  
pop the screens, pop the do's, point the beam  
stay in front sippin lean  
wit the bubblelize wit the candy queen

-acap

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