

The Livid "Cocaine"

Visit "[Cocaine](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

AHHHH

Snort snort snort the cocaine (x3)

Snort-y snort snort the cocaine

Ohhhhhh

Drop the biggest bump I ever hit

Damnnnn

Yo fucking chop another kid

I wanna do it til my face falls off

Til my tongue's so numb that the taste fall off

I do blow

And boy I do it viciously

Lie to my face and that mother fucker's history

Cocaine cocaine

China bright, snow white

Rolled to a rave

And steal a mother fucker's glow light

Keep my dough right

Man these white lines bite

Make me bleed out my mother fucking eyes tonight

So highhhhh

Nose like a power vac

Girls rub me down just to get into my powder sack

On the power track

So I drink to my health

Lift the rail off the mirror and I wink to myself

No needle in my vein

I got to maintain

A bitch like me is doing cocaine

Snort snort snort the cocaine (x3)

Snort-y snort snort the cocaine

Snort snort snort the cocaine (x3)

Snort-y snort snort the cocaine

I like to do the cokey-coke
You'll never see me smokey-smoke
Never buy, already brokey-broke
Pass me a dollar and I'll roll it up
For me though

Were gonna sell and cut tonight
Uhhh huhhh
I'm gonna yell and fuck tonight
Uhhh huhhh
I'm gonna press my luck tonight
Uhh huhh
Motha fuckas better duck tonight
Uhh huhh
Doing lines off my face with a bendy straw
Pick up my whole car in half with a bendy saw
There ain't enough room for me in this town
And once my dick gets hard it'll never go down

A to the N to the DER to the SON
When it comes to getting gacked we stay number one
While others split a grab, we be sniffing a ton
And we never fucking stop until the bag is done

I walk in the party with my dick in my hand
And straight to the bathroom with my dick in my hand
You wanna step up I got the brick in my hand
Then leave your ass face down with my dick in my hand

Denis A. I hit the yay all day
Went to your party must stay all day
Hit you in the brain
Leave your face ug-lay
Andersons give a fuck what ya'll say.

Philip Anderson looking for action
Dear God on the floor
Call the chain reaction

Step up
You better learn how to act son
No go
You better hit the track bud

Arnold A., but the girls call me Arny
Do more blows than the Columbian army
Made my name in the hyrdogame
Now I play all day on my hydroplane.

Tell me if your nose froze

Girls with no clothes
Then your face pushed in
For that shit that you stole

We cut your shit with ay jack so products bump
And it sits a hundred grand out the back of my trunk
When no radio play you can't fuck with Philip A.
Andersons mother fucker till my dying day

While you were horse faced, running
Tryin to get the crowd hyped
We was in the back
Sippin yack
Startin fist fights
Ohh
I hit the light when I spit at your girl
Turn around and do a line
And I spit on your girl

Haaaa
That's the sound of my laughter
My grove takes my life
To a live firecracker
Never sleep
All my dreams end in disaster
Life in the fast lane just got faster

What's your name?
Arny A., call me Mr. What
Last to pass out
And the first to fuck
And whatchya do?
Sell snow
Man, all the blow
The mother fucking pipe,
Pipe arose me though

What's your name?
Denny A., soft soother with the luga
Hit more keys than the ones on your computer
Whatchya do?
Anything, anywhere, anytime and place
You try to shake my hand I'll punch you in the face

What's your name?
Philip A., known as bobby flay
Cuz I cook that coke up everyday
And whatchya do?
Drink, fuck, snort, shoot and fight
Ya fuck with Phil ya gonna fuck all night

What's ya name?
Anderson, the family's here
The one that you love, and hate and fear
And whatchya do?
Known to party every night and day
Try to make us leave but we're still gonna stay

Visit [The Livid](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.