

Chevy Woods

"Supreme"

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I ain't even gotta drive on this one
Lead the stars
We just kick my shoes off and road drinks of the back
seat
That's cool! Yeah!

I'm settle see them, set em hand in hand on the scene
that caddy blank and pull up, get the didget your man
you wanna hang, I tell her baby stay in your lane
the car cake but the icy with the swing of the chain
not mean not six in Miami, but the Jersey and James,
And plus I'm flowered in them niggas who land em
them planes
And we keep everything one hundred that's all for the
game
and plus the circle tight so now I'm fuck what you lame,
you niggas probably keep a box to the top of the cops,
my man a bar tendence any send em some shots,
and now I'll never be trippin know what I should say
or ..than your bitch ass shit, I had a good day

Hook:

I push rounds, I got dope for you niggas
I push rounds, I got dope for you niggas
I push rounds, I got dope for you niggas
I push rounds, I got dope for you niggas
Drug dealer shit, drug dealer shit
Drug dealer shit, help you cops certain nights from a
dealer shit.

I push rounds, I got dope for you niggas
If I would stay a while every hoe for you niggas
Hey you don't smoke, we don't smoke in my niggas,
That shit the river that's the bottom of the ocean nigga.
Shit change when I dope came in the picture
And all the niggas who told ain't go to prison
Shit was all great, you kept the buscuit
and you will probably fall when you see unlifted,
but knocks put us over on the traffic stop,
on the east side summer time it was hot,
the answers when we bout to do, doing cop,

'cause you live on the hottest motherf*cking dope
block.

[Hook:]

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