

Pac Div "Black Acura"

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Show off for the girls and get your ass whipped
In some 8th grade right in front of the class shit
You gonan try to test me but I'ma pass it
I'm a motherfucking genius and you in some bad shit
Step on the corner with my cool neck on
Hammer can't touch me man I'm 2 hands on
I don't know you man we ain't never been to school
together
We ain't ever shared weed, bitches, or eat food, never!
They say money never sleep, gotta have to hustle
Since I'm bagging duffles, I got ashy knuckles
Carry them to the bank, now I got big muscle
Man I do my thang I got fans in bruxelles

[Hook]

Y'all think I made it, I'm just getting started
Man I'm just saying that shit retarded
Y'all think I made it, I'm just getting started
Man I'm just saying that shit retarded

I just got excited man, I almost farted
That's too much information, my bad, I'm sorry
We got syndication, oh she go hardest
And that's when she choose
And that's when you loose my nigga you garbage
Not to be harsh but fuck it
Your bitches look parched in busted
And I bet you be carpet, munching
That shit that we spark be, skunking
That paper, we puking
You know we be repping the crew, packed yeah
You second to who?
Man, ain't nobody be jugging for you
Must we remind again? Must you rewind again?
I'm off 3 heinekens, and this shit is â€¦
Stepped in your shoes and spit in your face
Disrespecting your bitch and your place
You still want an autograph?
Give me a break, I'm sick and disgraced
These niggas is fake, bitches is fake
Man shit is just fake, I just dated myself

I don't get in the way, got bread to get,
Got head to get, rap educate
Don't added this, need evidence
Been rapping this, ever since, bitch!

[Hook]

Y'all think I made it, I'm just getting started
Man I'm just saying that shit retarded
Y'all think I made it, I'm just getting started
Man I'm just saying that shit retarded

We over faded in the function and we getting started
Shoot a nigga blew 3 blunts before we finished parking
That og will make a nerd broad get retarded
A pretty bitch's dream, a freaky bitch's mister marcus
Parking up that revenue, standing tall like I'm 7" 2'
You ain't cut from that same cloth
Hell nah we ain't getting no checks with you
No you can't get no checks with me
Man get these niggas from next to me
Back stage drinking off the yak
Nigga you ain't get no text from me
Shit pull up I can cop your brakes
This dope boy shit, we copping base
Flex so hard my muscles ache
Stack that bread and tuck the safe
If it's game day, I quarter back
That's on me, them boys is bad
All I know it's that fly shit
Got pimp game on my boarding pass

Fuck what you talking bout
I be making teas, posted up
In the parking lot
Dangling in my keys
Fuck what you talking bout
I was overseas, posted up
Polo down
Catch me dangling my keys nigga

If you try you'll find them rhyiming in someâ€¦
In the ocean, riding dolphins, grab them by the fin
Ah, yeah bitch I'm 10 feet tall
Bunch of hoes playing with my beach balls
Money in the way, I don't see y'all
Finally making paper legal
Bitch I'm flier than the seagull
Fresh as fuck, that's my d4
I head school boy cute â€¦ has
Why you talking little homie

Go and run a lap, duh
Fuck that shit, I've been ether
How these bitches running like a gym teacher
So you can go an do 100 drills
20 years old with a couple mill
It's nothing, I'am go for more
Just becam a wizard bitch, I'm oclefore
Same shit you've been talking for
Eastern raps out the fucking baking soda drawer
Yeh I spit that crack bitch
Mac Div, ah.

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