

Will Brennan

"Rnr"

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Verse 1

Florida whip got the Cali Smell, Riding out in this fast
lane/
Car old as my momma is, Liquor old as my last name/
I'm on 95 headed down south, gotta bad lil Miami
thang/
No attitude just good sex, good weed, call me 2
strains/
Let her hold it down. My homie taught me always
remember these 2 things/
Don't love the hoes, if you find a good one don't fuck it
up with no stupid
Games/ I respect the code, forgive the haters, pray
God bless all the loser
Lames/ If we never get to see a million dollars, let me
keep smoking this
Stupid flame
Wayward Minds, how real is that, DT told me you got it
dawg/
He the point guard, throw the I'll assist, and I'm so raw
they can't stop me
Dawg/ Gitt turned up, got me poppin off, glass half full,
let's top it off/
Pure Molly hit, no footprint, no cuts made, just a
chopped cost
And I'm on it (on it on it on it on it) So good, So high/
Another gram
Rolled a lil half dose a lil orange juice, let me clear my
throat/ for all
Of the niggas that don't know who the best is bitch, the
message is, you
Better get down and respect this shit/ watch while we
cash these checks in
Bitch

Chorus:

Ridin, Rollin
Man this shit so potent
Hundred Miles an hour, think I'm moving in slow motion
We be Ridin Rollin

And my bitch be smokin
Cruising A1A, she wanna fuck me by the Ocean

Verse 2

I gotta couple homies, they my only friends
We be riding out, gotta get it in
Plays never wait, life never waits
Big league, feeling like a light heavyweight
New player in this old game
Flow feel like a lit match in a big ass tank of propane
Proly why I'm taking off, so fast in this slow lane
Watching while ya'll stall out, all that work for no gain
Uh uh, that's so lame. No time for you losers
Wanna know who's dick is bigger bitch, go and get the ruler
Wanna know who's dick is better ask yo girl and she might clue ya
Met niggas that was richer never seen nobody cooler
Cooler... but that's why we get hoes, you never seen before
Everywhere we go
And you be tricken on the ones that everybody knows nigga
You be tricken on the ones that everybody knows

Chorus

Verse 3

Go hard, stay hungry. Do work, Get money
No stress, no pressure. My time, it's coming
They mad? Say fuck em. I laugh, it's funny
My team, they ballin. Yo team, do nothing
It's simple, it's easy. Just quit, man trust me
Cuz if we gotta go head up, it's going to get ugly
You sleepy, you tired, you garbage, can't touch me
She gorgeous, I'm on it, I like her, she lucky
We perfect, we coastin, 28 grams of the (police siren)
Never shake hands with the (police siren)
Have a safe plan for the (police siren)
When we ride, I keep it stuffed inside of a safe can for the (police siren)

When we ride, I keep it stuffed inside of a safe can for the (police siren)

Chorus

