

Young Scooter "Colombia"

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[Intro: Birdman, Ross & Gucci Mane]

Let me go gang
I just left Colombia
Birdman, count up
Ross, Double M
(Guwop) Bricksquad, Young Scooter
Rozay, Stunna
Rich gang, what's happenin' nigga?

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

I can make cocaine
3.5 kilos on my gold chain
I'da flew to Haiti
Zo fuck around and gave me eighty
Chickens like the Wingstop
Nigga tried to kill me but I had the thing cocked
They think I know the voodoo
I'da keep showin' my Ghost on the channel 2
I'm having dreams and nightmares
MJ moon walkin' on the white squares
I'm a boss not a kappa
Pussy nigga dying to call me a chapo
Trapping until a hundred mil
Built a mansion for my killers out in summer hills
Bad bitches never fuck with ya'll
We fuck em then drop em off in the muscle cars
Chrome wheels and them rally stripes
Third party conversation through the satelites
Little nigga got an appetite
We do em then we pray that mama have a candle light

[Hook x2: Young Scooter]

I can make cocaine
I just fell in love with a Cuban
I just left Colombia
Now we get them in by the metric ton

[Verse 2: Birdman]

I just left Colombia
Fly skin and ties I aint frontin' none
Bitch they call me Birdman

Whip it from the kitchen to the curve man
Used to ride blocks on them back streets
dippin through them back streets travel with a ten a
piece
Kingpin lifestyle
Million on the whip
Hundred mil a hundred thou
Twenty million on the new home
Line tapped got me hustlin off of five phones
Gotta get it by all means
Put it down for my city from a triple beam
blah

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: Gucci Mane]

I was trappin out of Granny's house
I broke a screen door
Rappers say they kingpins but never seen dope
Whippin dope in every bowl you cant find a clean bowl
Long lines full of fiends Gucci need a green stove
Wanna visit Coca-Cola call me Gucci Mane stove
And I aint never told a soul I didn't need no snitch fo
I .. people shop the bond
I just sold a metric ton
I got Ninety-nine bricks and I still wont french a one

[Verse 3: Young Scooter]

Hop up out the airplane
Me and had a got a mean with the Rich Gang
Free my nigga Pooh-tang
Sold more dope than every rapper in the rap game
Really seen the truck loads
Came a long way from the country dirt road
I own little Mexico
Pushin' bricks from the East to the West coast
Summer time I'm charging sixteen
You got ugly bricks you know my remix look clean
I'm BMG steppin everything
The streets mine and you'll never see the drought
again

[Hook x2]

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