

Red Cafe

"Drug Lord"

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featuring 2 Chainz

Drug lord, they're calling me a drug lord,
Drug lord.

Cash, cash, I get sella cash,
Shawty don't judge me, I'm might fucking fast.
Ding it out of doubt, hop in my dog,
Camarro, Fidel Castro.
Cocaine connect, not what I know that,
Believe I drop a few birds when I saw that,
Believe I push hella pounds when I found that,
And bet I press the copper right where your frown at.
What your life like? Nigger, mine real,
They're rolling you in foolery, nigger, mine real,
I'm selling narcotics, so you know how come,
I'm still balling on niggers without an album.
I ain't the head preacher like from Malcom,
I'm hella dirty in these streets sell dirt.
Take down this smoke to my lungs like
Only question I ask for is my ones dead.
Fuck what these hoes doing, fuck who these hoes
screwing,
Put that hoe in the street, let's get this dog moving.
I slam Cadillac doors, whip, whip city and ice that crack
down.

Hello, hello, I'm mean, motherfucker,
Hello, hello, I'm mean, motherfucker,
Hello, hello, I'm mean, motherfucker,
I know they wanna be me, motherfucker.

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How we've kill 'em, rearrange how I do 'em
Motherfucking real and that just ain't you,
I'm up on a pill for killing the pro dudes
And niggers know my religion is true, hard chose.

Perfume niggers, calm so you kill us,
But niggers is gased up, it's time to burp you, niggers.
See, every day is a weekend, we spend money on a
strong pack
And niggers is week can.
Catch me on one, two, five in the way thames,
Gucci hoodie on, look like a troll, let's rock him.
I'm a dry hair, rocking with a bare head,
A form college part with a false type of game sell.
Smoke cool Gs, back to back, aisle to aisle,
You need clientele just so you can rock bale,
Yeah, used to trap by a school zone,
80 aisle ahead, crack in the school club,
Gather to it with my control and roof gone,
Catch up, you're too far back in the gray coupon.
They say I'm a hool lumnus, a whole club,
Hello, goodbye, at least I know hoes.

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Hello, hello, I'm mean, motherfucker,
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