

Louie V Mob

"Dope Case"

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(Intro)

Al Capone in this bitch

Louie V Mob

This the return of the real, nigga

Real niggas, real music

No limit foreva

Nigga been tryna give me a case for 15 years nigga

I don't touch no dope

I just make a lot of money

(Hook)

I almost caught a dope case

Fuck the laws, nigga got away

30 G's in the doorway

I almost caught a dope case

Fuck the judge and the V8 nigga,

Don't touch nothing, know how we play nigga

I almost caught a dope case

Fuck the judge and the V8 nigga,

Don't touch nothing, know how we play nigga

(Verse)

Motherfuckers tryna check my stash

30 G's in my pocket but it's all cash

And a nigga lookin for them big ol packs

Now hold and cut my fuckin seat but don't touch my

dash

Cuz it's wood grade and all Louie

Bitch hatin on me cuz she a nigga jury

And now a nigga back, I know them hoes watchin

Bitch get ready cuz you know I'm not stopping

On my way to Mexico to see my seniorita

Keep my eyes open cuz I'm wanted by them people

But that's alright cuz that holdin on regga

And I don't sell dope but I make a lot of paper

Fuck nigga!

(Hook)

I almost caught a dope case

Fuck the laws, nigga got away

30 G's in the doorway

I almost caught a dope case
Fuck the judge and the V8 nigga,
Don't touch nothing, know how we play nigga
I almost caught a dope case
Fuck the judge and the V8 nigga,
Don't touch nothing, know how we play nigga

(Verse)

Well I say polices is watchin me
My rearview see lights
Got a clear view of my dyke bitch
Make one trip and she white
And I almost caught that fed case
Homicide, head case
30 G's and a throw away
Graduated from an ordain
Long clip, big brick
Hollywood with a bad bitch
No limit, my ho with it
Drop it off, my bro get it
Know this business like blow business
Duck low and that fool spit
Set back and I watch P
And I turn the key in the show business
Ridin round in my style, Ciroc my law
Police can't catch up, my tech shut shit down
Louisiana ball, my round that's my dog
Want a pound make a call, mix the wardrobe with the
raw

(Hook)

I almost caught a dope case
Fuck the laws, nigga got away
30 G's in the doorway
I almost caught a dope case
Fuck the judge and the V8 nigga,
Don't touch nothing, know how we play nigga
I almost caught a dope case
Fuck the judge and the V8 nigga,
Don't touch nothing, know how we play nigga

(Verse)

Line clickin, my phone tapped
Waistline, I got 2 straps
Louie life, fuck a red light
2-85, I'm doing law
Sick, standing on a dope case
Just entered, thrown the key away
30 G's and a half a brick
I told P I ain't goin to jail in may
Duffle bag, 40 K

2 trap for the weed is yay
Burglary ball, sound bad
Like Al Capone I still got away
Twist up to my new shit
It's a 5-50 MG key
There watching us fading
My pepper spray so they don't do shit
Lawyers paid up, fuck it them gunners K'd up
So you better not touch man, don't say man
Just keep them hands off inter man
Don't turn a dope case to a murder case
3 shooters, DT phase
Spins calling them filled lines
Pray a young nigga get away
Chyeah!

(Hook)

I almost caught a dope case
Fuck the laws, nigga got away
30 G's in the doorway
I almost caught a dope case
Fuck the judge and the V8 nigga,
Don't touch nothing, know how we play nigga

Dope case, dope case

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