

Louie V Mob

"No Way Jose"

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(Intro)

P back, I don't fuck with no snitches main
That Jose Caseco shit
Nigga, this ain't the open aye
We get rid of niggas if they come playin like that
I'm bout my paper nigga

(Hook)

I talk that brick talk, so bring that 4 way
Don't bring that strapped on, no way Jose
If you got a zip, then bring that ok
Don't bring that flat shit, no way Jose
No way Jose, no way Jose
No way Jose, no way Jose
I talk that brick talk, so bring that 4 way
Don't bring that strapped on, no way Jose

(Verse)

I'm riding round here getting it, the first key for 30
Get a plug on these chickens, gotta be up early
My cousin whippin that white, call that bitch molly
Keep that pistol on me cause ain't nobody smilin
Nigga try to play me, I don't take no shorts
This this ain't a date, you can't get no change of hearts
You got 4 ways to flip it, a duffle bag of that money
You ain't right with my chains, nigga them young
niggas be comin
We don't fuck with no snitches, all about that paper
Battles on that molly we a body bag them haters
All I wear is Louie, all I rock is Louie
Free C murda and fuck the grand jury!

(Hook)

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(Verse)

Niggas talk that brick talk, bend up 2 falls
Them bricks they rerock, we still gonn get it all
Find my whip up a quarter brick, my young niggas with
the shit
A fuck never bad bitches, eat pussy and sucking dick
We been flexin and trickin niggas, a half to a whole
thang
1 to a 2, with the profit of figurine
3 bitches cookin naked, I ship it I whip it ready
My truck was on 26's, now it's on 27
Get on dope and no limit, he's got that shit, he's
authentic
Know we was down for a minute, but I hit licks for a
living
You niggas talk that brick talk, that ain't molly, that's
bad son
So I got 4 ways whatever, you niggas talkin my head
off

(Hook)

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(Verse)

I don't know much about these niggas, could be
robbers or coppers
If ya can't look me in my eyes, then he disguised the
impostor, I'm saying
I'm block choppin, my bitch a doctor, my legal plate
My shrimp and lobster, steak on my plate that's
everyday
I'm whippin, flippin, I'm on a mission, I'm trickin tickets
I'm driving, I'm flying, I'm swimming, I get postal with it
I'm costal with it, left the pussy, I'm supposed to miss it
You sleepin dreamin and growin with it, she hoing with
it
I drop a pack loud on my back the hoe gonn go and get
it
She know what's up, when we double up, we goin
missin
The blow torrific, client flyin and the money pitchin
And when we finish, blowin up so they never forget it

(Hook)

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