

Big Pokey f/ C-Note, Will-Lean

"Dog Proof"

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[Will-Lean]

Drug trafficking, cocaine manufacturing
Columbian kingpin, subtracting and steady gattling
Capture and kill, taking over poppi fields
Cocaine cowboy, kept it raw clocking mills
Popping steel through the shields, like a shotgun blast
Up and down the Interstate, overloading the stash
Blow like gas, for my paper I'ma mash
We rolling in cash, Federalies on my ass
Pass me the mask, and burglarize your residence
Salute to my troops, to execute all the evidence
My excellence, and cheap prices keep em coming
Dope running money laundering, no need to be
wondering
Through lightening and thundering, we gotta get this
dope sold
Stomping and pumping, plus dumping it by the
boatload
This game cold, with the blocks compressed in a
casket
I heard you packed it wrapped it in plastic, it's getting
drastic

[Hook - 2x]

Fo' drugs we packed it, dog proof cause we wrap it
Dirty vault can't get caught, fin to stay drug traffic
Now you have it, the measures is drastic we balling
Motorized stash spot, for the blocks that we hauling

[Big Pokey]

You niggaz talk that talk, but can't walk the talk
From fifty packs to a vault, time to mash this clout
See I'm in and out, making boys a believer
Hit like Hurricane Alisha, giving the block a seizure
Motorized stash spot, in the fo' do' Honda
And this bitch named Kiana, she's a thoed dope runner
It's coming in from Columbia, fo' the dons of location
Beyonce's and Filipian, come Korean and Asian
Fabricators exatturators, add hippocrites to the game
Cross the Chevis Entertain, catch a clip to the brain
Cocaine passed compressed up, getting imported by

boat

Peep the words I'm fin's to quote, I bled the block till it broke

Made way with occasions, swallow by like raisins

Clear triggas for these niggaz, and figure em out like equations

Mashing back to my spot, cause my spot be jumping

Bleed the block blow the glock, while I'm grinding and pumping

Pumping and grinding, and avoiding the laws

I hop the gate from my draws, hold the rocks in my jaws

Calling shots hauling dots, that's the way that I live
CEO Executive, putting some'ing in y'all ear

[Hook - 2x]

[C-Note]

I got to scale the dope, by the pound

I got some niggaz that wanna sco', they from out of town

The ki' cooker, got me a burban C hooker

I floss in the Benz on Lorenz, and we took her

Now baby can you make mo' runs, than Mark McGwire

Or can you make more funds, than Gomer Pile

I need bitches for hire, six ki's in the tire

They'll never catch me with my funds, cause it's all on the wire

Or in a net to my house, two hundred G's in my vault

From state to state Texas plate, I hope that bitch don't get caught

I ain't taking no loss, I can't get caught in the cross

And ghetto dreams I'm on they team, and I'm loving the floss

From counting pennies to plenty, many big face twenties

We gon ball till we fall, mix the Henny and Remmy

Blowing blunts with the cuzin, I'm riding dirty like Dozen

The fast cash I'm loving, can't get caught drug smuggling

[Hook - 2x]

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