

Billy Cook f/ S.L.A.B.**"Kandy Blue"**

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[Hook - 2x]

Oooh, you can catch me in the candy blue
Top down, and I'm banging Screw
Screens steady falling, 20 inches crawling
Boppers still calling, tell me what you wanna do

[Lil' B]

Hit the block top down, chrome spin while the grill shine
I'm candy blue thought you knew, trunk popped up
saying peek-a-boo
Take a look at you peeping B, 12's kicking ass like
Bruce Lee
Maybe Jet Li doing kung-fu, if I think you jacking better
run fool
What I'm gon do is hog the scene, cause hoes know my
hog is clean
It was all a dream to be stacking green, now I'm shining
trying to have finer things
Now they calling me bopping hoes, just because I'm on
stop-and-go's
Clocking do' rocking shows, still dripping candy blue
out my do's

[Jay'Ton]

Southwest what I'ma represent, when I'm sitting low
behind five percent
In a fo' do' Crentley slow, see the drop I'll take your hoe
Just like that I'ma beat the back, off the Lac till the
frame crack
It's Jay'Ton Trae in the back, with a black Mack that'll
make you scat
22's blocking off the lane, with Lil' Boss repping Hoover
gang
We Slow Loud can't forget the Bang, I'm 17 in the game
mayn
Candy blue popped out the roof, plenty diamonds all
on my tooth
Buy the mall cause I got the loot, representing for the
DJ Screw

[Hook - 2x]

[Billy Cook]

I'ma stay on my note, and I'm stay on my grind
I'ma grip grain, bang Screw all the time
I'm known for spitting game, and riding reckless on the
freeway
Slow Loud And Bangin', I'm gon rep the G way
Billy Cook Superstar, and you niggaz know the name
Catch me rolling with my click, and banging in a wide
frame
Crawling so slow, screens on glow
Body rocking a slab, in a blue fo' do'

[Trae]

Niggaz hating I'ma sit and chill, gangsta lean when I
glide the wheel
I'ma run the block like I run the field, Impala no more
houpe DeVille
Maybe SUV, representing for the S.U.C
R.I.P. to Fat P-A-T, tell the law to let Z-Ro free stop it G
Nigga never, you see me you'll see the leather
Never broke cause I'm getting cheddar, my paint
wetter than the rainy weather
When the sun beaming I'm looking good, representing
for the Southern hoods
When the top drop it's understood I wreck, you niggaz
wish you could huh

[Hook - 2x]

[Pimp Skinny]

Hit the block when I'm pulling out, beating your back
riding by your house
I'ma hit the top if your bitch bop, I'ma beat the cot like a
Tyson shot
That's a body blow just letting you know, been pimping
since '74
That's the way it go squatting low, pop the trunks then
let it go
Some call me Skinny call me Pimp, three wheeling slab
catch a limp
Then I snatch a hoe when I slam the do', 24's and low
pro's
Friends or foes gotta watch em, try to jack I gotta glock
em
That's the way it is I'll split your wig, with the candy blue
all across my shit

[Boss]

Stacking cash when I'm in the street, starched down
strapped to my feet

Never leave the house without the heat, pulling up to let
the trunk beat
Coupe DeVille with the bumper grill, Southsi' for li' with
a wooden wheel
You don't want the drama it's best to chill, po'd up a
pint and took off the seal
I'm playa mayn, never catch me up in the turning lane
While you all standing be burning mayn, looking at all
the money we earning mayn
Fondren and Main I'm swerving lanes, BJ steady
perving in a 'burbon mayn
Throwback Julius Erving mayn, pulling up in all of the
finer thangs

[Hook - 2x]

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