

Botany Boys

"Com'n Down Wreckin Pt. 2"

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[Hook]

Coming down wrecking, sitting fat on chrome
Big body Benz, or the Fleetwood brome
Bitches steady playing, on my prime co. phone
20 inches on the 4's, on everything that we own
Coming down wrecking, sitting fat on chrome
Big body Benz, or the Fleetwood brome
Bitches steady playing, on my prime co. phone
Blazing up the endo, for all my G's that's gone

[C-Note]

Coming down wrecking, switching side to side
I floss the candy Navigator, with the buck inside
When ya see swang wide, watch the wood grain guide
T.V.'s falling from the sky, and all the girls wanna ride
I represent for my side, and all the homies that died
From the streets we bring the heat, watch the 3rd Coast
rise
Why you looking surprised, you see them screens in
the vis'
She say she love my chinese eyes, while I'm rubbing
her thighs
Can I have a shake with them fries, and don't spill
nothing on my seat
In Laffeyette at the meet, got them freaks for the week
There's plenty girls in Atlanta, now just take you a peek
I got the Burban with the scanner, headed to the Freak-
Nic they on dick

[D-Red]

Playas night out, Botany peeling up the streets with
heat
We creep the weed, always clips for the fools that peep
It's still 20 inches, twisting on the Rover Jeep with
chrome
Wrecking your dome, puffing on a zone
It's on, we roam Kapone styling
Lunch meeting on a plane, we just cruise the island
Bug eyeing, smiling front fo' on gleam
Watch your eyes (bling-bling), D-Red done wrecked the
scene

Million dollar figga niggaz, with the scratch to win
We hit the casino fifty deep, because we bound to win
To all in we dumping money, in the back of a Benz
Sipping yack counting stacks, them boys done done it
again

[Hook]

[Will-Lean]

Boppers peeping my game fiending for fame
Screaming my name, Will-Lean leaving a stain
Breaking the chain, swerving tipping the lane
In my Humvee flipping, gripping the grain
Catch me on the 3rd Coast, patrolling the fort
Ready to scorch, the boulevard rolling a Porsche
Holding the course, the Chemist steady stepping on
toes
Coupe Deville with the grill, wrecking on fo's
Bitches throwing me the pussy, you molesting these
hoes
And when I see you at the club, I'm disrespecting you
hoes
Letting em know fa sho, C-Note let the top down
Hit the switch this for the bitches my nigga, and let the
drop clown

[D-Red]

Now who the hell coming down, calling shots like that
And how the hell them niggaz, make the Benz squat
like that
Popped up on Lorenz, kitted out like that
You ain't know the Botany Boys, bleed the block like
that
Hit the strip and bust a U, with the trunk on knock
9-9 and chrome shining, representing Big Shots
Wide body V-12, or a Fleet on fo's
Rocks glaring hoes staring, watch a G get chose
Bending corners under tint, getting gone off flight
Enough ice to blind sight, and give your ass frostbite
Fully loaded heat toters, stashed under the flo' mat
Couldn't picture Head shining, close up with a Kodak
And for you suckers talking down, I know you soft as a
cushion
Watch the 20 inches spinning, on the Bentley I'm
pushing
So when the screens fall down, in the Lac like that
Remember the Botany Big Shots, come down and
wreck like that

[Hook]

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