

C-Note f/ Will-Lean

"Wa-La"

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Wa-la - 4x

[Hook]

(wa-la), when them diamonds in your face
(wa-la), when we open up your safe
(wa-la), two Rolexes
Keys to the Lexus, 3rd Coast Texas

[C-Note]

Ready, willing and able
Fifty G's on the pool table, springs like a turntable
Steady spending, I'm steady grinning
I'm like the double O rocks, I keep winning
I'm outrageous, sick flow contagious
We independent, but we ball like the majors
Punk niggaz, tried to snatch my chain
So a nigga, had to snatch his brain
Broke through his hood clap his mayn, that's how we
play it where I'm from
Niggaz bust a head with the lead, where I'm from
Uh, you end up dead where I'm from
Nigga better play it, how he said where I'm from
Now run and tell buddy, I'll leave your block muddy
Get to busting with this glock, and leave your spot
bloody
Paparazzi, wanna take my picture
Close your eyes cause I come to get with ya, nigga
coming to get ya

[Hook]

(wa-la), when we kicking in the do'
(wa-la), everybody on the flo'
(wa-la), cause we coming with this roughness
Nigga you can't touch this, nigga this is thug shit
(wa-la), when them diamonds in your face
(wa-la), when we open up your safe
(wa-la), two Rolexes
Keys to the Lexus, 3rd Coast Texas

[Will-Lean]

Forever Botany, we back in the zone

Coming for the stacks you own, buried in back of your
home
It's a jack and I'm gone, don't act and get chrome
Blocka-blocka, fifty caliber cracking your dome
I grabbed the cash and got gone, then jumped in the
Jag on the phone
On 6-10 passing the Dome, mashing on chrome
It's on, say C-Note you should of seen this hoes
Left em bleeding on the flo', kicking and screaming bro
But first I got his hoe, then I got his do'
Manipulating bitches, for riches that's how it go
Wa-la, my ice stay forty below
That G-5 wagon on stage, that's part of my show
Air Force Ones and throwback jerseys, it's all part of my
'drobe
And every rapper you think platinum, they partially gold
Uh-huh it's the Chemist, I'm a lyrical threat
Taking shots like Clyde Drex, I'm a lyrical tech what

[Hook]

[C-Note]

Wa-la, when I'm rolling the dice
Pull out the gambling Shaq, holding stacks and ice
Wa-la, when I fire up a blunt
Just like I came home, and I ain't smoked for months
Wa-la, we ain't playing with them boys
We spraying at them cars, when we run into them boys
Wa-la, it's C and Will-Lean
Sipping coedine, nigga we a thoed team

[Will-Lean]

Wa-la, look at my rims they still spinning
Like the wheel of fortune, playboy I'm still winning
Wa-la, you see my cash flow
Convertible black Rolls, spinning on 84's
Wa-la, nigga keep your mouth shut
Snitches get chopped up, that's how we was brought up
Wa-la, we gon puff and take the wall out
Take your hoe swoll her out, and you all hauled out

[Hook]

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