

Tone Trump

"Afghan G Mix"

Visit "[Afghan G Mix](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Hook x6)

Straight 8 in my pocket, afghan in my dutchie
These real niggaz they love me, these bad bitches
wanna fuck me
I've been mobbin in my loaf, smoking like a boss
I was grinding, they was hating,
That's why they fell off

(Verse)

OG in my swisher ,cold in my liver
My first bill 6 figures
Bursting bottles with jigga
OG in my swisher ,cold in my liver
My first bill 6 figures
Bursting bottles with jigga
White rolley go glitter
Bursting bottles with jigga
White rolley go glitter
Got these hatin' niggers so bitter
At you niggers like twitter
Snowman my niggers

(Verse)

Straight 8 in my pocket,benoy ring on some big shit
Phillie way white cup,got Cass and Chris on the G mix
Make a million talking in street shit
Real ham like T shit
Wake up on that we stream,pissed the world on G
street
Bad bitches love me,them real niggers riving
We 100 thief,we mobbin'
My young bulls getting rocking
Ciroc all in my white cup
Bitch all in my black trucks
West side we gettin' here
Wish these niggers would act up

(Hook)

Straight 8 in my pocket, afghan in my dutchie
These real niggaz they love me, these bad bitches
wanna fuck me

I've been mobbin in my loaf, smoking like a boss
I was grinding, they was hating,
That's why they fell off

(Verse x2)

Smoke that purple gorilla,OT at that killa
Tone Trump now that's my nigga
Them dope dealers on twitter
Shawty love me when I'm with her
Got the 2 pop and the shitter
And she heard I had a sister
Motherfuckers get the bitch up
I'm selling big bricks
They sell little webbles
Jeez wiz I get cheese like eskie bubbles
My phillie hat, they got my dome red
I'm an OG go ask you own head
Smoke that purple gorilla,OT at that killa
Tone Trump now that's my nigga
Them dope dealers on twitter
Shawty love me when I'm with her
Got the 2 pop and the shitter
And she heard I had a sister
Motherfuckers get the bitch up
I'm selling big bricks
They sell little webbles
Jeez wiz I get cheese like eskie bubbles
My phillie hat, they got my dome red
I'm an OG go ask you own head
I lost alot of weight,Fat Joe
But I ain't talking body weight
I'm talking coke hoe
Act about me ,my hood card is double platinum
Mr. Shooter, A.K.A I make it happen

(Hook)

Straight 8 in my pocket, afghan in my dutchie
These real niggaz they love me, these bad bitches
wanna fuck me
I've been mobbin in my loaf, smoking like a boss
I was grinding, they was hating,
That's why they fell off

(Verse)

44 automatic ,sour my aeromatics
Fuckin' coke while I plan this
All you niggers choke off that bambo
Got that digi set on my fabric
And they single appeal I gotta have it
Got a black four parallel change
Brown won't start,won't be not static nigga

Nigga what,give a fuck,nigga act too big hit 'em up
Put 'em down back at the cemetery
There take a low beat down
The preliminary lawyer wanna pop
And one of the bad juries wanna fuck
Gotta keep a nigga out in the streets
Phillie try to eat a nigga up
West side with Tone Trump,
Old sparks, fast grasp, Pete Brown
Shot Patrone in G town
Wing a hockey and be seat down
Motherfuckers beat down
Motherfucker feet down
Had to put the fucker beast down
Put the mic down ,it's on syke now

(Hook)

Straight 8 in my pocket, afghan in my dutchie
These real niggaz they love me, these bad bitches
wanna fuck me
I've been mobbin in my loaf, smoking like a boss
I was grinding, they was hating,
That's why they fell off

(Verse)

My eyes trip from that cat piss
I stash some green in that mattress
Put you been with that ratchet
You and your kids could get in that casket
I get real when I crack flip
'Cause I'm a drug seller
Bucket helm on this rap shit
Don't put all your red in one basket
I'm hollow heads in that ratchet
Split your head if I clap it
No infrared but I'ma hit your head
When I split a leg 'cause I'm accurate
I clap it and you shot
I shoot you up like flu shots
I slaughter y'all of that audemars
Yet you rap for that huge life
Rest in peace to the true pop
These dudes tryin' to be the new pop
Like they are,but ain't all
Took four more shots than 2pac
Fill my cup up I'm drunk
But I'm on the roller skunk up
West side get change big chain
That plack on my back on orange stuff
Get beat down if you jump out
Get aired out you get pump up

Get your ass brushed you get gassed up
Don't make me open the trunk up
Your wife is on trump up
Like what's up with the wassup
And he was like your less win
Say this shit with your chest trimmed

(Hook x2)

Straight 8 in my pocket, afghan in my dutchie
These real niggaz they love me, these bad bitches
wanna fuck me
I've been mobbin in my loaf, smoking like a boss
I was grinding, they was hating,
That's why they fell off

Visit [Tone Trump](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.