

Guerilla Maab f/ Kendro

"Double R"

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[Hook - 2x]

We be flipping in a double R, grubbing on caviar
Making bidness decisions, talking on my cellular
Are we the finest dressed, (yeah that sound like us)
Are we them niggaz to impress, (yeah that sound like us)

[Dougie D]

Oh yeah we flipping and flossing, top down in double R
With Black Mexican Filipina, Puerto Rican star
Got my hands on that booty, everything is all to the goody
From state to state, making bidness decisions in every hoody
Tell me what y'all thinking, bitches steady trying to contest me
Cause I'm the one with the loochie, draped down in Gucci catch me
Feel what I'm speaking, all of the playas know the real
We grubbing on the caviar, with thousand whooping wheels
Down in Texas we wrecking, switch the game up to a new perspective
Banging you bitches in your head, and teaching many lessons
I'm the cause of Paccinos, and my nigga from the 4-lino
And Tory Lino, cocking our glocks and there he go
Yeah we handle it baby, new and refined organization
Guerilla Maab to the 2, and Young Paccinos down we crazy
Holla if you hear me, body rocking with my diamonds blinging
I'm mashing off in nine double R, to the bounce and banging

[Hook - 2x]

[Kendro]

Well I be gripping on wood grain, humble rap Paccino
Letting cheats and freaks, turning seats like Nino

Got a frog eyed Beamer, swang down the feeter
Fish crease bezeltyne, leopard rug or cheetah
Sixteen screens, bungee jump the two seater
Grub the caviar, scood y'all for shareeta
We super unique, so yeah that sound like us
We crawl glass on Lacs, and put blocks on hush
I make the whole world blush, when it's rapping time
Before I reach 18, Kendro gon shine
And I'ma squash that plex, on a constant grind
And if you want a thoed track, hop in Rocko line

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

I'm pulling up in a double R, talking on my cellular
While K and Raw sipping bar, G Maab TV no VCR
I know you heard about us, the streets nigga we run
that
Them ghetto hoods we bought back, we drop tops on
contacts
So real in the game, I glide on glass 4's mayn
Gripping the wood grain, spraying Fondren and Main
With 18's that bang, and a fifth wheel that lean
I know you want the Rolex, and two tripping off
bezeltyne
Boss balling baby, keeping niggaz up on they toes
My job to turn heads, so I'm suicide with my do's
When I'm waving the block, it don't stop like bops
About to bust air shocks, and paint red dots on jocks
I got a pit named Genocide, with a dog house that's
customized
I'm too playa mayn, from state to state with my
enterprise
Armani to Gucci, I'm pulling yemps and I stay fly
We four cars deep, and pulling stunts on that
Grapevine

[Hook - 2x]

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