

J.R. Writer f/ 40 Cal. "Overdrive"

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[JR Writer] Look I been fresher another trend setter It's getting cold lets hit Pelle I need ten leathers Prick its a fact I trick not a stack Walk right up in the showroom give me a rap Look I do commercials for them I ain't giving them jack Matter of fact get to the back find this one in black Soon as you find this one in white thats it its a wrap Then I give him some dap and skip to the lac thats that Dummy I rides and front on these guys Who wanna get high but ain't got the money to fly I tour G-4's just to get the best of life You extra tight on the back of a connecting flight I was born a spitta you're not at all a thriller We watch your videos like look at this corny nigga Ask your mother youngin she just love the gunnin Yeah i'm in the door but the whore keep me up and coming Now the ducking from me your whole team is garbage But back to ya mom she let my whole team menage it Me and my man tag up like a graffiti artist Out in the public we should have caught graffiti charges Topped off quick cause R get impatient Plus she ain't that bad of a barbie to be chasing She slob me till i'm shaking aching Fatigue on her knees no standing like a parking regulation I'm harder than the pavement paving what you tracks are headed You couldn't get that weight off with some calistenics I put the track in medic nigga who is better After my first eight sit it on the stretcher I skid off with your heffa who sit upon the pecker My earrings looking like they done sent them from the mecca Thats ocean blue hoe its true I do what I suppose to do What I had to throw is oop this'll cost a rose or two I'm that coke or fry something for your nose to try JR Writer get ready to go in overdrive [40 Cal] The spot pumping they coming to buy raw Cop the gators crocodile hunter would die for Rush the club bouncing out fronting on five more Fuck'em ride around run in the side door I'm who the dimes call chasing a thug Back of the mansion we living out flavor of love cause when I be in the spot they say its a flood You think I roll with indians the way it rain in the club Twenties Fifties Benjies ten G's official You throwing up singles ya'll niggas making it drizzle I'm what you call thug Get two door porsche love Spell nice

like the initials of the new york sports club I told you
they washed up what you call soft scrub Scarface
jacuzzi while you crawl in a small tub I'm with the young
niggas young joc to young dro Not the new jay-z but
the young hov Young jeezy to the young mase So I had
no choice to put on my man young ace Young one not
the young guns Where the dum dums go blum blum
From the gutta where I come from Got bills that bill for
real for real My whip cost seven digits thats a meal on
wheels But its not a food truck is it the feel for shields
Seeing reflection on the bent through the silver grill
With the tech work i'm riding i'm a expert at wildin
Whole city behind me like my network verizon Head
first sweat shirt bed nurse beside him Red dirt dead
jerk with lead squirting out him

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