

Tum Tum "Caprice Musik"

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Huh
Hey
(Chorus)
Candy drippin
On the chevy
Caprice classic,
Already
I do the fool
Watch me clown
It's dat caprice music
It goes down
(Chorus)

So fly not a wrinkle,
Hop up in the Chevy
Work the wood like my single,
Dippin and swirvin
Me and loc ya herd me
Spinnin thru tha grove
Cocked up on 24's
Heavy on da net
You know me
So many chains on I'm bout to OG
350 what it is
I see u gripin when that?? get big
I be stuttin on dat ass
Screen up pop out the dash
Beep beep who got the keys to the caprice(neeroom)
4/50 engine is obese
Pull up pulled by 25 freeks
I play for keeps

(Chorus)
(Chorus)

Television wood wheels
Sun roof push back
Take boys to school on these slabs
I'm a class act
One boppa,
Two boppa,
Three boppa,

Four
Welcome to the chevy when I let up the doors
Sippin and smokin
Gotta pass that
Take five puffs then pass it right back
Noise my protected
TBG's up
53 B.I.G.
D-D-D-D-Double up
Gangs all here
Leather on the chair
Aint nobody flossin like this I swear!
Presidential tint
Bang in the trunk
Pistols everywhere got me fuc*ed up
? drop the beat
I lace the track
I'm a fool wit it (fool wit it)
Like twisty black
Wip game vicious
My car look delicious
So much candy on the car
It's re-goddamn-diculous

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

One boppa,
Two Boppa,
Three boppa,
Four
One boppa,
Two boppa,
Three boppa,
Four

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