

# Guapo, When You See It

My double cup is so dirty  
And the clip hold a thirty  
I don't know which one you working  
I don't know which one you working  
But we know fake when we see it  
We know hate when we see it  
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We know these niggas some hoes  
I ain't faking no more  
I ain't keeping no secrets, I'm a' let the world know  
Since these niggas be hating, niggas gone' get exposed  
I ain't cocking no deuces  
So please do not call my phone  
I'm a' fuck all they hoes  
They some actors we know  
Me and Take got a one liter then we poured us a four  
I had your bitch at the spot, I made her take off her clothes  
I got some bros in the 0, and they from Hollygrove  
I'm a' call up Tray1, and he gone' fuck up the stove  
You a junky my nigga, I know you play with your nose  
Call my jeweller tell him put 5 karat's in my earlobe  
We know there's snakes in the grass, can get hit with that R.I.C.O  
I'm a' hustler like Jay Z, and I'm a' ball like Alpo  
Money before these hoes  
[?]  
Never fall out by money, cause' we gone' get some more  
I'm from the streets, I won't fold  
I just live by the code

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Which one is you working  
Popping seals like they virgins  
Wrapping that work up no turbine  
Broke niggas I am allergic  
My nigga tell me what's your purpose  
The bando be jumping like Kermit  
I'm calling up Guapo, we go get that nacho, we pull up like the Secret Service  
Rolling up cookies and Backwoods

Stuffing my weed like tobacco  
Pretty boy, Offset, and Capo  
Migos like Pablo Escobar [?] vato  
Cooking up dope let the junkie taste some  
Want cocaine classes call up Tray1  
Expose you niggas just for fun  
Pinky ring swole, Big bun  
I know these niggas they envy me  
These niggas didn't believe in me  
I know they hate when we see it nigga  
Pussy nigga don't you speak to me  
They killed my bro Pistol Pete, Rest in Peace  
Pull in the six four, no Eazy E  
Money over bitches, M.O.B  
Cookies punching out the cookie jar, Hercules  
I take the two liter, Peach Crush  
Fill that bitch up with some mud  
It got to be Actavis my nigga can't sip like you niggas never did Tuss  
I pull up in the I-8  
Tell Corey open the gate  
That's the first thing my mama told me when I was young how to know what was fake

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Which one you working lil' boy  
I'm still serving you know it  
When I busted out the wrap, you know it's already going  
Walking in the trap and it's snowing  
I got a shooter Bruce Bowen  
When I pop the seal, I keep pouring  
Look at my shoes, Rick Owens  
Which are you working my dude  
Hurry up and come purchase this dog food  
My niggas don't play by the rules  
I got my degree out of trap school  
Young nigga hitting licks  
With the old dirty stick  
Trapping out the house, but this time its' a mansion bitch  
Having mob ties  
Y'all niggas tell lies  
You had it all in high school, now they say you dropping fries  
That's the one that you working, which are you working  
Still on the block, call me Quavo Kendrick Perkins  
Double cup still Easter pink call it Kirby  
Outside clean but the inside dirty  
Riding around town and a nigga still swerving  
Jet me ans my passenger seat, and it hold a thirty

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