

Crime Mob, White Tee

(background) Yep in my white tee (x12)

(Hook x2)

I slang in my white tee
I bang in my white tee
All in the club spitting game in my white tee
I bling in my white tee serve,
feigns in my white tee
f**k a throwback I look clean in my white tee

(Verse 1)

Step on the scene with some green and some hard white work
Real clean fresh jeans and a all white shirt
We all get money and we all smoke purp
Hit the dirt one squirt will leave all yall merk
Cause im fresh in my white tee they glance at my white tee
and I got the hat that match my pants and my white tee
Whoever that you might see
I know they got a white tee
Uncle brother sister mother dad or your wifey
Hanes or fruit of the loom be tha
Name of my white tee
I gotta change man its a stain on my white tee
Lames in a white tee I bring the pain in my white tee
Hispanic cracka nigga even yangs wearin white tee
Hit the club deep and we all got a white tee
A throw back no that hell naw it'on 'cite me
You dont need no throwback cause you will be set on your white
Tee you can get a circle or a V-neck on ur white tee

(Hook x2)

(Verse 2)

I hit the mall in my white tee

Oh I think they like me or they like the diamonds cause they shine so brightly
Yeah you know i how i be under my tee it the wifey
double talk tighly(?)
For them niggas who think im soft nigga come and try me
They going to find your body
White tees in the club and while we drinking on bacardi
F**k throwbacks white tees in tha party
Now dont get me started gotta try bacardi
Drama we avoid it
Everyone wear white tees cause they can afford it
Girls wear white tee, boys wear white tee
Niggas in the trap nigga I bet they got a white tee
I wear a white tee, you wear a white tee
The next day catch me with a brand new white tee
Oh they buy clean white shoes fresh jeans
But on that boy shirt what it say not a thingg

(Hook x2)

I gotta couple throwbacks it just I choose not to wear them
White tee extravganza nigga like a foot locker sale
Niggas think i don' fail but my paper stacking a lot
Or you can throw back this
but Partner check my nine
And im a ghetto gangsta white tee laws gone hate ya
Street gangs with a little fame them hoes gonna chase ya

Can't escape from this white shit it done covered the map
Like crack been her in the 80's and it took over the trap
Come to the hood you can find me trappin in my white tee
Standing with a full grill niggas might try me know sho how i be still in my white tee
Rock jeans tiger green yeah girls like me
Haters try to bite me
Some try to dislike me
Became a rich nigga and the feds try to indite me

Yup in my white tee (x12)