

Mr. Pookie, French Connection

(mr. pookie)

Pullin' up at tha club in a 67 'lac
Wit tha champagne color, drop top, blowin on a sack
We were rollin like some macs, peepin all foes
I got to valet, my baby, cause she sittin on some all golds
Now lucci call those, ladies wit fitness
So we can handle our business, and let em know, jus how we kick it
It's time to let em know tha real crooks are on tha scene
Unkindly to these hoes unless tha finally got some cheese
Now bring on tha weed, let's float on cloud 30-30
I said a few lines, she grab my hand, I knew she heard me
I sat at tha bar afta rollin' up tha cake
Then they mixed that grand moyea wit that damn kovasea
French connection and some hay, we were blowin fool
I cant keep drinkin like this, I gotta hop up in tha old school
Playin it so cool, and still smokin
Locin up wit this tight, bright stallion, I had spoken

Chorus (x2)

Baby, come and get some
Mr. pookie, mr. lucci wit tha big guns
Playaz havin bug fun, now tell me do you want some
I'm at tha bar laced out on french connection
Bout it, bout it, baby!!!!

(mr. lucci)

Now once again, this playa stepped in, wit tha first class dressin
Teachin lessons on impression, toward tha vip section
Me and pookie steady wreckin, headshots of french connections
Green depressions, got me in a zone of balla flexin
Crooked down dallas, texas, stackin g's while I'm plexin
Stoneycrook niggaz, runnin everythang, don't even test them

Hopped up and I'm chopped up on tha dance floor, showin mo luv
Yella bone eyes locked up, when I'm propped up wit my soljaz
It's so much, green cover for tha primeco phone holder
See tha don man's and tha golds, bruh
Crooked pest games wit her shoulda
And I told her, meet me at tha bar bout 3
Go gather up some of yo freaks, while I find pookie
Ja'causezi's and dubbie's, wit new ki's, wha it's gon be
Green trees and don p, droppin tops through dallas deep
Coolin out wit my g's, niggaz that you can't tame
Hoes strikin down crooked p's, hurricane wit a kango

Chorus (x2)

(mr. pookie)

Chillin at tha bar, gettin tipsy off tha drank
French connection got me feelin like a nigga wanna faint
Now I'm rollin up tha cake wit my eyes on tha crowd
Pookie and lucci, blowin like we floatin on a cloud
Feelin' me now? see, I'm tha chiffer of all chiffers
Figure it out, now take it slow and catch a breather
Ya trippin' me out, now throw that booty like it's lethal
Show tha butt, hold it up, bounce it for tha people
Yes, I see you in tha back of tha club, takin photos
I'm finna blow hoe, look round, wassup wit tha dodo
I want some mo 'fo, I cant get wrapped up in my own world
Stallion wit long pearls, sexy now it's on gurl
You wit yo friends and I'm wit a couple 2
Jus hold onto tha number, we'll see you in a day or 2

Pissy, tipsy wit my crew steady jiggin for fun
Now tell tha people to come and get some

Chorus (x2)