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, dont 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 Jacuzzi'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 its 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 its 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)