

# 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)