Young Dro, Tropical

[Chorus: x4] Chevy paint tropical A wima way, a wima way Got them callin Fema, cause my chopper on Katrina spray

[Verse 1:] I bear arms, literally bare arms 30 inch air don, G4, we call it air fun Plus, I got some killas over there and over there for em My partna couldn't make it, I'm a put one in your hair for him. 32 inches and the rims come in rare form My partnas on the block know I love em and I care for em I remember we was in the blood, sellin heron Shawty caught a charge, nigga, trust me, I was there for him Somebody say a prayer for him I never overlook ya'll The shit ya doin uptown is like a preseason in football People tellin me I'm bein wise buy some Rarri's I said " or jump, I'm gonna go and get my chopper" I ain't scared, I'm ridin around bumpin Cyndi Lauper Bout to stop at Burger King and get me a Whopper Niggas just mad cause my rims so whopper Plus it's Grand Hustle, ya'll never could stop us.

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[Verse 2:] I love killings are passionate Murders are immaculate Acute angle, shoot at a nigga, cause I'll rackulate Bullets to the front of your head, and blow out the back of it 36 ounces, now let's see what I can stack of it I am not average, more like maverick One niper slug and a prayer, that's what I battle with Manslaughter, shawty droppin niggas like cattle shit Like snakes, I rattle it, killins for no matter In the hood on that old batter batter shit Bitch try to rob me, like a heart they on that saddle shit Die Another Day, James Bond, ya'll see me No hoes drunk cause I'm in the Aston Martini I walk up in the mall, 20 large and branini bitch Penthouse at the 12, 90-inch screen tv bitch Bitches goin crazy just cause they see me on tv bitch My Chevy paint Tropical, niggas can't see me bitch!

[Chorus: x8] Chevy paint Tropical A wima way, a wima way Got them callin Fema, cause my chopper on Katrina spray

Dro!