

Yung Bleu, Catch A Breeze

(SephGotTheWaves)

Wake up, nigga

I got a plan

Uh, uh

First nigga out my hood, I can't explain the feeling
And we came from poverty, I can't explain the feeling
And I'm tired of losin' friends, I ain't got too many livin'
Get my family out the hood, that's my only mission
And I got that drip just like Hugh Hefner, got too many bitches
I'm so tight with that money and my fingers itchin'
I love my block 'cause I got love for my mains
Jump in the car, then just go thug with my fans
The police caught me with some drugs in my hand
Heart been scarred, I ain't got love for no man

Pull that Bentley out and drop the coupe on that bitch, yeah
Catch a breeze, I ain't got no roof on that bitch, yeah
I'ma get this money out the streets until we rich, yeah
Yeah, go tell my dawg I got a plan

A hundred bands on the new coupe, it came with autostart
This bitch look like a Transformer, I'm talkin' Autobot
Got a bougie bitch and she gon' fuck me for a diamond watch
How the fuck you switch up on your day one? Streets grimy, huh?
I'm presidential, I pull up in Tahoe, limo tint
If she wanna hang out with the gang, gotta suck a lil' more dick
And I'm tryna blow up a lil' more bit, I ain't shit on these niggas enough
Tryna shine where the sun don't beam like a diamond in the rough
Got niggas servin' cocaine like it's Snow on tha Bluff
I could teach you how to come up from nothin', might come through stuntin'

Pull that Bentley out and drop the coupe on that bitch, yeah
Catch a breeze, I ain't got no roof on that bitch, yeah
I'ma get this money out the streets until we rich, yeah
Yeah, go tell my dawg

Put them new Forgis on that 'Vette, you know I'm known for switchin' cars
And I'm drinkin' 1942, we could shoot it out like civil war
And I told Michelle that I'm gon' stop but I might pop a seal tomorrow
Free my brother out them bars, I'm yellin' fuck the law
And I ain't stoppin' for no police, they shoot us down for no reason
Told me get my ID, now you say I'm reachin'
Where I'm from, it's killer season, call the plumber, left 'em leakin'
I can't take no shorts, you know I gotta feed my son and nieces
First nigga out my hood, I can't explain that feeling
We came from two different hoods, so I can see why you don't feel it
Got this pistol on my hip so you can see I ain't conceal it
Drop the top even when it's windy, this what I gotta do

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Go tell my dawg I got a plan
Go tell my dawg I got a plan

You know we dreamin' 'round this way, nigga (Go tell my dawg I got a plan)
Everybody got visions, nigga (I ain't got no roof on that bitch, yeah)
Drop the motherfuckin' top, ride through the city (I'ma get this money out the streets)
Think about how we could make a million
Lemme get ad-lib

