

# 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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Catch a breeze, I ain't got no roof on that bitch, yeah  
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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

