

candayapple (feat. Paul Wall & Riff Raff)

blackbear

Yeah

beartrap sound I'ma pull up, sip that Houston, Texas with some soda

Candy apple, fake gold paint Mercedes

Flex on all my exes like, "Hey ladies, hey ladies"

Hey girl, what's up, I'ma pour this drink up with some soda

Candy apple, fake gold paint Mercedes

Flex on all my exes like, "Hey ladies"

Hey girl, what's up

What's up, can I get an ice Coke?

Soda screwed up the rice though

Perperet love, I like money

Big mopo up, no scrub

I'm the president of the drink club

Pharmacist's line want new plug

Dimepiece wanna rub my nut

Strapped with a rubber, no glove, no love

Take her to the bathtub, then undress

Pour codeine all over your chest

Let me confess, take you on a quest

On a life on the west and I come from Tex

Sippin' on a cup to relieve stress

When you're with me, it's always the best

I make all the rest seem like a pest

But there's only one Paul Wall I guess

Candy apple fake gold

With a trade poll

Cost me about 4k pesos

blackbear came through with a J-Lo

My day one, booty softer than Play-Doh

Lay low as I pour up slow

Stay true, I never fold

Game cold, that thing is swole

Don't mind me, I'm getting thrown

I'ma pull up, sip that Houston, Texas with some soda

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Flex on all my exes like, "Hey ladies"

Hey girl, what's up I'ma show up, show up

Hypnotic with the Henny paint marauder

Call me daddy, you would think that bitch my daughter

She my accessory, you know that I'ma flaunt her
That bitch so bad that you would think that she a Jenner
Tell these hoes that I ain't really 'bout that drama
Got less money, got a count, it's just the counter
Look at the tags, how many lay down per bag
When I'm feelin' sad, I just start countin' my cash
Pocket and grab I'ma pull up, sip that Houston, Texas with some soda
Candy apple, fake gold paint Mercedes
Flex on all my exes like, "Hey ladies, hey ladies"
Hey girl, what's up, I'ma pour this drink up with some soda
Candy apple, fake gold paint Mercedes
Flex on all my exes like, "Hey ladies"
Hey girl, what's up I don't know what they callin' for
Sippin' drink outside of Baltimore
Got me a house way out the Sugarland
Sippin' codeine, I forgot my plans
Purple stains over my Robin pants
Prayin' for the Jack, got me feeling like Gucci
I pour forward for the manfazine
Pull up on the scene with a crease in my jeans
There's a kid in matte black, MCM backpack
Sippin' codeine, I forgot my plans
Heard a kid in matte black, MCM backpack
Sippin' codeine, I forgot my plans
Purple stains over my Robin pants
Prayin' for the Jack, got me feeling like Gucci
I pour forward for the manfazine
Pull up on the scene with a crease in my jeans I'ma pull up, sip that Houston, Texas with some
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>