

Tangerine (feat. Aston Mathews & Kashflow) Da God)

Chuck English

(1: Chuck)

This shit'll make your girl hang my poster on her wall
These little shooters get it, spend it all at the mall
Wearing white Air Forces to the church and the prom
Been serving all week so it's all he got on
Dog, my nigga sagging with the burner
T-shirt picture of somebody who was murdered
Pour a 40 on the curb, caught a charge with the turnip
Nextel with the chirper, selling nickel bags of purple
WorldStar niggas, straight up out the trap
He got money off the shits but he really can't rap
He got him a connect and he got that bag
And in broad daylight, he shoot the shit out the strap
Though he got it all backwards, you can't tell him shit
If he had a thousand dollars, probably try to buy a brick
He got it in a mattress, he never had a bank
I just try to keep 'em safe, man that's how they play the game

(Kashflow)

Block work, all in my demeanor
White girl, '93 Bimmer
This bass make ya face go numb
Yea I got it and I got it by the drum
And my shooters got drums
And the money gon' come
And them chickens gon' run
Yea I got it and I got it by the drum(2: A\$ton Matthews)
Young nigga, chopper shells with the morning breath
Rocked the diamonds dipped in crystal meth, hit the set
Grip the Tec, it's war time, it's target practice
You owe dimes, we charge your address
Run up in it, wipe that whole bitch out
Pray yo mom ain't in it, check before he left out
Hollow tips, hold 'em off, no remorse
Just 501s with tall tees to tuck the torch
Young and reckless, he ain't want ya bitch, he want ya necklace
Get yo neck split, never coming in with what he left with
Keep the 7 like Leftwich
One question: do you got a death wish?
No goals, face tats with no future
So hoe, stay strapped he gon' shoot ya

Chirp the burners, copping new ones
No talking to him, just hope you don't walk into him
(Kashflow)

Block work, all in my demeanor
White girl, '93 Bimmer
This bass make ya face go numb
Yea I got it and I got it by the drum
And my shooters got drums
And the money gon' come
And them chickens gon' run
Yea I got it and I got it by the drum(3: Kashflow)
Hustled all winter, worked all spring
Ball all summer, killing the game
I say these niggas is rich but they don't know how to dress though
I put the MF in Mannie Fresh though
She say it was sauced up, I dripped on her
Me and Chuck in a dopeboy whip on ya
Young fellas built an empire right in the trap
Let's put the real true me on the map
Now I'm riding 'round Cali smoking kush with the strap
A true hustler never smoking, dropping off packs
UFO? be like what part of the game is that
Forty Niner when I be getting at a nigga cap
Ooh(Kashflow)
Block work, all in my demeanor
White girl, '93 Bimmer
This bass make ya face go numb
Yea I got it and I got it by the drum
And my shooters got drums
And the money gon' come
And them chickens gon' run
Yea I got it and I got it by the drum

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>