

Young Veterans (feat. Loso Loaded)

Don Q

[Verse 1: Don Q]

Back and forth cross state lines
And I'm ducking the troopers and K-9's
I'ma whip the coupe like I'm James Bond
And I'm getting head at the same time
Popping bottles with the athletes
You can ask John Wall 'bout us nigga
Thumbing through it with the doors locked
Don't interrupt me while I'm counting, nigga
I was in the trenches when they found a nigga
Now a nigga kitchen got a fountain, nigga
Yeah, we 5 deep when we hit the club
With a big 40 for the bouncer, nigga
I'm a different breed
All these hoes getting picked in threes
I'ma fuck em all before they get to leave
And its Christmas Eve when I lift the sleeve
I took a dose and I'm nodding off it
I'm high as fuck before the party started
She said the molly make her party harder
I took the 'Rari and I Mardi Gras'd it
I ain't lookin' for a bitch to sponsor
I'm on a mission, I got shit to conquer
Too old for the costumes
So for Halloween, I was a Fendi monster
I bend the corner like I'm in the Tonka
And I'm gripping armor
'Cause them niggas on us
And its in my blood, I got a pimp persona
You can hit the store, I just hit the owner (Yeah yeah!)
I'm just rollin' on half a star
Same color as an avatar
Leaning, twisting up my last cigar
Speeding, praying I don't crash the car[Hook: Loso Loaded]
Fendi, Fendi, I get plenty
Wake up right next to the semi
Loso Loaded and the Don
Highbridge to the nine, throw up where you from
Keep your kinfolks straight
Gotcha baby mama calling me the one
I ain't running outta funds
I'ma get the paper, stack it on you bums

[Verse 2: Don Q]
Two thou for the shoes now
That's too much sauce
Gotta keep the tools 'round
When we move 'round
Can't do no loss
I do it for all of my niggas that's dead
And all of my goons up north
Percocets gettin' chewed up
I got 2 cups and my jewels on frost
She call me Chubby Don
I walk in the house, she got nothing on
'Bout to drown my neck out in Aviani
Next check, I'ma comeback and flood the arm
Niggas coming with their sob stories
Like "Don do you got a job for me?"
Man, coming up this shit was hard for me
Now they talking thousands when they call for me
I'm not impressed by your fit
I just checked out of fifth
And they asked what the shoes cost
I put Chanel on my bitch
And that's red on her kick
Yea I'm speaking that Loub' talk
We was running through the block working
Nigga I can, I can make the pot twerk
You can't walk in the bando
Bitch knock first
Keep a stash in the floor
If the cops search
[Hook: Loso Loaded]
Fendi, Fendi, I get plenty
Wake up right next to the semi
Loso Loaded and the Don
Highbridge to the nine, throw up where you from
Keep your kinfolks straight
Gotcha baby mama calling me the one
I ain't running outta funds
I'ma get the paper, stack it on you bums
Codeine my medicine
I get on that lean, pop a percocet
Oh yeah, I'm just striving for excellence
Young veterans stacking up presidents
Hey, hey
Young veterans stacking up presidents
Hey, hey
Young veterans stacking up presidents

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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