

Good Drank (feat. Gucci Mane & Quavo)

2 Chainz

Yeah, used to treat my mattress like the ATM yeah
Bond number 9 that's my favorite scent, yeah
Can't forget the kush I'm talking OG, oh yeah
Rest in peace to pop, he was an OG
Oh yeah, 285 I had that pack on me
Uh, I can not forget I had that strap on me
Yeah, rest in peace to my nigga Doe
All he ever want to do is ball
That was the easy part
We playing that Weezy hard
We sit in the kitchen late
We tryna to make an escape
Trying to make me a mil
So I'mma keep me a plate
I told 'em shawty can leave
So I'mma keep me a rake
So I'mma keep me a Wraith
My jewelry look like a lake
Today I'm in the Maybach
And that car came with some drapes
You know I look like a safe
I put you back in your place
I look you right in your face
Sing to your bitch like I'm Drake, yeah
Good drank, big knots
Good drugs, I put a four on the rocks
Drop top, no hot box
12 tried to pull me over, pink slips to the cops
She said the molly give her thizz face
Put the dick in her rib cage
Whips out Kunta Kinte
Diamonds clear like Bombay
Take your babies, no Harambe
Play with keys like Doc Dre
3K like André
Need a girl call her, come through
Your trunk in the front, well check this out my top in the trunk
You play with my money then check this out your pop in the trunk
Three mil in a month, but I just did three years on a bunk
Oh you in a slump I'm headed to Oakland like Kevin Durant
What is your point, square with the stamp, for Kevin Durant
Lay on on my trap, play with my cap and I'll knock off your hat

I'm taking the cheese and killing the rats
Gucci Mane, call me the cat with the rat
I'm swervin' but I'm in back of the back
I'm Persian, man I got hoes from Iraq
I'm servin' I pay a bird for that
He nervous, I ain't got no word for that
He heard and want all of his purses back
He mixing the seal with the percocets
She perfect and she got perky breasts
I just want some of that turkey neck
Trapper of the year I'm from Boulder Crest
You snitch of the year cause you told the best
Good drank, big knots
Good drugs, I put a four on the rocks
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Need a girl call her, come through
Aye Mike Dean
This shit hard as fuck bruh
You a living legend I appreciate that
Aye Guwop I'm glad you home cuz
Quavo, you already know man
You got next on these niggas double salute man
True shit
2 Chainzzzz
Hair Weave Killer
Daniel Son the Necklace Don
Chapo Jr

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>