Young Dro, Tropical

[Chorus: x4]
Chevy paint tropical
A wima way, a wima way

Got them callin Fema, cause my chopper on Katrina spray

[Verse 1:]

I bear arms, literally bare arms

30 inch air don, G4, we call it air fun

Plus, I got some killas over there and over there for em

My partna couldn't make it, I'm a put one in your hair for him.

32 inches and the rims come in rare form

My partnas on the block know I love em and I care for em

I remember we was in the blood, sellin heron

Shawty caught a charge, nigga, trust me, I was there for him

Somebody say a prayer for him

I never overlook ya'll

The shit ya doin uptown is like a preseason in football

People tellin me I'm bein wise buy some Rarri's

I said " or jump, I'm gonna go and get my chopper"

I ain't scared, I'm ridin around bumpin Cyndi Lauper

Bout to stop at Burger King and get me a Whopper

Niggas just mad cause my rims so whopper

Plus it's Grand Hustle, ya'll never could stop us.

[Chorus: x4]

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[Verse 2:]

I love killings are passionate

Murders are immaculate

Acute angle, shoot at a nigga, cause I'll rackulate

Bullets to the front of your head, and blow out the back of it

36 ounces, now let's see what I can stack of it

I am not average, more like maverick

One niper slug and a prayer, that's what I battle with

Manslaughter, shawty droppin niggas like cattle shit

Like snakes, I rattle it, killins for no matter

In the hood on that old batter batter shit

Bitch try to rob me, like a heart they on that saddle shit

Die Another Day, James Bond, ya'll see me

No hoes drunk cause I'm in the Aston Martini

I walk up in the mall, 20 large and branini bitch

Penthouse at the 12, 90-inch screen tv bitch

Bitches goin crazy just cause they see me on tv bitch

My Chevy paint Tropical, niggas can't see me bitch!

[Chorus: x8]

Chevy paint Tropical

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Dro!