

# Florida Gator (feat. 03 Greedo & Prada Mack)

## ALLBLACK

[Intro: 03 Greedo]

Where I come from, my mind

I ain't the one

[Verse 1: ALLBLACK]

Birdie told me you was speakin' on me

Told that birdie I'm gettin' money, I don't care what he said

Y'all want ALLBLACK to be like James Stacey

Wouldn't stop runnin' if the doc amputated my legs

Run up a thirty strip and a tip out thirteen breads

Grindin' like Chris Cole 'cause I gotta keep Maxine fed

The words stop, quarter done, never roll off my tongue

Take the pedals off the bike, I'ma hop on the pegs

Niggas be Mike Epps, so goddamn funny

Hangin' around all these OG's and still ain't got no money

Hop around bitches tryna get fed like a white Dutch bunny

Keep tellin' fables on these beats and you might get lucky

Jenna ignored me, now she on me, they think I'm a dummy

I was in that Bronco with no cash, she would roast and record me

See me with HBK P-Lo and I was tearin' up Nordy's

Don't give a fuck if your name Cardi, I won't let you touch me

Nah I'm lyin', I'ma whip out and let the ho suck me

Let her think shit all gravy, take her out when it's sunny  
Let her fade up on some packs, think she make her some money  
And kick a four three on her dumb ass like '08 Humpty  
I can't feed your old beggin' ass  
You better dig deep for some change in that Michael Kors bag  
Don't call my phone with that brother shit, askin' for dollars  
Go ask that bitch you fuckin' on 'cause I ain't one of your partners it's BLACK

[Chorus: 03 Greedo]

I got the flavor  
Jordan Downs, I was a savior  
I got the flavor, I got the flavor  
Hopped in the game, kept it player  
I need the cheese, every layer  
Come with the sauce like a cater  
Give me the mouth like a gator

[Verse 2: Prada Mack]

I know some Zoes in the gator, I know some Zoes in Decatur  
I took that show on the road, yeah I sold some zones in Decatur  
Can't go for broke that's a no no  
Mutumbo, my hustle on full grown gorilla  
My body is covered in Bape  
And Worcester sauce on my steak  
And shoulders with bosses, don't shake hands with snakes

Now look, my mind too  
That slime juice is in my Simply, all I need is a lighter fool  
But he walk in these crime scene shoes  
It's gon' be hard for you to find these Loubs  
Heavy handed, I really sip when I ply the juice  
Ayy, I'm booted up, all this shit on me  
A young dog's on that shit, watch your lips on me  
All this sauce on me, I'd hate for shit to get salty  
My niggas come with poles and one goal like they went golfing  
Catered to who, oh I see you think this shit come easy  
I don't owe a nigga nothin', only dish out for my mama and seed  
So I'ma tell you straight faced, go find a better reason  
And hope a way to get some money is where the shit lead you

[Chorus: 03 Greedo]

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