

Manolo (feat. Lecrae)

Trip Lee

Yessir
Gawvi, get 'em
Why we do it?
Why we do it? I do it for the turn-up (gat gat)
Got that ammo locked and loaded
I ain't talking bout no burner
Flip a page I'll explode it Got a cabin in manolo (nolo) manolo (nolo) manolo (nolo) manolo
Got a cabin in manolo (nolo) manolo (nolo) manolo (nolo) manolo
Got a cabin in manolo Trying to tell them boys
I never leave da crib alone
Cuz I keep one in my car and I got two at home
They diff'rent kinds but they do the same thing
Double-edged double-barrel (bang bang) Yessuh
I'm out here facin braggins, I ain't on my mayn (bay bay)
They comin' for my soul so it's bout that time (bay bay)
Them lies they trying to kill me if you don't believe me
I don't care, I don't care
I can't take it easy I'm flippin the page, Im drinking half of your clip in the gauge
And the heat in the stage, hit you with truth thats in every phrase
He cut me deep I'm
Divin' in, Divin' in
When I ride I got to (fly fly)
Come alive again That's right (when I ride I got to)
Come alive again, You know we got it
Come alive again, uh huh
Manolo mayne
I do it for the turn-up (gat gat)
Got that ammo locked and loaded
I ain't talking bout no burner
Flip a page I'll explode it Got a cabin in manolo (nolo) manolo (nolo) manolo (nolo) manolo
Got a cabin in manolo (nolo) manolo (nolo) manolo (nolo) manolo
Got a cabin in manolo Manolo, manolo?
I'm out here going postal
My partnas think I lost it, my momma think I'm loco
I keep my shooter close tho, You know it's fully automatic
Shoot you straight, man that trigga'll do you plenty damage I got enemies I can't see 'em all but
they lurkin' (lurkin')
I flip that page on em my trigga finga stay workin (pop pop pop)
I got plenty ammo got old and new they both testify, my lord
And ain't nobody playin with you, gone mess around, but come testify (hah)
And I ain't gotta say no more, gonna kick kick bang and the thing gone blow
Red Letters like a red dot on yo door (yep yep yep yep yep)

All yall gone with a dash on the backseat
Thats me with a cut full o black ink
Ima hit yall with it till I split yall widdit (man down man down)
Had a bad week, bad week (man down, man down)I do it for the turn-up (gat gat)
Got that ammo locked and loaded
I ain't talking bout no burner
Flip a page I'll explode itGot a cabin in manolo (nolo) manolo (nolo) manolo (nolo) manolo
Got a cabin in manolo (nolo) manolo (nolo) manolo (nolo) manolo
Got a cabin in manolo---- ya see I'm a dummy
Sometimes it ain't even funny
Them lies are sick and them poors and wider a truth that is sweeter than honey
And we know that He got us
He is with us can't block cuz hes block us
His word is my weaponI do it for the turn-up (gat gat)
Got that ammo locked and loaded
I ain't talking bout no burner
Flip a page I'll explode itGot a cabin in manolo

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>