## **Don Pablo**

## **Dave East**

Bitches call me Don Pablo Louis Vutton poncho Photos with my eyes low Strapped wherever I go I know, I know, I know, I know, I knowYola in the bando Rolling up in Franco Toe tag and won't brag about it now you John Doe If you need a joint play the point, Rondo Tanning out in Cali, El Segundo Left your baby momma with her mind blown Took a trip to Cabo Nigga got some work, now he think he El Chapo Masked up, hoodie low creeping through your block slow Tryna find a lick, we could split, get the nachos Swerving off the Henny but I'm watching out for potholes Thinking of them nights I was stressing in the box bro Chiefing like tanto, only afford McDonald's, OJ I'm in the Bronco, me and Blanco Spanish buy steak and cilantro, el guapo I only count to quatro, coco for your nostril Shining everywhere I walk I make the whole block glow Fly young nigga getting to it, bet your pops know Hottest in my city, all the judges and the cops know Call my nigga Gato, my jeans used to be Paco Baby mother Spanish nigga, fell in love with tacos I was in Miami up in Liv, me and Capo Mad under covers in the building, I did not know I come from the town that's famous for the Apollo When you getting money, even famous bitches swallow Hit it from a DM, I ain't even have to follow Rosé to the face, I ain't never passed the bottle I'm always sick, I don't never need a doc note 2DopeBoy, I'm always looking like I got coke Bitches call me Don Pablo Louis Vutton poncho Photos with my eyes low Strapped wherever I go I know, I know, I know, I know, I know I know. I know. I know. I know Bitches call me Don Pablo Louis Vutton poncho Photos with my eyes low

Strapped wherever I go Nigga got some work, now he think he El Chapo Nigga got some work, now he think he El Chapo I know, I know, I know, I know, I know Bitches call me Don Pablo

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