

# Lincoln (feat. Left Brain & Mike G)

## The Internet

[Hook]

I was rollin' through the ghetto  
In my Lincoln Continental  
Blowin' Kush smoke out the window  
What you think my windows tint for?

[Mike G]

It go drastic  
Measures in a tale so tragic  
Follow formula 64 as you trail my tracks  
Bitch, there's nothin' more pleasant than gettin' paid on point  
Pretty bitches with gold grills just to hold my joints  
I make 'em plead  
As the director says scene  
New words, don't say my name  
I just make 'em say king  
Four rings on that motherfuckin' wood grain wheel  
Raw, I'm Johnny Law, but you should check my appeal  
Once upon a time not too far back  
There was a young wolf pack  
That grew up in a lack  
Syd left King  
And Ace played Black Jack  
Bitches be talkin' shit  
That's how you end up smacked  
I'm after chips  
And if we eating then I'm after your bitch  
Ain't no cost, just pimpin' player  
You should be after the risk  
We winnin' like there ain't no other way to play the game  
All I hang around is zeros  
Figure my checks should look the same

[Hook]

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