Test Drive (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

Riff Raff & DJ Afterthought

RiFF RAFF:]
It's the tan Peter Pan, pecan sedan
Butterscotch boss, butterscotch Vans
Watch me spend them grands, watch me run up them bands
Bright wristlet, left blank disc
Reveal what she missed, pour a six in my Sunkist
Now watch me pass the time, Rolex with lemon-lime
Lemon pepper, lemon garlic table salt
Drop the top smoking Lamborghini leg lock
I made a hundred grand today, and it wasn't even payday
Salmon serpent soup, now I'm Babe Ruth
I used to hoop, with crushed jewels on my tooth
It feels good riding 'round like it's a test drive
It feels good rolling up the weed to get high
It feels good hanging out with the gang all night
It feels good knowing that everything's all right
It feels good, good, good
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It feels good, good, goodOn Versace walkie-talkies, in the Oval Office
Dust my shoes off like Dustin Hoffman
Jumped off the Buick like Bon Jovi
Codeine in my coffee, keep these haters off me
Them grands I spend often, higher than a flying saucer
Look who it is, the butterscotch Herschel Walker
When it rained on Biscayne, codeine tears on window pane
40 days 40 nights, wall clean, Oreo cream soda
Syrup in my soda keeps the chip off my shoulder
Every year I get older, my wrist get colder
My chain keeps changing weather, it's bipolar
JODY HiGHROLLER
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/