

# Candy Paint

## Post Malone

Yeah, yeah, mmm Candy paint with the white on top  
Lambo doors are the oo-op drop  
If you busy plotting on what I got  
Kick in your door, that's what you thought  
Hundred thousand dollars on the table top  
Half price my whips same price my watch  
Got no jumper but I ball a lot  
Bitch I'm young stoney, I do what I want  
Candy paint with the white on top  
Lambo doors are the oo-op drop  
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Hundred thousand dollars on the table top  
Half price my whips same price my watch  
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Bitch I'm young stoney, I do what I want  
Didn't know that was your girl when she gave me top  
Kicked her out the Rolls said, "Thanks a lot"  
God damn I love paper, like I'm Michael Scott  
I can do things that your man cannot  
Slide boy comin' down  
Damn I'm hot  
Everybody say that I gotta be stopped  
Even though my final form ain't unlocked  
I'm so far ahead of you motherfuckers  
How you comprehend what you ain't understanding?  
Count a hundred bands and I watch it vanish  
Diamonds going crazy like they on the dance floor  
Got a lot of ass, nothing I can't handle Flavor that's whatever, you should try a sample  
Baby I'm the boss like I'm Tony Danza  
Everybody trying to tell me what I stand for  
But you don't fucking know me homie you don't want war  
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Bitch I'm young stoney, I do what I want I've been rolling twenty ash, hit the road  
Hit the switch up the suicide doors  
We already know you vanished though  
Hit my momma when I ride in that, oh  
All these motherfuckers so false with me  
If your money funny, don't talk to me (nah)  
I know there is shit that you could offer me  
Take a second if you think about crossing me Flavor that's whatever, you should try a sample  
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Everybody trying to tell me what I stand for  
But you don't fucking know me homie you don't want war Candy paint with the white on top  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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