

Biking With Francis - FRUCTOSE

{Verse}

**Check me out
Let me spell it out
Cop a prelude
Drop it low and deck it out
Got the demos queued
So we'll take the scenic route
It's hotter than what's out
Ask your momma, she can vouch
Slid open the sun roof so you can hear the hits
Automatic, home run
We ain't never missed and
Never called a strike
I'm tearing through the mic
We kicking it with Francis
Cleaning gaps while on the bike like
There goĐµs that boy that's dressing
Better than thĐµ president
A fashion killer
Then my niggas burn the evidence
I made it evident
Like rooms that's filled with elephants
Squirtle in my spokes
So you can hear me while I'm peddling**

{Refrain}

**Sweet (Just watch out for pedestrians)
Sweet like, sweet (Uh, uh)
Tastes like syrup, taste like
Taste like syrup, taste like
(Mountain Dew Honeydew, damn I can't take it anymore)**

Tastes like syrup

Taste like

Tastes like syrup

Taste like

Tastes like syrup

Taste like

Tastes like syrup

Taste like