

To the Top

Salt The Wound

And when this song gets played we get fuckin' paid.
So keep the music blasting.
We'll make it rain.
I'm headed to the sun on my own G6 plane.
I'm taking this shit straight to the bank.
There would be no way I would not wear Gucci.
I guess I might wear Prada on laundry day.
And on the weekends you know we're chillin'
In Portugal and on the beaches of
Spain.

We ball so fuckin' hard strapped like fuckin' soldiers.
We'll shoot first we'll ask questions later.
Don't fuck with the law.
We drive hard, your bitch in my front seat.
She said she's a vegan but she ate my meat.
Bitch knows I get paid like it ain't no thing.

When Salt The Wound is in the room we bruise
The fallopian tubes.
Treat 'em rough to get the muff.
(We beat 'em up) and filmed it like and 80's snuff.

It's sweaty in the club like red hot,
I've got this ski mask but I'm not in
Slipknot.
Got more flatbills than a flock of steamrolled ducks.
We got our sights on the next pack of Jersey Shore fucks.
Turn a scene slut into a housewife is more
Than you can fuckin' handle.
Your girl been blowin' up my phone.
Sayin' she wants me to take her to pound town.

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