

# The Greatest

Vado

I'm like Ray Charles sitting courtside, I can't see the game  
These rappers get deals that need to change  
Too much carrying like Aaliyah's flame  
I'm in the jungle cutting trees and things  
On me fatigue pants

It's a bigger picture, you don't need a frame  
On the road to riches for a minute but just starting to see the lane  
From linux ave to Cedar lane  
I know niggas that get it fast and heed a bang

Freeze the Muller, dining at Peter Lugar  
Large platter under the napkin I keep the ruger  
Cigar tapping, ashes is dropping, speaking to shooters  
Were schooled to the game by street teachers and tutors  
Jail preachers and movers

OG's I make em proud  
Enough to go wholesale but I'm a break em down  
Take a pound leave out the back and don't make a sound  
Bout to shake the crowd, so y'all can start the hating now

Ballin' you not  
You ain't getting money stop  
Where your work at on the block?  
Who you got pumping the rock?  
Thought you was sitting on the top  
See me shitting in the drop  
How I'm living you can watch  
(2x)

Trap all day trap all night  
Money in the bank when that crack all white  
Front around me, get clapped on sight  
High top airs, got em black on white  
Hat on right, tilt on the waves  
All white xj got milk? on the plates  
Know some real dudes that'll kill for the yay  
Clip spray, get your whole chest filled with the k  
Still to the day, niggas need to hate  
Just came from the A  
Did a part with Lisa Ray  
Little light joint you can still see my face real quick  
Hand shake then me n flee leave the place  
High-speed chase, yellow canary charm  
In a Carrera 4, I got my Carreras on  
Greeting me at the door, she naked don't wear a thong  
Tatted from ear to arm, the neighbors can hear her yawn

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Lock doors when I step in stores  
Dough I collect like I'm waiting for you to accept a call  
Your metaphors like old ladies menopause  
Never thought you was real anyway like Santa Clause  
You need to get up and do something baby boy  
Word to ma every morning I heard that lady's voice  
Kept bud and guns that made a crazy noise

Gat fully aimed sluggers  
See me with little wearer's hat, hoody same color  
Pretty boy on the low black skully waves under  
Tom Cruise in the v speeding thru days of thunder  
Blow haze and wonder like who the next nigga?  
It gotta be me, hands down I accept nigga  
It was your catch but yeah I intercept niggas  
Thought they was reppin the Bronx the way I x niggas

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