

# Fork

## 2 Chainz

I had a dream that rap wouldn't work  
Woke up on the block, had to hit it with the fork  
Skrrrr, skrrrr, skrrrr, skrrrr, skrrrr: hit it with the fork  
Skrrrr, skrrrr, skrrrr, skrrrr, skrrrr: hit it with the fork  
Rap don't work, records ain't bein' sold  
So much money on me, it won't even fold  
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I got Medusa on my sneakers  
My dick up like "nice to meet ya"  
100K for a feature, hundred K's at my leisure  
Then we aim at your people  
I be higher than a eagle  
When I'm sipping on that codeine  
Free my nigga Sigel  
Ridin' on a jet, headin' to that Costa  
Soon as I land I be in that Testarossa  
If I die tonight, you gon' see some flicks in Ghosta  
I'm the man in my city, same thing in South Dakota  
And I'm running up that check, show you how I do it  
I drink red bitches, I don't drink Red Bulls  
Man they tried to give me wings, but I already had some  
I'm all that and then some, my trap house is my income

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I'm ballin' like Mr. Clean  
I gotta keep my kitchen clean  
God bless me like I'm finna sneeze  
Got to weigh me on a triple beam  
D-boy in parenthesis  
All gold in my Mr. T's  
2 Chainz, two pinky rings  
My trigger finger's like a lemon squeeze (Baow!)  
Climax! Make your main ho my side-chick  
I'm so high, your whore get hijacked  
And my vision is Pyrex  
I do it big like a 5X  
Killed they ass with the [iPad/eyepatch?]  
I got bad bitches on my side  
I done fucked around and got sidetracked  
My first night, I spent five stacks  
Next night I forgot to count  
I'm so hot; who gon' put the fire out?  
I'm the fireman, I put fire out

Got a pole in my basement  
Tipped your girl like Malaya now  
Ridin' on these motherfucka's until they blow my tires out

My wrist deserve a shout-out, I'm like "What up, wrist?"  
My stove deserve a shout-out, I'm like "What up, stove?"  
All this jewelry on then I'm out cold  
So much money on me, it won't even fold!

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