

LAND OF THE FREAKS

2 Chainz

Dat Boy Cassius
Nonstop

I hop on the beat
Her body on fleek
My pockets obese
My partner gon' eat
My partner a G
We straight out the street
Home of the braves
Land of the freaks

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Got so many cars, I'm like "What I need to be here for?" (Yeah)
Got so much money, I'm like "What I'm gon' pretend for?" (Yeah)
Hundred dollar bills with no motherfuckin' billfold (No)
And you know I'm kickin' shit like a fuckin' field goal (No)
Yeah, gold, all on my picket
Yeah, gold, all on my wrist
Yeah, gold, all on my grill
Yeah, gold, all on my chest
Yeah, I'm a misfit, dipshit, fishsticks, six whips
Times two, I'm cold, swine flu, must I remind you?
Bitch, tell her nigga, my bitch, she came with stilettos
Nigga, my crew, we came with Barrettas
Nigga, my car, it came with umbrellas
Nigga, put that shit on acapella
Head to toe in Donatella
Nigga know my old school
A motherfuckin' panamera (God damn!)
Mind on me (No)
So don't worry 'bout mine
I smoke and get vibes
Look at my eye
I can't decide how to describe
Your nigga lookin' broke, I hope that shit a disguise (yeah)

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Freak on my Zodiac
You must be here for your Cognac
I gave you a hundred, you told me a seventy five
Lil' bitch, I want me a quarterback
I am indulging in oysters
I bought my shawty a cluster
I come and ride for a busta
Car came with everything except a butler, yeah
She pidgeon-toed in them Christians
Don't fuck a goofin' nigga, that's Disney
Always on my grizzly
Table in the back, picnic
Alka-Seltzer Cold, your career started fizzin'
You gon' need 4 pair Cartier's to see my vision
Ok, deliverin' a dealership
Go so much, need a membership
My car [?] like Kenny Smith
And I'm signin' off
No penmanship, yeah

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