

# Consignment

38 Spesh

What the fuck  
Snitch ass nigga ain't answering my motherfuckin' calls, man  
My money already looking funny  
Shit, I knew I shouldn't have gave this dumb ass nigga no motherfuckin' work  
, man  
Uh, uh, yo, uh

Now I've been serving this nigga for six months  
Tell the truth, he ain't been short on my shit once  
But I ain't heard from this nigga in six weeks  
Hope he don't think shit's sweet-

Uh, now I've been serving this nigga for six months  
Tell the truth, he ain't been short on my shit once (38 Special)  
But I ain't heard from this nigga in six weeks  
Hope he don't think shit's sweet  
I tried to give him the benefit of the doubt  
But then I got strapped and made a visit to his house  
Now his bitch sayin' she ain't heard from him  
He ain't called in over a month, the nerve of him  
Shit, but now I'm thinking, "Is this bitch lyin'?"  
So I pulled out a strap, hit her with the iron, smack  
"Bitch, you better tell me the truth  
I know he ain't disappear and didn't pay me my loot, right?"  
And then the bitch starts screamin'  
"Special, I ain't seen him, please please believe me"  
I told the bitch, "You ain't got to cry  
You ain't gon' die, just tell him I stopped by"

My money lookin' funny and I'm down to my last  
To top it all off niggas playin' with my cash  
Consignment is a dirty game, nigga, do the math  
Consignment is a dirty game, nigga, do the math, uh (I-I-I-Invasion)  
Don't give him no work if he ain't got the cash  
Fuck how much money he made for you in the past (Right)  
Consignment is a dirty game, nigga, do the math (Uh)  
Consignment is a dirty game, nigga, do the math (Green Lantern)

Now when I first met the nigga, he was getting hash  
Then he start trickin', fuckin' up his cash  
He went down to quarters, quarters didn't last  
Now the nigga broke, he gettin' four and a half  
He copped four and a half but I gave him nine  
I ain't rushin' for the money, shit, I gave him time  
Now he actin' like he ain't tryin' to pay me mine  
Shit, I'ma get him, yup, I'ma get him  
I seen his car parked at the local hotel  
I ran in that bitch high ready to throw shells  
The bitch that worked at the desk, shit, I know well  
"What room he in? ", she said, "412"  
Uh, so I went to the nigga door  
He opened it then I told him, "Get down on the floor  
Nigga, I gave you the raw, where the fuck is my cash?"  
And that's when he pulled out his badge, they on my ass, nigga

My money looking funny, and I'm down to my last  
To top it all off niggas playing with my cash

Consignment is a dirty game, nigga, do the math  
Consignment is a dirty game, nigga, do the math