

Contract Plus The Bag

38 Spesh

Brrrrr

We gon' go right into it

30 in the Jordan box, serving niggas water rocks
All the opps, no it ain't no talking when the auto drop
Steady selling hotcakes, we ready for a cop chase
Flee Lord, I meditate in peace where it's not safe
Waiting on the scratch off, I'm knocking all these hats off
Feds ain't even on us, but watch how you trap lord
Slip in tie a knot while your bitch cry and watch
'Cause you ran your fucking gems on yo' brick buying plots
My music for connects and shooters in your set
Don't confuse us with the rest, I do this in the flesh
Loyalty, the light shining, order me some white diamonds
Life rhyming, a contract plus the bag? Yeah, I might sign it
Huh?
I said the contract plus the bag? Yeah, you know I might sign it
Lord

What's up? My name, ayy
My name, ayy, my name Grafh, ho
When I'm on the job, I'm on it properly
I cut the farmers crops 'cause I'm stuck in the barber shop of pharmacology
And stones in my watch a water droppery
Get off my property
The dope in the pot is dark mahogany
Open the lock, a armed robbery
Your chain is a small lottery
Your whole gangster is soft pottery
I trap while my daughter watching me, I heard her call me
I tried to hide this life from my son but he heard the stories
Murder gory, clip in the shotty part blew off
The chopper could make it look like your body parts screw off
The wings on the top of the dart flew off
I'm heartless, the top of my heart grew off
I park and the top of my car flew off, but I'm unseen
My burner is unclean, but the dirt's in my blood stream
You internet thugs, I'll make your death go viral and make your blood stream
My trigger finger making a love scene, what up, sayin'?

I told my nigga Flee Lord, I bought the whole keyboard
The kilogram cooker the butcher gon' bring you 3 more
I'm walking on clouds, quarter key in my Diors
Tribe transition or having meetings with Lior
It's Reaganomics, praise the lord, I'm just paying homage
Sharp shooter like Isiah Thomas, modern day Adonis
I'm old school, Polo shirt with the grey a-tonics
Mercedes climbing, it's still cool as a baby bonnet
My repertoire come from Escobar
Beef with me, before you jump in your whip, check your car
Get a Nike swoosh on your face, that's a extra scar
Put a shiner right on your eye bright as the megastar
Yeah, see, 38 on the beat?
I'll return the favor for him, the 38 on your cheek
Listen, I catch bodies, that's 38 in a week
The hitman, send you right to the pearly gates when you sleep
Payne

Ay, Flee, I told you I got you
BSF Gang, Payne, GXFR