

Returns

38 Spesh

Yeah, nahmsayin 1995, nigga

Let's go!

Huh, ayo

We don't make threats to niggas, we make shootings

Funeral arrangements, wakes and viewings

I'm the predecessor of the upstate movement

In '05, I was upstate, weight moving

Don't understand how rappers feel great losing

Be broke all day, then go make music?

Your chain a kilo, but like Al Pacino in Scarface

My nigga, that's a fake Cuban

I'm innovative with pitchin'

I took a brick, a hot plate and emulated the kitchen

I gave a hater his distance

I need a chef, a maid and two administrative assistants

Niggas know that I'm true and livin'

Ain't concerned with fittin' in

More determined to do it different

I got a entrepreneur vision

So I don't mind being the Michael Bivins of this New Edition, h
uh

All of my shooters listen

They don't know who you is, they see your pic, then pursue the
mission

It's a few dudes who I'm missin'

So I put weed in a balloon, make your bitch go to a prison

In other words, niggas have to learn

I got cash to burn that I ain't going have to rap to earn

Goin' broke is my last concern

And that's confirmed from all of my bank statements and tax ret
urns