

## Round Table

38 Spesh

Huh!

Ayo

Round table, I'm in the boss's seat  
Told 'em, "It costs to eat"  
Inside my office, lookin' at office sheets  
Feds set up surveillance 'cross the street  
They got some visuals but ain't no audio, we don't often speak  
Pardon my speech, I don't talk to strangers  
The main character, but I barely speak, like Schwarzenegger  
I shit on niggas like it's part of nature  
He caught a vapor  
The ones who felt the worst had the shortest paper  
My car became your source of anger, now you stressed  
That's how you turn a garage into a torture chamber  
Talkin' gangster 'til you walk in danger  
He was offered to put in work  
But know he can't afford that cost of labor  
We fought cases from tossin' paper  
Where you're more than a thug, the lawyer and judge do courtroom favors  
Now I find myself in corporate places  
They heard I made seven figures this year  
With no support from majors  
And the mainstream market major, but I don't need the mainstream  
To build a underground vault with paper  
I'm a real street orchestrator  
And the drum that's attached to my gun look like a alternator  
Trust!