

## Big 5

AKA

Ahh like a breath of fresh air  
It's AKA up in here, Clu!  
IV league baby  
You know who it is  
I didn't have to tell you  
Mara hey, just making sure  
Coming around with us

Oh yeah! I'm from the jungle baby  
It's the 011 in my blood that makes me  
I grab my nuts with a swagger of a young Jay Z  
"I live by two phrases, Fuck you. Pay me."  
My pops saying "fuck, you lazy"  
So I gotta get up off this couch and get up out the house  
And do a couple thousands and make a couple rounds and  
Till the whole IV league is lounging, township  
With lean but I spit that model C shit  
[?] don't you see them?  
My boy said we can get a KG from the weed man  
We can sell it to students stressing before the prelims  
Hold up! I can't be no drug dealer  
I'm a dreamer but fuck working for peanuts  
And my team got my back like cili-postherpetetic  
Money on my mind and I mean it

Ay we chasing the big 5  
Just to be living the good life  
Paper getting stacked up  
Young black and handsome  
Dreams in my head so my jeans looking heffed up  
Still I be chasing the big 5  
And got to living the good life  
Tryna plan a great escape  
Tired of living day to day  
Bounce on my walk tell you all about the paper chase

I can't start to express my love for it  
Express how much I adore it  
But mama raised me with no cash didn't know we were poor  
Till the store manager said we couldn't afford it  
So let's just walk it out cause that's what I do  
Let's seat 44 now that's how I commute  
You ever seat next to bumba texting?  
While the windows shut closed plus ngpandle guya shisa?  
I never did try rock them Cubans sa khone  
Always stood back and left inkunzi za khona  
I put down laybye on some sneakers for [?]  
He in a Benz I'm still repping Corollas  
For that big 5 I'm gone be a game ranger  
Make my way to the top and not owe you a damn favor  
The soundtrack to my swagger's back  
Cause we tired of s'hleli nqenge  
In fact it's always on my mind

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Because my last name Forbes I'm bout my business kid  
Take a stand tall and make it on the riches list  
Tryna stack simba chips so my kicks stay crisp  
Ball so hard forgot about when Christmas was  
So roll in your Corolla or drive slow in you Polo  
I love God, but goddamn I love the dough though  
I grab a piece of Jesus but I grab my Jesus piece quick  
Swing my chain from side to side and make these bitches sea sick

Ain't no limit to what money can do for ya  
Paying rent, kids getting privately schooled for ya  
Royalty cheques income a month with two lawyers  
Make sure your enemy uz' umoya  
But, but who knows what happens to those  
Who die with lots of money while making it, lose souls  
Giorgio Armani, Versace are fools gold  
Got me chasing wealth that will last till tombstones

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And we love it

This music takes me back to the ghetto  
So I hold it down for homies stuck in the meadow  
From Cape to Soweto  
If hustling ain't easy then let go  
Tryna gas you up like you were working at Sasol  
Pouring the petrol  
Driving Iveco  
Tryna pull you over like they working for Metro  
You making ends meet uhlalu phanda macents, joe

Let mi tell you wah mi learn from [?]  
You may have a lotta dreams but dey don't get control  
Them are rock ya boat see if you can stay afloat  
It's a world of greed in the city of gold

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