

Super Greedy

Andre Nickatina

Give me give me g's g's g's

From the small bags of weed to them rubber band bundles
I remain supper gready this that day and night hustle
Snatchin knots from sprung bitches but im quick to explain
If i aint all up in your pocket i aint doin my thang
Im supper greedy like im posed to be
Floor wayz be close to me
I mite stick you up if you aint really where your posed to be
Im solid wit my folks but supper scandalous for a click
When your sharper make it happen you could bubble off my nip
Hyperations stack somethin losin nothing can you dig it
And bet your own hustle man and double small digits
Stayin payed is the slogan sippin yak steady smokin
Breakin hammer towns open gotta leave my bag open
Microscopin all night nigga even yall knots
Holdin heat when it's hot shit even when it's not
'cause california niggas strive try to come up quick
And if you can't hold your own well take your shit

(2x)

California hustlas chase paper all day
California smokers blow blunts all day
California cats sip yak that way
And california cat we react that way

Bitch i show kay skills to break these bitches for there scrill
Poppin pussys like pills on the real lettin them know the deal
These bitches be worthless
Im out the door wit ther purses
Bitch im scrillmatic the shit be like sell service
At the gas station
You know i aint payin
You know im toppin off
Im bout to start poppin off
At the liq bitch so don't you even trip
'cause i got this pistol by the hip
And im bout to stick somebody for their grill
Juss 'cause im super greedy
Ill prolly stiff the needy
I mite even have your best bitch on their knees screamin feed me
You best beleive me
Got pleanty more off in the stash box
Straight gs bumb
Pat rich and jackpot is dope like crack rocks
So listen to the mac god
California killas for that scrilla
Keepin it profane wit no shame
'cause we some dope game gorillas
They call me pat rich capone
'cause i bust young hoes like chrome
Flip new bitches like zomes
And keep em workin the track like mary and jones

(2x)

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I don't roll sober, high off the roper
Deep when i creep like the red october
With out a pocket full of money
Your boy get lonely
I call up pat rich and jackpot they my homies
Juss like da grinch
Hundred dolla bills in my pocket while your sleepin on da bench
Boy im smokin the beamy so deep in the needy
Broke wit money im super greedy

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