

Animal Control

Baby Smoove

(Enrgy made this one)

Franchise

Franchise, the young rich bastard

She see me take one, now she want one, too
I ride through the city with bananas, nigga, this a zoo
Smack a nigga with the Glock, leave a nigga tooth loose
My niggas rich shooters, they be goin' coo coo
I hate a broke nigga who try to talk the price down
He was speaking on me, he a long live now
Niggas know how that shit go when you caught out of bounds
Catch a nigga slippin', he be runnin' from the sound
Started up a grow house, now there's pounds in your town
I just made a million, why sign for it now?
My house to the city, that's at least fifty miles
Push the button on the Glock, one second, fifty rounds
Boy you ain't got no hustle, couldn't move a half a pound
This shit was already sold before it hit the town
These niggas old as hell, tryna copy how I sound
I ain't dropped in a year, still bigger than these clowns
You thinkin' 'cause I rap, I won't go hit your account
You thinkin' 'cause I rap, I won't go flip me a pound
Boy these bullets big as hell, don't let 'em hit your mouth
I just made four hundred thousand, I was sitting on my couch
Drink a eight one day 'cause they said it was a drought
So much lean in my stomach, shit, it made a lil' pouch
I was pulling phones, you was watchin' Wild'N Out
Hunnid choppas in the crib like Osama penthouse
I ain't gotta call nobody to go and pull a quarter out
Tryna dodge the hook, I done took the other route
You tryna make some money, we can open a account
You tryna make some money, drive these to this house
Why you actin' like that, you ain't know he was a mouse?
Quarterback and receivin', so I only know the route
Call animal control, it's some birds in this house
Bitch can't kiss you, you got germs in your mouth
Shoot a nigga for these buffs, kill a nigga for my chain
Shit, these Percs don't work, I got a different type of pain
They don't know I would've crashed out before Kane
Paid a nigga to go crash out, to me it's just change
I've been gettin' bored, my socks five hunnid
I don't even like Wraiths, but I'm rich so I want it
On the east deep as hell, six strikers on Conan
Niggas know they jewelry cheap, if it was me I wouldn't want it
Big F, the rich franchise and they know it
That nigga think he sweet but he run around owin'
Every time a bum get a lil' money, he gon' show it
You can't even show me to your bitch, she gon' throw it
Five grams in the 'Wood, they like, the fuck going on?
Nigga, I'm the reason she ain't picking up the phone
Tell 'em I'm the reason why you scared to go home
There's some pointers in my ear, I couldn't hear what's going on
This a big hit, I hear a swish then he gone
I like VVS', we ain't got the same stones
Nigga, you a bitch, we ain't got the same soul
My shit really ring, we ain't got the same phone
This a big body, you ain't been in one of those

A thousand for my shirt, we don't wear the same clothes
I can put you on, we ain't got the same bowls
Niggas see me out and I bet his face
Niggas see me out, he ain't
I'm a young rich bastard but I'm
I'm a young rich bastard, I'ma put my niggas on
(Franchise, franchise)
I be throwing up the four