

## Fried Rice

Bas

Milk

Decisions I be makin' when I get impaired  
Tell me where the gingerbread, I'm gettin' there  
Money in my pocket barely fit in there  
But I fell in love with how it's sittin' there  
Old bitches miss me, a hole in her soul  
But I'm over it though, had to block me a number

(We're sorry)

This from the latest collection, my boy  
You can copy the wave when I drop in the summer  
Fiends got the city up under the wing like it's fried rice  
I done died twice, I got nine lives, that means seven to spare  
Vision blurry, but the hindsight always 20/20, I see Heaven and Hell  
Yeah, just to bust up a cell  
Yeah, tell 'em come and give me fuckin' nonviolence when the nine flyin'  
Hear her lullaby, make her sing like Adele  
Heavy on me like a Pell  
Singin' off-key, get 'em off me  
We on all streets for the money, niggas hit up Wall Street  
Had them boys ringin' the bell  
Ain't no Libra, but my scale ready if this rap shit ever fail  
Get me hot  
My borough taught me how to run a block  
Confidence is quiet, I don't talk a lot  
I call my mama and I call the shots  
I don't call these bitches, they just talk a lot  
Cop a couple toys and we can make a play  
Now the driveway like a parking lot  
Beware the dogs what the sign say  
I did it my way, I did it my way

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Block block, uh, block, look

You got the gas, but it's not like mine  
She got that ass, but she not that fine  
Don't make a nigga laugh  
I need the cash in the bag in advance  
Before I grab any mic' in the stand  
Don't make a nigga mad  
Spazz the fuck out, all bad, I'm all-Madden  
I'm on a go route now, but I do all patterns  
I'm with your ho right now, and she's a tall glass  
I'm a can full of whoop-yo-ass  
A little .40 in the booking bag  
I put a bullet in your lookin' ass  
Aw, baby, what is you doin'?  
Been lookin', askin' for something you can work your ass off for

My nigga, grab it, go after it  
I'm p-p-passionate, d-d-damagin' my anatomy  
Don't get mad at me if I pass out while I'm ramblin'  
I'm an animal, an anomaly  
Mari-mari-marijuana, it's the God in me, gotta be  
A better way just to get away, takin' the backstreet roads  
A couple days, maybe, give or take (Yeah)  
Baby, I'm gon' get home  
Uh, when I'm in the zone I'm in, I'm ignoring your phone call again  
The phone, off the dome talk, your phone block block  
You're on, switch off  
The long lost lil' nigga gettin' it how he live, hol' up

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This from the latest collection, my boy  
You can copy the wave when I drop in the summer  
Fiends got the city up under the wing like it's fried rice  
Like it's fried rice  
Boy, you can copy the wave when I drop in the summer  
Fiends got the city up under the wing like it's fried rice  
Like it's fried rice