

Intro

BiC Fizzle

I don't know what I want the most, the 'Rari or the Ghost
Snatch the model bitch, I open drawers, she suck it 'til she choke
I got racks stuffed in the wall, a couple more under the floor
East 'Ghanistan with a few killers, make it snow when it wasn't
even cold, yeah
Cold summer, I'm talking dead niggas
Get back for my young niggas
All these old niggas wanna fuck around 'til we pop out and we show niggas
Four-five with a drum and a fully, take a slow picture
It's true, I need millions
So I chased that bag, I got money on my mind
No time for you fags, I just cashed out at the bank
You should've seen the tag when I left out of that bitch and left a hole in they stash
Lil' bro run the play like Klay, all you do is shoot a foul
Clear the air out with these bricks
Grrt, bitch layin' in your grass
Who gon' love you like this cash?
Help me up, I slip and crash
So I play my cards right, but I'm not givin' you no pass
I be with shottas, make you swallow what you hollerin'
Say, that's my brother, like my mama, love his mama
Ain't got no other choice but touch you if you touch him, boy
You cross that line, I'm on your spine, see you in trouble, nigga