

Static

Grandma had roaches in the cabinet  
I was really broke, I ain't have it  
We was pickin' up change out the gravel  
I don't wanna hang with no rapper  
Young nigga tryna hang with the trappers  
Hate, then the love, then the money come after  
Playin' in the church, I ain't listen to the pastor  
I ain't wanna hoop, I was listenin' to the rappers  
Lookin' for a plug, a socket, adaptor  
On the freeway  
Rollin' with the 'bows in the kitchen like after  
Seventy-five hundred just to speak up on the matter  
You ain't talkin' 'bout a payment, we ain't talkin' 'bout nada  
I was thinkin' of punchin' in Blackwell for the data  
I remember back in the Gat, we ain't matter  
Now I get paid for a show, bitch, I'm flattered  
Need it up front, off the back, I'ma tax you  
Twelve hundred for the gun, ain't no way I'm wrestle  
Jay catch a body, that's my twin, I'ma match him  
Live, then we die, live again, go and ask him  
Been here before, you can tell how I'm rappin'  
My cousin Unknown, he the ghost, he ain't Casper  
Took too many losses, I'm just tryna win after  
Nigga did what to your who? You ain't smash him?  
Nigga took what from your what? You ain't catch him?  
Most of you niggas rappin' just certified actors  
Grandma had to go, I got some questions need answers  
Granddaddy smokin' even though he beat cancer  
Got Texaco money, Arab need answers  
I was winnin' off the plug 'cause the plug lean prices  
If he cross you once, you gotta know he ain't righteous  
Make it rain in the club, we ain't even see lightening  
Beat him with the butt of the gun, we ain't fightin'  
RP's in this rifle, it'll punch you, it ain't Tyson  
Ho wanna fuck me, in school, she ain't like me  
All up in the hills with the grass, we ain't hikin'  
Only one me, I ain't worried 'bout 'em bitin'  
Cause in the pen writin', tryna beat that indictment  
Everybody got a gun, but these niggas ain't strikin'  
Never gave a fuck about a nigga, they don't like me  
Nigga, I was up before they found out the price  
Turned it on like a light switch, the dark let the ice hit  
I'm the type of nigga hit a nigga with an icepick  
Say what you want, but you better say the right shit  
Same hand I shoot, same hand that I write with  
If the money good, I can do a verse right quick  
I can't get no money with no leash, you might bite me  
Diamonds on me icy, water on me like a Pisces  
Ain't no one-on-one, whole gang on-sight you  
Twenty-some Glocks with like twenty-one rifles  
Twenty-some P's touched down from a sniper  
Ru don't like the smell, he gon' tell me he don't like it  
I'ma need me a Perky, throw it back like a vita'  
I'ma [?] Minnesota like the Vikings  
She ain't never seen a dub, make her way too excited  
When you gettin' to the money, ain't no way that you can fight it

Told 'em add me up, I ain't worried 'bout a minus  
In the soul, in the flesh, like the states, we united  
Find him in the middle of the water like Rikers  
I was 1017 in the club, so icy  
I was all up in the hills with the white folks bikin'  
I was all up in Texas, throwin' long like Watson  
I'ma get mine, I ain't worried 'bout 'em watchin'  
Like 4 Pockets Full, don't worry 'bout my pockets  
Reach for this pendant, hit your ass with this rocket  
This Glock on me toxic, I ain't never gotta cock it  
Hit up on your head, I'm the man, nigga, stop it  
The money in the streets same thing as a deposit  
Nigga bust your head for a pair of new Robins  
I'm one-eleven baby 'til I die, still mobbin'  
I was really broke, I ain't think about no options  
They can't come and get it 'cause I already got it  
Money got thick, so I threw away the wallet  
I ain't have shit, but a nigga got a lot of  
Prices goin' up 'cause I feel like the shit  
Look like a brick, I'll never be a lick  
Nigga, you ain't never seen a Glock with a switch  
Bitch hold fifty-six, ain't no way I'm gon' miss  
Nigga came on your block, ain't no way you ain't spinned  
I'll buy the whole block just to charge the opps rent  
Got a James Bond coupe, can't see through the tint  
Plane goin' to the D, drop off in the Flint  
Plug tryna see how many 'bows we can flip  
Fifteen in the A, four more in the Sip  
Got a chopper in the Charger with a Glock in my denims  
I'll turn into a wizard, gettin' off all these zips  
I'll never ever fold, I can never ever flip  
All the backdoors closed, niggas know what it is  
Try to backdoor me, fuck around and get killed  
Gotta keep on clothes 'cause it's cold in the field

BigWalkDog