

Power

Blade Brown

I'm really in the streets, like I ain't hiding nigga
Probably counting money while I'm driving nigga
On the way to link the plug, I'm really grinding nigga
Big black Jeep, you see me gliding nigga
I talk a lot of shit becah I back it up
I talk a lot bricks becah I wrap 'em up
And I can talk about your chick becah she back it up
In every outfit, we've just gotta ask
It's real talk when I bless the trap
These niggas fucking liars, never pressed a pack
These niggas fucking liars, never pressed a MAC
You know what's good, my niggas dressed in black

Money and the power, money and the power
Niggas tryna work out how I make this money in an hour
Money while I sleep, still get money in the shower
Although I stay cutting buj, I still get money off the powder
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These rappers gassing up their fans, in my hood they're jokers
In the streets I'm kosher, just need that bread, more Hovis
I told my young bulls "Beef is dead, just keep their pokers"
Ain't got no junkie friends but still I'm with the smokers
Been a trill boy from day, my wagans know this
My first car was a Ford but still I'm focused
Remember ants all in my crib and them roaches
Claim they play the field, I'm in the dugout with the coaches
I mean the concrete jungle with them vultures
These niggas fucking liars, never made no chromes spin
Never even seen a half a B, yet a whole brick
Talking model yats and they don't even bone chicks

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My rap religion be the holy traporcism
All this crack I'm giving turned me mathematician
Had the oil splashing like I'm burning steaks
Up in the kitchen, washing up but touched no dirty plates
Serving junkies looking like some circus monkeys
I can't even travel too much, I'm banned in certain countries
Bobby Brown up in the needles, had me holding stacks
Mummy struggled just to feed us and put clothes on backs
Trapping saints, feds we're using ain't for paints
Dagging models, popping bottles, pouring bigger drinks
Listening to Charlie while I'm with my links
Whipping up the Charlie up in kitchen sinks

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