

Ot Commute

Boldy James

Money in your life
You ain't never touched no real paper, pussy
Where we at?
What else?
Uh

You ain't seen money in your life (You never ran that bag up)
You ain't seen money in your life (Never sprinted through that pack)
You ain't seen money in your life (At all)
When it come to this cheese, y'all like three blind mice (Dumbass niggas)
You ain't seen money in your life (Bum-ass niggas)
You ain't seen money in your life (Crumb-snatchin'-ass niggas)
You ain't seen money in your life (Never)
When it come to this cheese, y'all like three blind mice

All these Band-Aids and I-racks
Spinnin' like a CD-ROM in the Pyrex
OT commute from Dietnam to Chiraq
Milwaukee to the Show Me State
Boston to the Golden Gate
Blood diamonds, built three pints of Hi-Tech in my Rollie face (Real drank)
Remember boxin' jurors like I was a welterweight
Now my jewelry box like a motherfuckin' trophy case
Loadin' up assault rifles like I'm tryna hunt an elk
In my hood, I got the title, on my block, I got the belt
Crown holder of the ghetto, I feel like Taj Mahal
If I got the shot, I'ma take it, won't ever drop the ball
This mafia shit we be on, niggas is not involved (At all)
Was at the crib when I got the call, thinkin', "Not my dog"
Three hundred K in six hours, now that's a turnaround
We ran the play, the GPS say next stop Germantown (It's on)
Touchin' in the hills, hundred seals, thousand pack of pills
Thousand grams of raw, cut it twice, bring back a half a mill' (Five hundred
)
Let's get it

You ain't seen money in your life (Tell me when, nigga)
You ain't seen money in your life (You ever touched ten, nigga?)
You ain't seen money in your life (Never)
When it come to this cheese, y'all like three blind mice (Run it up, nigga)
You ain't seen money in your life (Not even a hundred plus, nigga)
You ain't seen money in your life (Y'all was gettin' fronted by us, nigga)
You ain't seen money in your life (That's big facts)
When it come to this cheese, y'all like three blind mice (You ain't got them
big racks)

All these grits and these graham crackers, on a Runnin' Rebel tour
Work white as a marshmallow, I can melt a s'more
No CPL, but I'ma tote it if I feel the need
To keep it real, I think I sold more dope than I did anything
Never worked a day in my life if I wasn't servin'
Me and Topper, we was Jay Rose and Jimmy King
It's ConCreatures, 227, we the Medellin
I'm on my mafia, what else? Tell 'em kiss the ring
The hook was on a nigga heels, I had to switch the route up
As a youth, I knew not to squeal, I learned to zip my mouth shut
Ran the four-three with DL, she kept messin' my count up

Now I'm so deep in the field, I damn near get the house cut
Workin' the floorboards, I pay my driver just to ship it
And if it's worth the reward, on the highway, I'ma risk it
Big fish in a small pond full of guppies
Big city boy reppin' small towns in Kentucky
Let's get it

You ain't seen money in your life (Tell me when, nigga)
You ain't seen money in your life (You ever touched ten, nigga?)
You ain't seen money in your life (Never)
When it come to this cheese, y'all like three blind mice (Run it up, nigga)
You ain't seen money in your life (Not even a hundred plus, nigga)
You ain't seen money in your life (Y'all was gettin' fronted by us, nigga)
You ain't seen money in your life (That's big facts)
When it come to this cheese, y'all like three blind mice (You ain't got them
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