

## 55 M's

Caskey

Okay, hoes wanna fuck me for the clout, tea  
But, they never can and they pouty  
I'm smokin', on big gas, got me drowsy  
But, no longer sleepin' in the county  
Fifty-five M's in my bank, that's goals  
Hatin' undercover on the kid, get exposed  
Black and white Rolls, black and white all my hoes  
She know it's a blessin' she get chose

Man, I just went bought a new scale, but it weigh out all the same  
Got a new hair, kept it [?] like it's plain, ugh  
Rappers fakin' flexin' for the 'gram all the same, ugh  
How you say you real but you ain't got no real chains? Ugh  
I could spot that bullshit from a mile away  
Shorty like the way I smell, that's a prouder way  
I'm bumpin' Shawty, in the i8, you know I'm straight  
Y'all was hatin' in my comments, that's that time waste  
Backtrackin' like you 'bout to drop a song on MySpace  
I'ma go with my guerillas, that's that primate  
Skraight up, me and money on a blind date  
You just blind to the money, different mind state

Hoes wanna fuck me for the clout, tea  
But, they never can and they pouty  
I'm smokin', on big gas, got me drowsy  
But, no longer sleepin' in the county  
Fifty-five M's in my bank, that's goals  
Hatin' undercover on the kid, get exposed  
Black and white Rolls, black and white all my hoes  
She know it's a blessin' she get chose

Okay, okay, the camera phone turn the traphouse to a porno place  
In the lamb like my favorite place to fornicate  
Twenty thou' in my pocket, that's a normal day (yeah)  
Wanna get this shit like me, gotta formulate  
Gucci on my frame and my bitch got a Karrueche frame (fact)  
Got out of jail, changed my life like I'm Gucci Mane (fact)  
You goin' broke and your team don't know who to blame (yeah)  
I'm on a Harley bike, this ain't no Suzuki thing  
Okay, look I got no time, I been doin' coke lines  
We always on go time, we speedin' past slow signs  
I'm seein' so much money, I pray that I never go blind  
Last time I checked, y'all was finished before mine  
Last time I checked, these i8 doors flyed  
Up like a butterfly, I made the show fly  
How you got so much drive and ain't got no ties?  
Grippin' on the money like my hands were both pliers

Hoes wanna fuck me for the clout, tea  
But, they never can and they pouty  
I'm smokin', on big gas, got me drowsy  
But, no longer sleepin' in the county  
Fifty-five M's in my bank, that's goals  
Hatin' undercover on the kid, get exposed  
Black and white Rolls, black and white all my hoes  
She know it's a blessin' she get chose (it's a blessin' she get chose)  
Tiskeno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnac.cz - vyberte si pojisteni online!