

Yeah, all the shit I did for a dollar
I done hustled, I done stole, I done robbed
Man, fucking up a rapper not a problem, yeah
I would talk about some bitches that I'm trying to get with
Dog, but I already got 'em
Somebody do me like Drake did Meek
They go missing, you will never hear about 'em

I'm praying for your homie when they shot him
Don't go no where without it
Thought somebody should've taught him
When there's blood on the leaves
It be looking like it's Autumn
I go Jordan 'bout a ring
If I ain't got 'em then I'm Gollum
I'm a motherfucking problem 'bout the dineros
Flood the whole city when it's in barrels
I want enough gold to satisfy ten pharaohs
Rappers thinking they in style when they in'apparel
Fuck a bitch, me and money we in wedlock, it's serious
And about her I go red dot, period
They was running game so I put 'em at a dead stop
Now it's just my day ones tighter than a dreadlock
Think they running up on one of us, boy, they best not
We serving up the nonsense (Yeah)
It ain't fucking with my conscience (Yeah)
Drinking 'til I'm unconscious (Yeah)

I was made to hustle
I was made to count big bags of cash with all of my brothers
I was made to hustle
I was taught how to get cash and count this shit like no other
I know how to hustle

Did some dirt in Bokey, me and T
Moving quarter bags of the OG
Only care about the money
I ain't really into stunting so I'm sitting lowkey
My homie told me
"Don't even take a risk if you ain't gon' sell the whole thing"
I'm one of the realest in my city
There's a reason everybody know me, I keep it humble
You a fraud, trying to play hard
Call ya bluff, this ain't poker, we don't play cards
The world is yours
Gotta find an outlet, plug it in, and then take charge
They tried to stop us now they sitting in the graveyard
I'm in the streets letting rounds out the AR
'Cause I do dumb shit when I take bars
You don't see me rocking nothing if it ain't ours
In love with fast money like I'm 'bout to race cars

Whoa, all the shit I did for a dollar
I done hustled, I done stole, I done robbed
Man, fucking up a rapper not a problem
I would talk about some bitches that I'm trying to get with
Dog, but I already got 'em

Somebody do me like Drake did Meek
They go missing, you will never hear about 'em, ah!

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Tell the feds they could run up in the house
I ain't gotta keep a thing in the couch
That's my girl, made the 808 my spouse
When I fuck her it make everybody bounce
Told my homies, "no time to waste, every second really counts"
We got big deals nowadays
I be losing money trying to serve an ounce
Getting it by all accounts
I'm saying we been at it for a long time
Feeling like I'm sitting on a gold mine
Don't ask me why the label ain't giving me no shine
Baby told me I don't need a cosign
Prove it when it's showtime
Feel like I did this shit in no time
I was patient waiting for it to be go time
Now I got it, every play, I'm at the goal line
I'm 'bout to score a touchdown and your hoe mine
Bitch bet' not play 'bout the money
Black Sheep 2 is here, that shit no longer coming
The streets was waiting, I could feel the hunger
I'm back good as ever, away from the slumber
Just give me a number, I came by to flood the whole summer
We serving up the nonsense
Drinking til I'm unconscious
It ain't fucking with my conscience
I was made to hustle

Yeah, born in it, born rich
This a lifestyle, boy
Stand up or stand tall, nigga
G up or don't ball, boy
How we do it
Young Caskey, it's your turn, boy
Riding with you, we riding with you
Big money popping, top floor type shit
Suites, hella seats, nigga
Hella choppers, yeah
Sand, beach, water, and bitches, nigga
GTVodka, light one, smoke out the pound, GT, boy
Ay, Caskey, get the drugs, nigga
We lit up, live up, brrrat!
Orlando, stand up