

Lost Count

Chedda Da Connect

I done lost count of all this money I done counted
I done lost count of all these hoes, got me drowsy
I done lost count of all these niggas that doubted
How many times? How many times?
Niggas flexing bout a check and they ain't even got it
See dollar signs all the time, I ain't even lying
How many times I caught these hoes lying
How many times one of my niggas died

I done lost a lot of niggas in these fucking streets
I done kept real, loyal, now [?]
When I was down on my luck you was tryna leave
But now a nigga getting money, why you chasing me?
Foreign cars how I ride, I don't see them bitches
Private jets in the sky, I swear I don't see them niggas
It's the life of luxury, but without the pain
Keep running all in circles, doing the same thing

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North side Obama, won't say it if I don't promise
How many times these nigga showing checks that ain't got no com
mas
Not Osama, but I blew up on my block, cops and robbers
How many times I got to tell my son he ain't got no mama
Stop your drumroll, count money for the loose count
Need a new account and two accountants, ain't a broke man in my
crew now
Let's get this clear like bottled water, I don't follow orders
Don't even look inside the foreign, you cannot afford it

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