

Money Reserve

ChillinIT

Sit tight, get right
Buss down a Thotiana for a blue face
Herb grass when they searched the car
The lawyer still get a pass, made the judge drop a two case
Yeah my wife lit, prolly got a side chick
Telling me to watch 'cause she only do it two ways
Yeah, true true, give a fuck who's who
Like, I don't give a fuck, your old man is who's mate? (Fuck off)
You got a cousin up at whose place?
Little brother like fucking too much to lose mate
Losing is a thing we don't choose, don't do
Only time that I lose is when I lose weight
Mate, when it comes to the paper
You don't want a beef, that's brief like a suitcase
Aye, that's why I blaze on the mic
When I walk & talk I'm on Arabian Nights (RRRAGH)

Brother, I'm all-night rager
SportsBet winner, hit a 4-5 wager
Hannibal Lector picking the trifecta
I build walls up like a Fortnite gamer
Later, still got blow with the smoke
In the 1980, you owe me a favour
Still got a pack from a fresh import in a bunch like Brady
With [?] flavour

Imma stay on rides
In an all black whip and I crave more size
In a D-[?] kid and a paid for ride
With an AMGG [?] 4-5
Come try me, put a sock in a brother, Mick Foley
You wanna block shot? my brother you're not goalie
It's big Chill Chill with a big face Rollie

Honestly fuck it, I've been too polite
Labels are looking like STRADA agreements the way we be talking my units for price
Might be a stoner but I got a homie to hop in this Uber and do it at night
Don't want you to stress but yes, we got your address and we know your room's on the right

We got it-RRRAGH
My brothers would do it for shoes and a bike
Money and fame, randoms are dropping your name
Like fuck if you knew what its like
Now I get five-
star when I had mum in the kitchen just whipping me tuna and rice
All of you trying to do what we do
Don't give a fuck, you ain't doing it right
We got it-RRRAGH

I never choose to run
So if the cops come-a-knockin' I just move the funds
I just copped mum a one-of-one clutch for none
With all the money that I made off of Susan's Son
So that's right boy, tell me who's the one
Cops come when I'm silent like Buddhist Monks

Had the boys tuned up now he's all bruised up
Brother hit him with the coup de grâce
Chick ain't smoke herb before
But I eat, sleep, breathe it in herbivore
So I rolled one up, made her puff puff puff
On her first damn Jay - wow Jersey Shore, ha
Homie UK low me
Emcees wanna steal the hooks like Maui
Joker and thief in streets, we wolf
Mother cook butter like chickens with chicks in my Audi

I got some money to make, I got a bud on the break
Couple to swerve, I got the Djokovic shit with the rock
And I'm David Chapelle when I hustle this herb
Still pay accountants that balance the bouncing of all of the money when money returns
Still pay commission 'cause we the commissioners how we be holding this money reserve