

# Bag

Chris Webby

Let me get up in my bag now, yeah  
I gotta do it, watch me prove it  
Choppin', choppin', choppin', screw it  
When I get up in my bag now, yeah  
Rims spinnin' while I'm whippin', whippin' with some thick women  
Tryna get up in my bag now, yeah  
Mo' dough, mo' problems  
At your side that shit'll go, go  
Bringin' in the bag now, yeah  
Paper, plastic or reusable, one thing is indisputable  
We bringin' in the bag now

Used to be broke as a joke that nobody would laugh at  
Tryna make me a dollar out a diamond and be honest with you I ain't even hav  
e half that  
So I just had to dig in, ridin' dirty like pig pen  
For the cash tax, apply pressure man  
Now them days I was lesser than is as [?] as flashbacks  
When I first got some bread (What happened?)  
That shit went to my head because I was new to it  
Bought the clothes, the diamonds and gold's and fucked with some hoes  
Before long I blew through it  
But I'm older now, I think bigger and bolder now  
So no matter how you do it  
We gon' always stay true to it  
Sayin' [?] is fucked while makin' my screw to it  
I been rockin' with Chris for like ten years  
So it's sincere when we link up  
You have Paul Wall in this song y'all  
We gon' smoke big, rappin', drink up  
When we on one, then it's on son  
Ain't no tellin' the shit we gon' think up  
But when all is done, Chris and Paul and Bun equals Brinks truck

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What it do? Big bags, I got a few  
Grind hard and you can get it to  
All you need is some work to do  
Late nights grindin' with the crew  
No sleep, just an hour or two  
Cash flow steady comin' through  
Make money, stay true  
Hard work ain't nothin' new  
Just gonna do it, stop talkin' 'bout it  
Teamwork means everybody and we cashin' checks  
Sign on the dotted

Punchin' clocks, that's how I got it  
Juice the punch, I'm known to walk it  
Blue bills fallin' out my pocket  
On the cabin cruiser, I'm about to dock it  
Try hard but they can't stop it  
It's the Lords work when I'm in my bag  
Gettin' cash since a young lad  
Just get it done, no lollygag  
Slab tag when the trunk wag  
I push the button, make the bumper drag  
Push the comma's, make the numbers add, we iron clad

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Yeah, money make the world go round  
Dolla's, Pesos, Euros, Pounds  
Pullin' up, they heard the sound  
H-Town to Connecticut  
Big bag and we spendin' it  
Even when that recession hit  
We the ones who helped to correct this shit  
My scholarship was financial aid  
Now I'm makin' this handsome pay  
That come with a couple new accolades like credit grade and taxes paid  
And still I keep my totals up  
Independent mogul, the music goin' global, what?  
Yeah they see I'm blowin' up  
White boy got game  
Take a shot, bang, like I'm John Wayne  
High octane, ride blades like a prop plane  
Fuck around and put a little ice on a block chain  
Yeah I got gains like a motherfucker body built  
Italiano when I'm makin' John Gotti bills  
Livin' proof there's a way if you got a will  
So much independent money I don't even want a deal

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