

E.B.I.T.D.A.

Clipse

I mean the ears like vitamin C
I mean yellow like bright as a bee
I mean the sun like bright as can be
F80 knot you, tie it to me
Just to get from A to B and ain't drive it to see
The Palais, the Eiffel, Army won't turn the parades off
God bless Takeoff
I said I want the Rolls Royce with the drapes off
And it ain't electric so it's way off

Send it back
Sending for the Gordo pies?
Picked up the Turo and drive
Straight up the 405
The way that the boarders designed
I'm feeling like the lord of the skies
Arms like 2:45
Hit 'em, make sure that he dies
That text, won't never reply
The Feds came and collected my guys
The rain pours and I'm hearing it cries

Went from heaters up to fevers up
Bitches in the back, the seat is up
Now I'm ten times the E.B.I.T.D.A
If you let the money talk, who speaking up
I'm sleepwalking, y'all don't dream enough
My third passport, I ain't seen enough
If you can breathe up there, it ain't steep enough
The scale don't lie, you ain't even us
(Yeah)

Shorty want me hit her like an archer
But I'm not desperate, so I starve her
How we fit 30 studs in the collar
Open the sunroof, wave to my father
Remembering the shipments at the Portsmouth Harbor
Something for the face-numbers and the noddors
Grew up playing real life Contra
"Never give up," that's the mantra
Lifting all this weight, now I live behind the gate
Should DJ the way they digging through the crates
You niggas busting bricks on a plate
I need more space to make paste
The wrap houses running out of tape
The drug money busting out the safes
Scammers running in and out of Chase
Bottle service running out of Ace

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