

Rock Bottom

Cordae

I gotta lot of flows, I gotta lot of dope
Cause where I'm from, you get jumped like Geronimo
We rock designer clothes, well fuck the honor roll
You cannot hop in the Coope, if you not a bro
Shootin like James, let that rocket go
I'm in the Phantom, you know that my pockets gold
Rap shit my life, and this shit a pot of gold
It be official, tell them niggas aidos
Niggas is mad I'm ahead of my time, sick like the floo, leave m
dead with the rhyme
Never call him, cause the feds on his line, picked up the pensa
l instead of the 9
They hot as bodies that you never goin find, they dropped the c
ase, better than mine
Never progressin, you know that I heard that stuff
I just assume that they don't work and stuff
Lying about pies, I doubt that their purp be tough
Rappers is murderers, how you be trappin, but lackin the cirtin
ty
I'm about coins, and I'm chasin the currensy
Snap out of it, never a problem with it
Like my producer, dog, I stay Anonymous
Still signed to Country Boy, that kid kill a lotta shit
It was a drout, and he could never find his hit

Lil nigga, I got big amounts
I'm just tryna see bigger counts
Got the water flowin, like a river rout
Niggas sneak dissin, be spesific now
Curry, the way I dish it out
Got my grandma askin, what's this bout
Ain't fuckin with me, then you missin out
/bring the dissin out, I bring the pistols out
Thought I couldn't do it, now they listen to it
The feds wanna call me a shot back
You want me with Faruko, cause I bought you a pistol
Stop hating, you ain't even boss yet
Dollar signs is what I must get
I got old money, like a Muskit