

Countdown

Dave East

M-M-Mister Sold Out

You know what it is, baby, Loyal Gang is the movement

Don't Sleep is the mixtape, it's called Countdown, featuring Sen City

All I talk is what I know, I don't say what I don't do (Nah)

All we blow is purple smoke, I'm stuck in the courts, can't make a move

Mami, come get comfortable, my bank account too much to move (Too much)

We ain't got enough to grow, it make no sense, I'm chasing you (You)

Chasing cake and getting bread, chasing face, I'm getting head (Hah)

Pay for dates? I'm okay, I'd rather eat your plate instead (Ow, ow)

When we done, you make the bed, after that go make some eggs (Eggs)

Take that shit, I ate the [?], oh my god, I hate the feds (I hate them)

Johnny Boy, we got a hit, East Side talk a lot of shit

But I can back it up and reverse it, park it 'cause I got a whip

Hit that strip like I got a brick, spit that shit like I'm tryna blow
(Blow)

Up all night like I got a kid, can't spend time 'cause I gotta go (Gotta go)

I get money all over the map, four-bag with a blunt in that pack

I'm running that trap, a hunned a sack, I'm dumping the dub

I'm pouring my yak, I'm loving my thugs, they loving me back (Yeah)

Filling them lungs, I'm sending 'em back, I'm feeling the drugs

I'm finna get smacked, we killing the club, my niggas is [?]

Raw shit, on the top floor, pop bottles, we got more

A kay a steak 'cause we got to, since a juvenile been a hot boy (Hot)

Smoked out so we got more, OZ's by the package

And V.I.P. through D.I.E., they let me in with my ratchet (With my ratchet)

One for the money, two for the hustlers, three for my bad bitches

Four for the customers, five in my ride, six different chicks

Seven grams of kush, eight different whips, nine to get your mind right (Don't sleep!)

Ten black Louis belts (I'm tryna warn y'all!), I'm looking for your boss, you's a worker, all you do is help

Countdown, bring me some Dutch's, let's burn an ounce down

Think it's time to get a life, I'm tryna get my niggas right (Let's go, Sen!)

I'm blow the weed, I'm moving vees, she catching feelings but c'est la vie (Sen City!)

Then he told me how to get it, then he told me how to whip it (Ouuu)

I ain't talking too fast, bitch, you listen too slow

Living the life that I live and I don't drink no nouveau (Shit)

I hit the block with hard and kill 'em with the 10's

But I ain't preaching, but fuck it, tell these fools again (Woooahh)

One for the money (One!), two for the hustlers, three for my bad bitches, four for the customers (I see you!)

Five in my ride (Five!), six different chicks, seven grams of kush, eight different whips (Roll up!)
Nine to get your mind right, ten black Louis belts
I'm looking for your boss, you's a worker, all you do is help (Don't sleep!)
Countdown, bring me some Dutch's, let's burn an ounce down
Think it's time to get a life, I'm tryna get my niggas right

My niggas right, hah, tryna get my niggas right, tryna get my niggas right
Don't sleep, hah, Johnny Boy