

Chandler Bing

Don Trip

(What's up, Juwop?)

(Beat those drums)

Alright, fuck you, pay me what you owe me, hold the favors, though

I was born in '85, I been this way since '84

If it ain't 'bout the paper roll, I'm awfully lackadasical

My guns are fully loaded 'cause I pack 'em all the day before

Pif, look over your baby bro, these rap niggas, they hate me so

My work ethic crazy, not to mention I make crazy dough

I wouldn't try me if I was you, that ain't the way to go

Made so many enemies, but Friends is still my favorite show

Let's focus on the finer things in life

I finally can afford to say I don't look at the price

Tonight, I might just lay in bed and cuddle with my wife

And do nothing just like you, oh my God, that must be nice

I stay out the way 'cause out of mind is out of sight

But I'm a sight to see, you probably won't believe your eyes

They say 'tis the season to be robbin' niggas blind

Pistol in your face, I bet you can't believe your eyes

I be stressed as fuck, I count that cake to ease my mind

I get the cake and dip off, baby, call me Duncan Hines

Call me what you want long as you call me all the time

My wife gon' cut your throat, lil' pretty bitch, pay me no mind

My wife think I'm delusional, I'm always seein' signs

I see 'em everywhere, them little S's with the lines

Now look how hard I grind, there's eight reasons why

I came here to win and I don't plan to leave it tied

There's a list of people that I had to leave behind

If I had done brought 'em with me, then they would've slowed me down

If I ain't make it fast enough, they would've switched the sides

That's to be expected, so I can't say I'm surprised

Long live Pif

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