

# Guerilla

Don Trip

Say welcome to my den  
I got paid and got a chauffeur I'm a rider til the end  
Got an extender on the .40 and that .40 got a twin  
All I know is dirty money but when I count it I feel clean  
Got a daughter on the way, tryna become a better man  
And you can say I run this shit but you can't ever say I ran  
Say the money keep me high oh how I pray I never land  
But I don't pray so no wonder why I feel down  
Guess I'm a workaholic baby I'm not into playin'  
But I ball as if I'm playin' and givin' up's not in my plans  
The top is where I stand and the top float is where I'm stayin'  
Naw I'm not invitin' you to visit I'm just sayin'  
Sorry I don't recognize you talkin' unless you payin'  
And I really can't recall the last time I weighed grams  
And I'm in that water, snappin' like a clam  
Ridin' with that fire like a cross from the Klan  
Guess I'm overaggressive, shootin' like a director  
And you don't even have to act, you can get shot just bein' the extra  
Yo come give me retarded brain, shit, I feel special  
But I still chase the cheese that isn't digestible  
Party every night, I feel festive  
Trappin' like the laws ain't got the balls to come arrest us  
School of hardknocks and gettin' pussy's an elective  
Gettin' rich was sorta easy, stayin' rich is more impressive  
I'm drunk off the power, now I'm throwin' up my section  
Tryna find a MAK-90, to add to my collection  
No I don't need no bodyguard, got my protection  
Send yo lady yo fingers in the mail, you get the message  
Damn I need a massage, my life so very stressful  
My masseuse keep talkin' behind my back that bitch better be careful  
I tried fuckin' with rap niggas, call myself bein' helpful  
But you think we here for friends? You got it twisted like a pretzel  
Fuck you and yo career, hope you hear me loud and clear  
The trap is a magician wand I make you dissappear  
Yeah I heard yo bars, 3 Musketeers  
Milkyway Snicker that shit give you diarrhea  
But you so full of shit, none of the shit you say is real  
Where's the car you say you drive that don't come out til late next year?  
It's okay, I wait til you come up with new ideas  
You spent that in the mall? Blow that kinda dough in Seers  
All I talk is money now that's music to my ears  
I'm so motherfuckin' fly that birds and planes are my peers  
Boy them skinny jeans make you niggas look queer  
My pants never that tight, even when my pockets filled  
My bitches pop they pussy, pop they gum and pop pills  
And I fuck 'em for free, pussy's never on my bill  
Bitch I got game, I'm cold enough to give you chills  
Ball so hard I need a 60 minute highlight reel  
Still down with the same pack of niggas I come up with  
Shout out to Interscope they finally opened up my budget  
Now I'm in this motherfucker Hollywood stuntin'  
Niggas forgotten how to fight, you gotta shoot him if you punch him  
Sittin' fat, lunchin, as long as the money comin'  
Shout out to baby Jaylen that's what keeps my motor runnin'  
You not ready for war, we hit yo block dumpin' and bombin'  
Guerilla, Gangsta Grillz, Mr. Trip, DJ Drama  
Motherfucker get money