

Rick & Chris

Don Trip

(JP Trackz)
(DT da Kidd)
(Beat those drums)
Let's do this

If I gotta break my neck, I'ma chase that cash, I'ma get that check
Runnin' laps 'round niggas, I'm runnin' backwards and ain't broke a sweat
We back on deck, that's on the set
I want smoke, these words to whoop on 'em
Hand and foot on 'em
Pull up, pull it, and push on 'em
And look at the look on 'em
Go dumb, I act a donkey
Play with your pussy, don't play with my money
The coach and the owner, I'm in it and on it
This shit is so in me and I keep it on me
Slide on 'em, hide, homie
Leadin' my city, I run the Olympics
I'm lit like a Bic on you, biggie
(Lit like a Bic on you, biggie)
Hit the horn on you haters, you hear the hemi
Ain't stood on they necks in a minute
Give 'em the business, make niggas feel it
Dead-ass serious, pop like a period
Make niggas in the back hear it (Yeah)
Make a nigga pull up and clear it (Yeah)
Sex, if you don't sweat, I can't take it serious
On Milk (Okay)

Big I, little U
Yeah, know it's selfish, may be rude
But it's still true, I just want the loot
All my money, all these faces blue
All these niggas square, I been sellin' cubes
It ain't 'bout the money, I'm not in the mood
All about a dollar, tell me somethin' new
I'ma make Forbes, you gon' make the news
Oh, but I better make it home for dinner
Shorty whip the chicken, call it Mrs. Winners
All I know is blocks like I'm playin' center
Chopper got a drum like it's playin' tenor
Hold my fam up, I'ma be suspenders
Or a pair of crutches, okay, easy does it
With somebody woman only for a moment
I don't even like her, I'ma make her love it
All I know is hustle, nigga, you a customer
Stickin' to it like a suction cup
Mama know she made a winner, no, I never gave a fuck about a runners-up
I got rich on my eleventh try, ain't qualify for no beginner's luck
I just took the kids to Six Flags, had the pistol tucked in my swimming trunks
Took a moment, never took a moment off, I ain't never took a sick day
My lil' homie caught a body, dropped a nigga broad day, he on display
Damn, same song, just a different day, another record scratch
Could tell you to stop the violence, but I'm the pot callin' the kettle black
I'm the cat with all the weapons stacked, got a nickname for like every stra

p

I'm the nigga with the burner phone for the plug even though I left the trap
Goddamn, fuck you, you couldn't judge me if you was your honor
Sorry, I can't hear a thing, here to kill the game, go on, wrap a rug around
it
Go on, lock it in the trunk, scream if you want, all we hear is subs poundin
g
Pistol on me, can't sleep without it
Nuts heavy, so they keep me grounded
Sorry if I led you wrong, I thought it was on, then I went astray
Drop the shit you doing, go and get paid
Hope is running late and help ain't on the way
Long live Pif

(JP Trackz)

(DT da Kidd)

(Beat those drums)