

Whoo

Flippin work, in the land of the free and the home of the brave  
On the block with the felons, stackin' paper and throwin the 0's in the safe  
Baby give me a second, keep it movin, I know that you tryna get saved  
I don't have the time for extra-curriculars, baby I'm tryna get paid  
They been watchin my moves, taking notes, the beretta, keep it close  
I'm doin' better, I was broke, cigarillo filled with smoke  
SORIANO is back in the zone  
Now it's time to get back on the road  
Fuck a deal, that shit is a loan, I'd rather do all the shit on my own  
Poppin' pills, feelin' lit, I pop a pill with your bitch  
Shorty just asked for a pump of the blow, so she could take a lil' trip  
My life is a movie I'm flippin' the script, I'm flippin' the switch, so we c  
an get rich  
Can't be feeling like I'm losing control, I can't afford to shoot a brick  
Baby let's go to the crib, I'm just tryna see if that thing grips  
I wanna see you remove all your clothes 'cause that ass way too thick  
I be shooting, from the hip, and the whip, is fully equipped  
Sorry to say, that me and the opposition could never co-exist  
When it come to the money, I got to make sure that I get paid in full  
The ace up my sleeve will not be revealed, so I got to play the fool  
I was put on this earth to fuck shit up, so I got to break the rules  
I been here for a while now its my time, I already paid my dues

You said that "you love me, it's real"  
You like when I touch it, you feel  
Let you overcome, with the chills  
I know you're hurt, I can heal  
I'm flippin' my case out the bank  
I ain't live my life like a saint  
I don't give a fuck what they think, (yeah)  
I know 'bout the pictures they paint  
Most my problem 'bout women and money  
You give everything and you get nothing

Like the Eagles, and I got to crush 'em  
I put diamonds on bitches, they bussin'  
Said I dig up more money, get funny  
The new choppa, it sound like I'm drummin'  
She can't pick up the phone, 'cause she cummin'  
I can't pick up the phone 'cause I'm too busy runnin' shit  
I'm in the back of the Cullinan, she give me head, I'm like "look what you d  
one to me"  
This for the ones tried front on me, ridin' around wit' my gun on me  
On some real shit, I'm ain't really worried 'bout the past, (yeah)  
On some real shit, what's gon' happen, you don't understand  
I'm about to catch a body, I ain't even need a mask  
She a ten in the face, she ain't even need to ask  
Took her straight to the spot, I ain't even had to ask  
Where you tryna go baby, I ain't tryna get attached, (yeah)

"No, no, you don't get it, you're not understanding  
SORIANO and Eli, have what I have in wrestling  
'Cause Austin Gunn, has that 'it' factor, you can't teach that, so guns up,  
or get the fuck out."