Hideaway

Eli Sostre

I fuck with you real, still give a fuck 'bout a deal
Two years ago I was starving, now we gon' touch us a mil'
Bitch be the Luger, my steady, please get the fuck out my face
I'm smokin' on somethin' that stank, I'm countin' my blessings today

Bitch, you could die today, so is you gon' ride today?
I got a brand new spot, call it my hideaway
Bitch, I might hide away, I put my spot away
I put a stash away, I put the Glock away

Money and manners, move to Atlanta
Yeah, she too fancy, she used to be dancin'
How'd you get money? I shouldn't have asked
You got a ass, lemme see it from the back

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