Members Only

EST Gee

(This is Greedy Money)
(Dubba-AA flexin')

Lame niggas wanna hang with us but ain't bang with us
Slang with us, hanging out the window with them things with us
Gang members, real pain-givers like a train hit 'em
Fuck the game up, me and my niggas ran a train in it
Why they playing with us? They know EST the big mob
Gave so many blues to you, they slide throwing crip signs (This Is The Sound
)
Pill poppin', if I did stop then I'd miss Quan
55 Zoski shooting drive, we ain't scared to die
Casey seen me laid up, made me cry, thought I lost my eye
I don't care who with 'em in that ride, everybody die
You ain't one of mine, a thousand on his mind a hundred times
He be lying, he ain't outside, popping shit on live
Big slime, I'ma give a dime up for the location
Niggas hoes, we gon' tote these poles, fuck probation

Thug nigga hate them blood nigga, still a cause killer
Drug dealer full of 35, we gon' buy him out
Made my first M with CMG, like, "What you buy now?"
All-white, I rock Off White, bitch, that's stock price
Bad bitches spend they last with me, ain't never had one
Thirty bricks for thirty-three a piece, I'm tryna grab one
I'm the bad son, mama say she still love me though
Cameras in the bedroom, it's hard for me to trust these hoes
Fuck these bows, I done seen a ticket selling bricks, nigga
How you serving fiends? Bitch, I only sell to rich niggas
Ass-kissing, baby, keep it pushing, I ain't your last nigga
Fast whips, damn near hit the car, I'm tryna stash shit
Past tense, I got a driver now, but even he know
I keep that nickel on me, so if they whoop me, nigga, keep going
Don't throw them birds to me, [?], I'm like T. Owens
Free yours and free mine
Gotti fightin' a body, bitch, I hope you beat it three times
You fail, we gon' keep trying
Quez been sliding, 'til something killed, he gon' keep sliding
Five double-murders, doggy damn near got a graveyard
Shoutout to the prosecutor, that's the one who saved y'all
Bitch, I'm like, "Who raised y'all?" I don't need no days off
I pick up when that pape' call, bitch

Yeah, weak dog, fentanyl involved, make the H strong
Making plays how I made my name, it ain't take long
Droplets of vanilla in my Tech to set the taste off
Pull off make me wait long, I ain't no sitting duck
Second run from scoring with that ice like a hockey puck
If you wanna get down, you gotta sacrifice your life to us
Niggas in that field wearing wires like they mic-ing up
Lackin' got yo' peoples' noodle touched, y'all need to tighten up
We gon' get this money, give a fuck 'bout niggas liking us
Ain't no winning fights with us, you know that we gon' light it up
You better have your pipe or something, you must wanna lose your life or som
ething
Whipping, all niggas work they wrists like they writing something
I brought all my dawgs into that huddle like I'm Mike or something

Police found a face inside a puddle of your lifeless buddy
Better have your head on a swivel while in traffic
Gangster everywhere except my casket
I'm a made man if an opp nigga asking
With traps in every side county close except for Radcliffe, nigga

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