

Spam

Famous Dex

Yea, y'know what I'm sayin'
Now you gotta go to the dictionary y'know what I'm sayin'
Go to the dictionary, go to the library (Chapter 6)
And y'know what I'm sayin', read about it
Whoa, Dexter
Yea, what

The Lab Cook

Yea, Critch [?] bro (ice)
Forever-ever (rich forever ever), ya' dig, (Dexter)

Money is right in my pocket (it is)
Tell me about money, boy stop it
Diamonds they right in my chain
Your diamonds fake, boy drop it
Wait, me and Chris pull up in a lamb
Everybody lookin' like damn
You a fake, you a spam
Run up on me, swear to God I'ma blam

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Diamonds don't jab, they boxin'
Young nigga, make a pay for the profit
Got my hood say I the prophet
One show I could fill in my pockets
You broke, you ran out of options
Thicker headed, but them niggas can't stop it
I'ma favorite I pull up and she top it
Levitate it and I get high like a rocket
You can't see me 'cause the [?] tenant
Pile the money like I'm beefin' with it
Duffle bag, put the cheese up in it
I got money problems I don't need you bitches
If I started, then i need to finish
Diamonds on me, she can see I'm winnin'

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Talkin' 'bout money boy stop it
Ain't got money in your wallet
Shoot that boy down
Shoot that boy down, yea hit with the rocket
I'm the plug fuck the socket
Runnin' this house make the pussy boy drop it
Get a lil bitch she a hottie
I wanna touch on her body
Huh, wait, huh yeah
Me and Jay Critch start a new wave
Almost broke up in the days
Now a nigga gettin' paid
Popped three pills that I geeked from the stage
That shit lil bitch now pull on her braids
Baby girl stuck on her ways
She want some money no pay
She want some money no pay
I'm a just fuck on her face

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Fuck the top I'ma drop it (skrt)
Extra cheese, pockets sloppy
Rich Forever we're trendin' to top
Broke boy you better stop it (what)
Waitin' on a lamb truck
Go get your bands up
Bitch bad I can't stand her
Turn the coupe to a panda
Nah, Nah, big drip
Too many racks do a kick flip
I'm in the trap with the chicken strip
I'm smokin' on flavors I pick a zip
No, my niggas rich for life
She wanna get lit tonight (lit)
She do the shit I like
I just might fuck her twice
The cappin' you talkin', irrelevant (irrelevant)
I got the juice but ain't sellin' it
I know that you mad that I'm hella rich
Flexin' on purpose, come take a pick

Money come this way
She want to fuck outta the stars in the new wraith
Patek out the blue face
Tell her to suck it, lil bitch I don't do dates

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