

Wake up, thank god for my pay stub
Collect my peso
Only thing on my mental, making instrumentals
40 oz's by the case loads
Got to know I love ganja, smell like Fronto
You know I took shorty, tape her legs closed
Better move when I say so, never move like a payroll
Okay, there it go

If money be the dream, my nigga stay lucid
If pussy be your hustle mami keep that thing juicy
While Vegas was built off the money of losers
For paper I shoot marvelous, Stanley Kubrick
Benjamin Franklin, my guardian angel
If I see Jesus I'm taking his halo
So I can pawn it and make a few pesos
He who your starve with, your team will be stable
Pass me the OE, pass me a tab
Pass me a blunt, I won't pass that shit back
Pass me a gat and a ski mask
I click clack, rat-tat-tat give me that cash
Throw Diddy's check book and I'll sign an autograph
47, mac elevens and there no limit (Body)
This is World War 3 is you ready? (Doubt it)
My wallet gone buzz, never snoozed up

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This alarm got me turned up plenty
Want to be the shit but the world won't love me
Hit my jack, then 20 minutes imma' hit you back
Count a stack, money made everyday
Niggas paying ransom notes
But only real niggas taking chances, yo
No longer 16's, I'm free
I freestyle to appease the peace
And you can freestyle but you need some beats
My performance hella rich and rewarding
And I can't compete when niggas is not all in
Good lord, boy gotta get a new crew
Looking real confused dog, I don't want to lose you
No woman want a nigga with no money
I'm all in her while she layin' on her tummy
Now I'm gon bust, now I'm gon bust
My vision is distant is music my drug?

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Know what you in for
Young gods in your temple
Pull up with the squad, what's the word ho
Plotting on the burb with the Fibonacci curves though
I'm Stefan, you Urkel
A snake to a gerbil, woah (LAWD)
Presently the Pres
Don't make a nigga get a urge or be the day you be dessert
Puffin on some herbs now I'm one with the earth
Top Gun Tom Cruise watch a nigga go berserk, uh
Build the proper spliff, heighten consciousness, don't be counterfeit
Use your mind a bit, word of the wise but i still will profit chips
Surf on this tide we the truth (we got you kid)
Stone Gemini tight flows like a tie
Light strokes on your wife still a nigga make her cry
Golden inside we were chose so lets ride
Keep your smoke blowing high
Rep the coast til I die I

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I ain't gon lie, these niggas move funny, Zombie motherfucker fill the hunger in my belly, I ain't on my celly 'less im talkin' bout some money
Nigga acting kind of funny leave him missing like Sunday
Brake boy, smoking shot for my day boy, A1, smoke is strong than I blaze son
Murderous shit like the summer of Sam, cha-ka-
cha chop leaking blood on your mans
Life after death, what were we sayin
Me 'gainst the world with a blunt in my hand
This lethal injection this music we reppin
Straight out the junc. I always stay humble
Ready to rumble my demons assemble
License to ill, license to steal, license to hit any nigga that squeal
Ready for war like we I-Israel

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Raise up out the ashes, phoenix young master
Who spread like cancer, through the matches who gon' pass us
Read the patterns and I handle what I have to
Nigga blessed, no stress, stay for my crew
Overseas touring all the youth they support us
Keep my fans focused raise they mind til they soaring
Can't hang with the gods or a gleaming out [?]

Keep a clean heart til my energy beam strong
And I'm winning when i see niggas living through they heart
And i'm reassuring kids and showing them where they start
They can play their part light illuminate the dark
Make 'em see far like there sitting on the North Star
Hot Spitter, rise to the top with it
Beast Coast hitter, blessed by god's fingers
Talkin' 'bout, I dunno when I will stop, nigga
Me and weed go together like Biggie and Pacs killings