

Yeah

5 PM, we stepping out the door  
To the kitchen, super slipping if it's raw  
Dine till you shine or grind  
'Cause team hungry eat the beans up off the floor  
Esteem from the core, or steam from the kettle  
Picking petals till it's three clovers, slip 'em in the door  
I let the system stay persistent, couple inches from the shore  
Water through my shoes, so we kick it at the porch

While the stickers in the window of the drop down Porsche  
But the only drop top is the bottom of my jaw  
Stuck in between a mountain and a fountain  
See the youth drown out the shouting with a verse and upward counting  
Hungry for the bounty cause the money equals something  
Sucker, fucker, motherfucker think he found me  
Sun setting on the county, but I'm 05, no type  
From a place you've never been, so how you gone profile?

Damn, city think I need a cosign  
A pity y'all ain't digging ya boy sitting on a gold mine  
So Imma hope the next flight yeah yeah  
Go forward 6 months, 2 weeks and 1 night  
'Cause at the end of the week the sun still shine  
And my mind stays mine for 7 nights, I'm sweet  
Shit, so grab a fucking CD  
Hit track 3, uh, and let that motherfucker bleed  
Wassup