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I cop an O from O, I break it down at home
I sell a J to Chris, a couple more to Mo
And when it's almost done, I take a few to the dome
And send a text from my phone
And then I re-up, re-up
I ain't sellin' it to make a livin'
I'm just sellin' it to make some music
Understand me when I tell you that this industry lives off the root of evil
You ain't got it then your ass is useless
I guess I sold my soul, for the only thing that can cure my soul
And kill the cancer living in people's earlobes
On channel 5, too, all I see is fly dudes
Rapping 'bout money, hoes, more hoes, and nice shoes
It's cool because I'm creating some substance
Fueled by all this money that I'm makin' when I'm hustlin'
The substance, assumptions are made when they think
That I get paid from the raps that I write
When it's really from the haze, blaze
A little bit of cannabis after the fact
After I've sold the last of the pack
New clothes and shoes isn't what I'm investing in to
I'm sellin' to make my dreams a reality
When I wake up from this snooze
I cop an O from O, I break it down at home
I sell a J to Chris, a couple more to Mo
And when it's almost done, I take a few to the dome
And send a text from my phone
And then I re-up, re-up
I cop an O from O, I break it down at home
I sell a J to Chris, a couple more to Mo
And when it's almost done, I take a few to the dome
And send a text from my phone
And then I re-up, re-up
Said I ain't sellin' it to make a livin'
I'm just sellin' it to pay for promotion
In hopes that you would listen
Most rappers make it off major connects and cosigns
But my success is based off consistency in this low grime
So every time you grind the purple you cop from me
Just know that you the reason for my video money
No label paid for me, I paved the way for me
Tradin' dimes for recordin' time
And tre fives for mo' beats, exclusives ain't cheap
But thank God for Jab and Scott Hutch heat
See that just took off half the risk that I'm taking
Cause all this money I'm makin' is goin' to makin'
My music sound like major labels made it
Though, I hate it, it won't stop me from slavin'
Cause this shit you callin' rap is really mine for the takin'
All I see is black and white, no in between like I'm racist
If I can't be on your playlist, I would rather be with Satan
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I cop an O from O, I break it down at home I sell a J to Chris, a couple more to Mo And when it's almost done, I take a few to the dome And send a text from my phone And then I re-up, re-up

Ay, lil nigga All that sellin' weed shit ain't gon' get you paid You need to step your motherfuckin' game up