

I was bagging that work back w they was thinking bout bagging bitches
Counting all this dirty money done turnt to a mathematician
So many lack the vision end up in prison living with bad decisions
For those falsely accused I pray get you vengeance
I love story's that go from rags to riches I can relate if your payment late go ahead and add my interest there's no debate with this rap shit ya boi I'm heavyweight
I lived thru the type of pressure make the vely break that Gaslato helps me meditate
This life turned me to a basket case I need happy place
Me & Jarren been killing shit since nobody's safe champagne bottles by the case
Only paper put a smile on my face
John this beat remind me of that so old WU shit
100 deep at the party who you come thru with
Celebrate those that stay down not the ones that switch
You cross me over once bitch you done that's

I get love from killers that live in the west
You sending me threats then send the address
I'd rather be judged by twelve than carried by six
I'm learning to live with regrets
Didn't skip any steps, this shit was a grind
My nigga came home from a stretch
I send him my best, here's something to get on your feet
The cycle repeats, he back on the streets
You know they don't hire no felon the devils a lie I been tryna tell him
No moneys depressing, got dope on the stove like fuck it, he went back to cheffing
No Gordon Ramsay dog food, hard, soft for niggas that snort up candy
Had to resort to plan b, Pyrex inside the pantry
Back on his shit can't fuck up the count they call him black Meyer Lansky
Money make bitches stampede, I might go buy a bansky, Banksy
Basquiat now look how the system paint me
Cold give bitches a brain freeze
No we ain't smoking the same trees
Don't come in here talking that killer shit
You said you saw me and ain't squeeze bitch