2 Much

Jay Critch

Basso

Aye
Jay Critch Hood Fav (Talk Money Gang)
Look
Aye

You know I'm talking that money shit
But I don't like to say too much
These niggas bitch and complain too much
They ain't ballin', they playing 2K too much
Don't want no bottles, I came two cups
Momma said I been sipping that drank too much
Shawty pull up with the brain too clutch
She got whole lotta ass but it ain't too much
They be talking why they never saying to us
Shoe box full of racks, I was saving it up
You was not in the trap, you ain't hanging with us
Young rich niggas, see the ice hanging on us
Penthouse, but we came from benches
They shooters don't score go benches
Don't ask what this cost, expensive
New whip, in the LV vintage

He make songs but he don't really live it
Turn 'em off I got all of the switches
Money long, got 'em all in they feelings
They like "Critch you been gone for a minute"
I'm like "Oh my fault I was getting some digits"
But they telling me I ain't really miss shit
Aight cool but I got a new hit list
And I'm back, all these niggas is victims
I turn my dreams to reality
Don't try to tell me how to live it
That little shit used to excite me
But now that's just how I'm living
I used to pay for these late nights
And only God is my witness
You know this shit is a blessing
I ain't grow up with no privilege
Sipping wok, I ain't sipping no privilege
Bad bitch, and now she work up in privilege
I let you 'round the gang it's a privilege
Free Tango out up outta that prison
Dead broke and my palms was just itching
They say life all about your decisions
Before I stave all your shit will go missing
Tryna rob off the xans we was glitching
Get a bag and just play in position
Know that money be getting addictive
Since a youngin just wanted the chicken
She freaky told me put the dick in
Ain't have to shoot 'em but we had to blitz 'em
Bit chop we could still box and fix 'em
Flip 'em then when he drop we kick 'em
Don't do no running this ain't the Olympics

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