

Take Out

Jay Critch

And that money stretching way out
Rich nigga shit, hit the steakhouse for take out
Whole gang full of stars, I'm back in the hood and I'm backin' the Wraith out
I'm livin' large, bad little bitch just fuck don't make out
But I'm wit her friend now she talkin' bout blocking me
That money coming ain't nobody stopping it
All of the ice, like I'm on a hockey rink
I'm living nice, remember was plotting
I roll a dice, and I went and got it
Shorty was playing but now she on top of me
Gun to his face if he think it's a robbery
I switched it up, I see niggas tryna copy me

I'm talking money I'm talking it properly
These niggas don't make no sense
They wasn't around when I needed that bread for the studio
Mommy was stressin' bout rent
Watch these niggas cause they smile when they see you balling but they really want you on the bench
Hood Fav, copped the mansion in Calabasas but he really came up out the trench
Bitch if I said it then that's what I meant
Came from the ground we came from the cement
She told her friend that she fuck with me, but she know that's not really how it went
Rackies with me like they stuck to me
Remember my pockets had nothing but lint
Nigga my pockets was ug-ly, we wasn't copping up nothing but nicks
But even when I take loss I still gotta score I feel like Melo on the Knicks
I turned myself to a boss, I couldn't afford, now it's Amiri for the fits
I'm screaming "fuck all my rivals," Hood Fav, in my hood I'm an idol
Flexing like I got the title, drop the bag I could never be like you
I'm smoking big runtz pack no mango, I say this shit two times free Tango
Chains on my neck too big don't tangle
Ass too big shorty don't need angles
I put the dick in her ribs, different color whips, we pulling up back to back
I'm on that rich nigga shit, picking up the chips, then I come back for the racks

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Pull up looking like I'm hitting the lottery
With the gang cause I know how they rocking

Work for it then I finally got it
You won't see me till I see the deposit
Get to the racks when I'm laying up
Cartier flooded you ain't talking money then you should have nothing to say
to us
We got some money they started moving funny and that's why them niggas can't
hang with us
It felt like we was just in that trap
It be the main niggas always doing the talking and ain't never got no racks
I had to stack up I was splurging a little but I'm about to make that back
She just a backup tryna act like my woman I told her it ain't like that
Don't get me started lil nigga don't try me
Love all my niggas I keep em beside me
Don't give a fuck what a boy say, shooter pull up and he do the boy grimey
I got a bad little bitch she spoiled she always bitching and whining
Tell her to pull up and then I just kill it like I'm the one doing the linin
g (Yeah I lined it up)

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