

# Easy Bake

Jay Rock

This shit is fresh out the oven  
Fresh out the oven

I'm back in this bitch, nigga you know what's up  
Stackin' my dividends  
Straight out that gutta so you know just what you dealin' with  
Highly belligerent  
But that's way before the liquor hits  
Roll that kushy kushy, rub on her goodie goodies  
Crush her so good, she all on my timeline now  
Lookin', lookin', she tryna sabotage my thing  
Never go brazy when you're deep inside the pink  
I'm lowkey like a drug dealer  
So don't snitch, my nigga, get your chips, my nigga  
Mind your business, I minds mine, let's get rich, my nigga  
Take our family on trips, my nigga  
But if you try me then your wig I'ma split, my nigga  
And I ain't tryna kill my own kind  
But we always losin' to the wrong place at the wrong time, no lie  
And they wonder why us niggas always get high  
Spend a thou-wow on it just to get fly  
Another thou-wow on it just to get by  
Fuck it, only got one life to live  
Gotta push it to the limit, do it big like

What? This shit is fresh out the oven  
Whip game cold, man this shit 'bout to bubble  
Big bank rolls, either hate it or love it  
It's anything goes, just as long as you thuggin'  
Just as long as you thuggin', yeah it's fresh out the oven  
Whip game cold, man this shit 'bout to bubble  
Big bank rolls, either hate it or love it  
It's anything goes, just as long as you thuggin'  
Just as long as you thuggin'  
Big bank rolls, just as long as you thuggin'  
Whip game cold, just as long as you thuggin'

I pull up and park, hop out and swag  
Grab the Glock out the trunk, other Glock in the stash  
Just a regular nigga, with no chains or nothin'  
If I do get some shines, you try to snatch  
There's repercussions, and concussions  
You know what's after that, end of discussions  
I came a long way from eatin' free lunches  
From Mary County checks to makin' these numbers  
Oh Lord, I'm just reminiscin'  
Kill the beat, some intervention on some inner vision  
I don't know, cause I'm just goin' with the flow  
Whatever's required, I got it goin' for the low

I parted ways with my old self, I'm a new man  
New face with a new stone and the blue van  
Blew weight on a bad day with my loosies  
Suitcase full of merchandise, that's my new plan  
This my new wave, this my new tan  
This my summer days in the tropics by the cool sand  
This my shakin' down you niggas' pockets, I don't do friends

And I don't do trends  
Fuck it though I'll ride with you then!  
Bring the troops in  
I'll fuck around and let 'em loose then  
We'll give 'em blues then  
Oh fuck it, call me Bobby "Blue" Bland  
Aye you a fool man  
Ridin' by you, swervin' at the intersection  
Baby come and get your blessin'  
And she gon' fuck with this erection

I got somethin' good for all these hoes  
She gotta want the Betty 'fore I call these hoes  
Now if I paid for your dress and your perm  
That means you an investment, bitch  
I'ma need my dough return

We reporting live from the 9 double 0-5-9 with my nigga Jay Rock and this is  
WTOP Radio and I'm your host DJ Turn-Up  
I don't turn down nuttin' but my collar  
I ain't turnin' down no money  
And I ain't turnin' down no mothafuckin' fade  
Now bitch if you're pushin' up the freak with your orangutan-  
lookin' ass, take some advice and bang SZA ya flat-foot bitch

Itchin' for a climax lasting past 11:30  
Do you got it like that, do you really got it like that?  
Itchin' for a purpose, I can't seem to scratch the surface  
I ain't got it like that, do I really got it like that?  
You keep talkin' 'bout time, I got none  
You can find me where  
The sun don't never end and the waves don't part  
You don't pay enough of my rent, don't start  
I got big dreams and you got quick scheme to get rich quickly  
And I don't wanna waste another hour  
Really need to take another shower  
Dirty for you

Now this that big shell fishscale  
BMX on the ramp with the fishtail  
Pegs on the front, we gon' get there  
We 4 deep at a swapmeet, don't need a 5th wheel  
This bitch steal whoever if situations get real  
This that fresh out the bounty, bustin' knuckles  
Get buckled if you ever try to knock the hustle  
Show your hands, watch how I shuffle (No cuts)  
And show you why they hate more niggas than Uncle Ruckus  
Rollin' up that boondock, some call it moon rock  
Gotta keep that bass in my step, dope in a tube sock  
Gotta do what I do to remain on  
So all a nigga need is good love when I come home  
Cause the baby's gotta eat, baby the rent's been due lately  
And I just caught a hot one, I ain't tryna go too crazy  
Fugazi, not me, me and my niggas not sweet  
Give you thug passion, how you walkin' around knock-kneed  
I'm the silver bullet movin' at top speed  
Show you how to get it and get away with it scott free