

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 sabatoge 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