

## 1st - 5th

Jelly Roll

I told them

Live every day like the first through the fifth  
Try to keep countin' money 'til it hurt my wrist  
('Til it hurt my wrist) yeah, 'til it hurt my wrist  
They ain't talkin' 'bout a dollar, they ain't talkin' 'bout a shit, shit  
Seven days a week, don't switch  
They ain't talkin' 'bout a dollar, they ain't talkin' 'bout a shit  
(They ain't talkin' 'bout a shit) nah, they ain't talkin' bout a shit  
Try to keep countin' money 'til it hurt my wrist, hurt my wrist

Weird thing I ever rappin' bout, yeah, I meant  
The songs that I be singin' from the dope that I was slingin'  
Started off hot, but now I think I'm freezin'  
Oh, you don't believe me, look, I'm colder than a penguin

I'm poppin' like a soda, from here to Sarasota  
The money my cologne, baby girl, I thought I told ya  
Way before I rapped, I used to sell that drone  
Ask my brother, I did that when I was 12 years old

Tell me why my P.O. keep askin' bout the Wismo  
Told her the only thing that makes me high is the C-note  
And I can get those even when I'm out of tune  
Please go get the gold, the color up in Mountain Dew

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Came a long way, now I live what I dream about  
Took a little while, but I had to take the scenic route  
Talkin' 'bout the plug, get the trance bag, man  
I'm all about my stacks like Cat Last Name

See, I'm the white boy that they talkin' about  
Came up out the trance like Oscar Crouch  
We clock dollars, we pop collars  
Got her number? I will not call her

Y'all 24-7, we 25-8  
See, we rappin' for money, y'all rap for my space  
Now every single verse gon' pop like a gun  
Leave a couple kids layin' on the top of her cuffs

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Try to keep countin' money 'til it hurt my wrist (yeah-yeah), hurt my wrist

Hits, club, 20 deep, click, full of hustlers  
Now that ain't security, bitch, just my brothers  
You stupid motherfuckers, I told you that I'm home  
Now somebody tell the DJ to play my song

Oh, they won't let me in? Well, fuck it, let's go  
They say this 45 doesn't fit the dress code  
And everything they do, we already done all  
A fat boy with game is my big punk flow

Now this the eight-ball straight gangsta flow  
If I withdraw my account, then the bank would close  
Oh, I forgot to tell you who I am is, I'm Jelly Roll  
If you can't remember that, then call me total punk, let's go

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