

Nothing To Something

Joe Moses

Buzzer on the beat hoe
Drop the roof on the coupe

Buzzer on the beat hoe
Drop the roof on the coupe
Double G's on with the G on the boots
I got a whole white benz just to ride with my friends
And I don't fuck with bitches that don't ride with hands
I go all or nothing, maseratti or pumpkin
And when I step outside all them hoes be fucking
I get money and love songs I'm GI Joe
Money on your head nigga tic tac toe
From nothing to something
I get the turnin the function
I get the act and the donkey
I get the act and the fool
Bitch I'm breaking the rules
And if you gon' fuck with the squash
Then it gon' do what it do

Let me show my crease
Fly as a motherfucker yes indeed
I do a hundred on the freeway feeling the breeze
I got money in that pocket ye I stack my cheese
Fuck the alphabet boys I only fuck with G's
And where I come from we don't fuck with yees
Bring down the trees and go hammer the streets
And everything that we do we gotta bleed
From nothin' to something
From nothin' to something
From nothin' to something

All my bitches to their left shake their ass for me
Tell Rick Ross cross that she dance for me
All my young flocka niggas go pass for me
And tell my Maliah could she please shake her ass for me
Secret sunday with more than one chain on
Looking for a bad bitch to make it rain oh
Twenty thousand one now that's no game hoe
White G, that's my rude, that's my cango
Coupe mango, lame hoe get evicted
Musser on the beat, motherfucker I'm different
Drugs on the beat whole squad get a cheque
Let them niggas tell it, we the west huh?!

Let me show my crease
Fly as a motherfucker yes indeed
I do a hundred on the freeway feeling the breeze
I got money in that pocket ye I stack my cheese
Fuck the alphabet boys I only fuck with G's
And where I come from we don't fuck with yees
Bring down the trees and go hammer the streets
And everything that we do we gotta bleed
From nothin' to something
From nothin' to something
From nothin' to something