Nothing To Something

Key Glock

Ye-Yea
Ceeo, turn that beat up

Every since a youngin, all I knew was, get da money
Yea, I ran up my commas, I turn nothing into something
Gettin' a big house for my momma and a fish tank with piranhas
On a PJ in pijamas, fell asleep, countin' too much money
I'm talkin' 'bout rack, after rack, ya, rack, after rack
I'm talkin' 'bout racks, after racks, ya, racks, after racks
Spendin' stacks and get it back, ya, bitch, I get it back
Spendin' stacks and get it back, uh, bitch, I get it back, yah

Rubbaband man, uh, bustin' out my pants
Got two hunnit on my dash
I pay one twenty, cash, yea
I don't mean to brag
But mouthwash cost a check, yeah
Fresh in gucci plaque, yuh
Mister Brown swag, yea
No, bitch, can't do it like me
Friends, full jets, got on, a white tee
Lightin' it up, like a christmas tree
Spend fifty racks on cubain links
Think about buyin' me a new AP
Royce go all with pussy pink
I got all these God damn rings
Make her get on her knees, but she can't remember me
Too many deposits, sauce up in my closet (yea)
Drippin' thru' the lobby, bitch blow me like [?]
And my teeth is flawless, bitch, this money talk
I spent thirty on my martian
This Glizzock, this ain't Marvin

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