

Bet Dat

Maino

Oh, oh, oh,
Yeah!
Is the Raekwon
Unstoppable shit, nigga!
Come on, man! Sing that shit!

I went to jail over hard crack
Then made a mill off of hard rap
I'm trying to feel what's beyond that
So I put my faith all in God's lap
I was lost, couldn't find me
So how the fuck I end up in Ferraris
Just a young nigga in Huaraches
Now champagne spill on my Versaces
Buzzing off these alcoholic beverages
Passed out barely know what day it is
Running but the pain coming quicker
That's why I put my life at the hands of these strippers
Think the devil in disguise
Swear I looked the devil in his eyes
I walked through hell and survived
Then I found heaven right between her thighs
Tell these niggas I'm a rider
In the courtroom drunk, finger to your honor
Started from the bottom, had to battle with pirhannas
Now it's Sunset Strip salad at Katana
Handcuffed to a cell for old warrants
Bailed out now it's back to world touring
Fast cars, party hard the same living
Wake up in hotels with strange women

If you think tomorrow won't come
Heavy on the streets like I weigh ten tons
Chasing this money for the paper I run
I could tell these niggas ain't on we on
Homey you can bet that
Yeah homey you can bet that

I brought killers to my dinner table
Then brought dinner to the dealers' table
Hard to breathe when I'm killing space shoes
Staring down the barrel tell me who you pray to
Caught up in the moment hope I see tomorrow
'Til it's over tell that waitress bring us 20 bottles
Trying to tell these kids find a dream to follow
Don't follow me I'm caught up in caucasian models
Swimming in these bitches off of television
Condominiums with elevators in 'em
Coming from the ghetto that's a hell a way to live it
Bitches see the lights, diamonds hella dripping
Caught up in the life I'm trying to make better choices
Pack street sweepers in back of the Rolls Royces
Nightmares waking up screaming I'm hearing voices
Spinning right back into jail with all my poisons

Yo, yo what up yo God body is hard body

Flying through the hood in Maseratis and large bodies
Moving through the town and [?] papi
Gangstas and God got me
One man can take down the fam copy
Sysco in my glass, learn how to hustle, rock and rustle
In front of the children throwing cash
Neighbors ain't like that
He kept flexing on us young
Old ass [?] and we dyslexian
What it did, new fly crib
New bank book, new ratchet, new whip
New flip, new bitch, new kicks
Two to three bricks, few trips
You speakin' fly niggas see the dicks
Yup, we all bezeling up
Battle any creature bring your casualties up
And ain't nothing moving but the money what
Don't get stuck