

## 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