

# La La

Mark Battles

La la, la la, la la

La

Uh

Had to break out this cocoon, for the moon

From the dirt, now watch me bloom

Please stay patient while I zoom 'cause I plan to get there soon (Uh-huh)

I can't send good morning text when you be wakin' up at noon

And we can't link up no time soon 'cause I still smell like her perfume

I'm consumed with the fast life, tryna get my cash right

Make sure that we livin' good to balance out the bad nights

That's right, one mission, do this shit my dad didn't

And most of y'all just background noise, so miss me with the ad-libing

Baby, why you bullshitting? You know that I'm the man now

The hoes that tried to flex on me, I turned 'em to a fan now

A lot of love, I feel like Bud, mama, I'm the champ now

Don't know who winnin' when I'm whippin', tinted like a campground

Niggas got me amped now, bro, it's time to level up

Better not try to chip with us, bitch, we gon' be medalled up

Count the cash, settle up, cross the guys never once

Life is full of downs and ups, more money mean more papercuts

What?

La la, la la, la la

La

La la, la la

I got my own vices, so advice, man, I can't really give it

See, I get weak when it come to weed and all these pretty bitches

That I repent, I pray that all my sins shall be forgiven

I'm tryna rap to make a decent livin', but that just equals penny pinchin'

To be specific, bitches vosse 'til we complete the mission

If my money never reach the ceiling, well, at least they listen

But I guess that's you, don't see the difference, so we gotta keep a distance

Just a bunch of weepin' bitches, need a sheet to be submissive

But debate about me, a nigga just had a son

So I'm in the lab like a nigga that played in the league and need to get out of a slump

Hard and I'm sayin' a thing, debatin' if you ain't the greatest, I turn to [?]

How could you hate it if I was to make it, go out on vacations

and count up my funds?

I gotta take it, I want what I want, they gotta face it, I'm one of them ones, look

I'm one of them ones, a nigga so hungry, I'm wantin' the crumbs

Hundred songs, no ego, Rico Hines, I'm lovin' the runs

Look at the time, a quarter past twelve, you know what I done, yeah