

Ay, look

Hold up, come and pick your ho up
Said I would finish in a minute, she ain't meet the quota
Them boys was tryna rep the gang and they ain't even know us
Yeah I heard a lotta things but you don't need to show us
Hold up, hold up, I had to give my dough up
And every time I cop a whip I go and pick my bro up
'Cause it's the shit we used to dream about when we would grow
up
And now I need like ten or better just for me to show up, blow
up

Yeah, and I remember when y'all didn't see me
Long way from a Mitsubishi, now a nigga living freely
Young with some money now, bitch I feel like Mr Wheezy
And I'm never going back, them younger days done made me greedy
Uh, I'm breaking records, vinyl
And I don't trust these hoes, 'cause they messy, Lionel
Killing shit back to back, no chiropractor, spinal
If you knew what I do, you know everything is vital

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I guess it's time to blow up, blow up
Yeah, yeah
And watch the money go up, go up
Word, word, ay, ay
Word, word, ay, ay
Hold up