

Screen Door

Mike Will Made-It

Comin' up I knew that one day I'd be the man
Started up sackin' up grams and grams
Nigga had a plan soon as the money hit my hand
Time to expand, it's time to advance
Workin' out the door, whole dope, whole sold
Got cameras see you roll out, my man purchase a whole lot
See you through the screen door, we ain't gotta keep the door locked
Cause the .44 pop

Young nigga got a swag like no other
Right now we extort your brother
Pull up right there where your mother
Until your bitch ass discover
These niggas play undercover
That's why I could never trust you
You know that these streets ain't for you
I came here to make it double
Blue hundreds, they're stuck together
My stones invisible set 'em
Get wrong pussy, we'll check 'em
Boy, hoes I got several
If I fuck, they'll let yah
They call me the street's professor
I came here to give a lecture
Wintertime month, that sweater
Matchin' the Margiela
I'm fresher than whoever
I'm trappin' out the ghetto
Hotter than a tea kettle
I got racks on my schedule
Mike WILL, he blessed the beat
Street money, bless the streets

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I came from the era where niggas trappin' to get it
I'm from the era where we turn quarters to 50s
You from the era where niggas too lazy to get it
These niggas layin' down, they gettin' outworked by the bitches
Me I keep this shit consistent
My card ain't got no limit, I'm spendin'
I'm with your bitch, it's none of your business
Know that my cars is tinted, you dig it?
I love money and plenty of women
Jesus piece, forgive me for sinnin'
Forgive me for sinnin'
Jesus piece is on me, goddamn I'm gettin' it

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