

## Arms Race

### Money Man

I made this Glock here go berserk, it's painful cause I know these bullets hurt  
Told my label double my advance, cause I know what I'm worth  
Niggas act like bitches, all they like to do is talk and chirp  
Told my youngins' spend them niggas tonight I hope your fingers work  
I hope you don't think being broke is cool cause that shit lame af  
My stick had jammed on me the other day, I had to lube it up  
I hope you don't think you taking something, I wish you would attempt  
Thinking that he finna catch me loafin' he must be on fent'

It's a Arms Race, the circle got more sticks than North Korea  
Trying to open up my mind, I'm geekin' off of Golden Teachers  
Used to break-  
in houses but I scammed my way to hundred thousand  
Learnt to trap, I'll snap a finger watch my cousin weigh up ounces  
Nigga can't even look me in the eye, no there's bitch in him  
Treat that nigga like he got bad behavior, no we switchin' him  
My clip like a neverending story when that extension in  
Nigga keep fallin' off, stack them racks and get some discipline  
Told my son, don't let no lil nigga try you, lil boyhandle business  
We ain't worried about a fuckin' thing we keep draco killers  
Voices in my head keep tellin' me about more artillery  
I ain't tensin' up that's on my kids I'm squeezin' instantly

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