

Overload

Money Man

Talkin' numbers on my phone, realness in my chromosomes
Pickin' up another load, buyin' gyal a stake and croak
Can't front 'em 'cause this trap too slow, when bands'll watch and blow
Crazy how a nigga turn on you if you tell him "No"
You can't get caught lackin' in these streets, you gotta stand on go
Many niggas fruity, boy, don't make me split your cantaloupe
Tell me, how can niggas enjoy livin' when they out here dead broke?

Tesla died, switchin' whips, crypto trap, I double-dip
Only stop magazines, we ain't doin' after-market clips
Shorty got a crazy body, I love her face, I love her hips
Should I take the plug off? Right now, I'm on the fence
We gon' crush our competition, we the wrong ones to go against
I know Keisha gon' be right there if I sit down and I do a stint
I can't say the same for none of these hoes 'cause these hoes temporary
I'm pushin' a Maybach right now, even though it's January
I know lil' bro'll never fold, shooter ain't gon' never fold
Just 'cause it glittered on me, it's gold, make sure you pay me what I'm owed
My trap jumpin' like a toe, track hawk fuckin' up the road
The price gon' dump on this coin tomorrow, 'cause right now this shit over-sold
Too many strangers out the apartment right now, this is our overload
I'm just tryna take the globe, right now, bitch, I'm in that mode
Blowin' up, I might explode, HODO got a whole lotta dip
Don't ever fail more, need them racks, I need 'em pronto

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Many niggas fruity, boy, don't make me split your cantaloupe (Yeah)
Tell me, how can niggas enjoy livin' when they out here dead broke? (Yeah, uh)

Real niggas inspire me, just pages out my diary
I waited for it, finally, it's my turn, the irony
I used to be fed up with this rap shit, entirely (I was done)
A few million later, I'm still a menace to society
The streets need trappers and these beats need classics
And if hate like promotion, I guess my street team rappers (Nigga)
I'm good, you make a call, I make a call, then look out 'cause them bricks comin'
Just be waitin' outside in the front like your lift comin', huh
We made a few chips, bustingly teachin' your clip nothing (Nothing)
You can't fool my bitch, she know the Maybach the six-hunnid (Brr)
Race for the team, nigga, only was a dream, nigga
Money out the streets ain't the same as a clean million
BET Awards show, I was used to court clothes
My crib got a courtyard, I'm court-side, just formal
My bitch not that regular, my watch not that normal
Jewels, I got a half on, mask on like Zorro
Every chance, I'ma ball, when my manager call
You know I'm-

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