Vent

Nasty C

Look, I'm a business minded nigga, nigga
I can sell life and take it
But I'm just a "stay up out of jail" type
I'm the type to only let them see my tail lights
I'm the type to do my shopping through a mailbox
Poppa sent me a text and told me I'm heaven sent
I never became a doctor but made me some M and M's
They tried to keep me on the other side of the fence
And now my nigga's living on the other side of the lens
We made it, and made it possible, bitch
Money long as a gospel song
It's just the perfect answer when I don't know what's right or wrong
It's either that or light a bong and write a song
It's purple rain, purple rain, keep the wipers on
I work the nights and days, where you think I got my stripes did from?
Purple rain, purple rain, keep the wipers on
When Zyne gave me a shot I promised me to keep my snipers on
(Bitch go!)

Let it go [x3]
Look.. I got it

And now it's bull's eye bro-bro
I made my people proud to be a Ngcobo
You'll understand this shit when you can get to fly solo
And crack your brain tryna figure out if you want the door suicide or normal
That's suicide without a pill or rope
Dude I'm out here looking like I tripped and fell in gold
Dude my album sounding like it tripped and fell in gold
These women going platinum how they out here selling souls
These bitches going platinum how they out here selling pussy
I was a diamond in the rough and then the right hands took me
The right hands found me
Success is like a song on replay everyday
I like how that shit sounding (Man!)
Fuck it man I think that shit's a smash
I jam to that shit until I pass out
Mom I'm happy that you let my daddy smash
You know that's my nigga I wouldn't never leave him ass-out
I got 20k in my pocket
That's heavy enough to keep me grounded
I don't let the money leave, no I always keep it grounded
That's just music to my ears and I keep it at its loudest
Look how many girls can say they had the time of their life
When I turned somebody's daughter into a wife for the night
It's ironic cause I'm so not tryna get cuffed
But I'm here committing crimes
With the way I'm killing time with your life
Won't you let the game changers do the fucking thing
I'm still going, won't you fill me up another tank
Besides my niggas I don't know another soul to thank
We do the victory dance all the way to the fucking bank
Yeah, yeah, yeah that's some winning shit
And you get to tell your grandchildren that you witnessed it
Bad Hair

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!