

Kept my mind on my dough  
Other rappers were dying to blow  
I was flying that crow  
No time for a show  
Ice city all them other niggas moist  
Had revolver barrels spinning like them judges on The Voice  
I just put a classic out every summer then its back to doing numbers  
All I do is give packages to runners  
(Uhh) But all these niggas hating I don't feel the love  
I'll punch my nigga in the face for tryna steal the plug  
I need every penny so I scrape the pyrex  
My nigga ask me how I'd feel if he dating my ex  
Told him no stress if he's linking my old boo  
I swear there ain't a vest my ting couldn't go through  
Few sales on the strip 100 niggas grinding  
20k on my wrist and none of its from rhyming  
In a bud drought had them feens high on B  
And I don't need no one cause I rely on me its nines

No time for these hoes cause I'm tryna get this (paper)  
Took me and pebs hours just to count out this (paper)  
And I ain't writing bars all I think about is (paper)  
Would this bitch like me if I never had no (paper)

We ain't your average dreamers  
The rap games messy its time we clean up  
Because in Mans city who's winning my team yes  
Always coming with realness  
Up on the 7th floor two room view where I blow out my reefer  
Listening to Jah cure blaze out the speaker  
Eyes low frass of the weed cah  
Mitch got me that loud out in benalmadena  
They don't know what I do to these beats star  
For a nice price I'm a hell of a feature  
See this track here ill turner to tina  
Now I gets mic watch me fuck it up  
I seen them toppa tops lick off couple shots  
Any man there talk get shot a box  
Can't do dirt with no chatterbox  
Rapping back when girls were playing double dutch  
Before we knew how to reverse or even double clutch

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