

I Be Killen Um

Nipsey Hussle

Now put your motherfuckin' hands up
Now get yo hands up, now get yo hands up
Now get yo, now get yo motherfuckin' hands up
Now get yo hands up, I count money bitch

I smoke Kush and sip lean like, fuck a pill
Couple fake release dates, but my bucks is real
My competition never knew what having nothing feels
'Bout to take hip-hop to trial, like fuck a deal
Rags to riches so my peeps never drag they feet
This all money marathon molds a masterpiece
That ? the button press recline the back seats
And I'm the realest nigga in it if you ask me
But that's promotion, and I prefer publicity
So run and tell your homegirls, and get 'em all into me
I got a swagger on stage you should really see
Gold stupid dumb chain, Ricky D
You can't go against the grain when it's meant to be
So hatin' me's an exercise in futility, dummy
Women, power and the money, got it all
See me out and can't take nothing from me
I'ma ball, I'ma pop, I'ma raise Emani in the lap of luxury
'Cause daddy ain't no dummy, but
How can I prepare you for a world so ugly?
Gotta lace your baby Vuitton Chuck T's
Life is an experience, enjoy that you can't
Too much of anything will kill that, you must understand
It ain't all about the money, it's more about the Fam
And it ain't all about yo momma, it's more about your dad
That's just a joke, now peep how I rise from the gun smoke
Pistol-grip-poetry my nigga get a dose, don't stop
Don't stop, no tick on my Rolex watch
I won't stop, I won't stop
Hood nigga out the hood gettin' guap
I can't stop, I can't stop
There's no tick on my Rolex watch
Money and the power