

Yeah

Al Geno on the track

I been tryna move in without the U-Haul
In the back of the Benz smoking a new opp
And they labeled foes friends, this shit like Luwop
You gon' find me winning, I don't care who lost
Still working, I don't know when it's gon' pay off
Every bitch I had, I put 'em on the radar
One thing she know is I forever get this paper
Don't be shy to tell the world that I made ya

I want you to hold me (Up, up, up)
Codeine in my body, my blood
You looking at my jewelry, don't touch
My second bitch really just my runnerup
They don't appreciate you until you dead and gone
Up late in my cell wishing I was home
Just 'cause I'm rich, they think all my damn problems gone
Nigga, I still shed tears in this VLONE
You niggas still wanna be me, don't you?
I walk in and you said I really just don't understand
Even though she wasn't mine, I flew that bitch to Miami
She told me take it off her mind, I told her take off her panties
Countin' green at the red light so I ranned it
This my brand-new bitch, I think her name Brandy
Whipping Percocet so I don't have to pop a Xanny
You better not leave me stranded

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Murder for that money, just the way it is
I'm committing sins hoping God don't see
I got niggas in the box, turned they life in the grid
Fresh to death when I step, nigga, you can't even hit
Fresh to death when I step, I ain't sleeping under brick
Ain't none of my days sunny, I'm wishing I was Mick
You call me what you want but two things, that's police or a bitch
Soon as she went to liking pictures, I just add her to the list
Only thing I know to do is shit on y'all when I'm pissed off
Pussy boys, we might shoot up your clique house
Old school say I'm a cold cat but I'm the streets I'm hot dog
I make a phone call, I'm tryna ball y'all

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