

Cash Train

Not3s

My stack to yours is a margin, a gap
Cash train have you mindin' the gap
In the club all the leng gyal arching their back
Champagne's Crystal, I concoct that
I was raised in the slums and the flats
Moss, bitch, I love the way you drop that
Bring your cute, I could show you where the mob's at
Claim you got it, ironic, where your guap at?

Take her to the 'ood and show her the life
I take her on a flight and show here the sights
Street nigga with some class, you know what I'm like
Yeah, 'ood gyal with some style, you know what I like
Look, who's lit up, big dripper, spade sipper
Break bread with my jiggas, spray liquor
I'm feelin' Sheneh, but she's way thicker
I'm lovin' the game, but streets pay quicker
Don't leave your gyal around me
Everybody just buss gun and sell around me
Me and my G's, we stick to the code
Cah none of that fake shit don't gel around me

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She say ever since she linked me life got easier
Tired of the niggas just lyin', deceivin' ya
Nothin' but Michelin star I'm feeding ya
Only one thing, just keep it from media
Known trapper, dough stacker, chrome clapper
Ya keep talkin' my name, nah, it don't matter
She had to get rid of her ex, he a known capper
I'm really gettin' bands for fun, fam, I'm no slacker
Don't leave your brick around me
Everybody just buss gun and flip around me
Me and my G's, we stick to the code
Cah none of that fake shit don't sit around me

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Patek, Audemars, Rollie, I can cop that
All these niggas talk this bread, but it's not that

Niggas cappin' for the net, told 'em stop that
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