

Full Tank

OG Maco

This hustle keep me on full
That's why I ain't got to name drop and only drop jewels
Just so I ain't got to slang rocks to keep one in the tool
My lil homie got a crazy nine and known to act a fool
We from the land of grit and grime, and lacing up your shoes
The difference between who live and die a millisecc or two, but
Get it how you live or you can't feed your kids
How can I repent knowing that in the end I wake and sin again
I got a plan, he got a plan, but mine I understand
Destined to change the world, I'm plotting, changing hands
Just change your circumstance, I got to move first like the second hand
Gas in my lungs and the whip from Afghanistan
Making bunker busters with my partner dem
Autobio writer, ain't no authoring
Doctoring unless you speaking on my brother Hollis M
Tank ain't hit E yet
Screaming dreams we, who give a fuck if you believe it

I got a full tank of gas, nothin' to do with it
(do with it, do with it)
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(do with it, do with it)
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(do with it, do with it)
I got a full tank of gas, nothin' to do with it

Full tank of gas, nothing to do with it
Tryna go road running for them digits
So I leave behind me, and these niggas is grimy
And we ain't cool, all I care bout is money, money
The money, that's all a nigga think about
Used to rub dollars on the door to get the wrinkles out
Now a nigga gas up the whip and hit the paper route
After that, call Beezy B and hit the neighbors out
Make a couple tracks and smoke a sack until I make it out
1000 grams, more helpless than a nigga's bank account
Maserati, Brietling, Lamborghini, and the [?]
Nigga I'm the shit, like a diaper genie
The longest yard, and foreign cars with a taste for good liquor
But all [?] is in my way of my plans to get richer
And by the way I wrote this verse at the start of a picture
That just make for a harder bar, I'm the boss, reveal it

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I got a full tank of gas, nothin' to do with it

Visions coming nigga, all I see is money like
JP Morgan, make em feel it in they organs
And they sold when I spit, full tank in my foreign
Plotting on the [?] for performance how I'm working like map
Funny how they treat you when you young and you black
They attach you to a strap

Know I got to keep it on me, niggas phony, so I focus on the only
Got a passion for this music, I consider it matrimony
Niggas talking like they homies cause they see us taking off
Like exhaust [?], bout the money, fuck the hoes
The expenses of my clothes Salvator [?]
Me and mom be sipping on
I ain't dwelling on my pain, I'm just thinking bout a [?]
Sweet butter, sweet pecan
She said her nigga gone so she mine for the weekend
Full tank of gas, got a tray for the ashes
Hotboxing in the whip, don't know where I'm bout to go
Thinking maybe hit the W, watch you take off all your clothes
Run my fingers down your spine, make you feel it in your zone
Till it tingles in your soul, always plan to be the realest
Tell a hater pick a quote
Give a fuck about a feeling
So watch me put these leaves in this dutch that I'm filling
OGG my niggas, this our year, how we killing nigga