

Make A Mall

P. Reign

(OG Parker)

I'm tryna muster up the strength to handle all of it (All of it)
Every time you call, I make a ball of it (Ball of it)
I'm tryna change your closet, make a mall of it (Yeah)
I'm tryna meet your friend, and then go ball on 'em

I tell you, you can't turn a real nigga to a sucka
I know a lot of motherfuckers that don't fuck no mothers
And I won't lie, he dead prezzi, niggas dangerous
And they ain't even clutchin', yeah
Good things on my mind, it's not the time to be lazy
Only at the jewelers when it's time to go crazy
Hold the other line, I'm talkin' money right now, baby

A-List bitch, in my G-Wag', baby
She extra safe in my bulletproof 'Cedes
I hopp out and the hoes go crazy
Rose gold like the skin tone on my lady
Christmas tree 'round my neck, two-fifty
They ask why I bought this shit, 'cause I'm litty
Drop a hunnid bands on my thugs, no kizzy
I ain't never ran, but I run my city
Yeah, and she so pretty, always too busy
But ain't too busy to miss me
In it for the long run, you ain't with the quickie

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Shorty just left, she runnin' right back
Shorty don't stress, I got it like that
And it's only right, that we roll the dice
Think we should take a chance, and you stay the night
I tell her shopping spree, you get it all, baby
Gucci, Louis, Prada, girl, I get you what you want
'Cause runnin' out of dollars is just somethin' I ain't on
Ain't runnin' out of partners 'cause the loyalty is strong
She want that new coupe, baby, with the roof gone
She want that Christian Dior, that's a two-tone
I tell her, "You can get it all, baby, you deserve it all"
Treat you like my baby, like my newborn

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