

# Aftermath

PnB Rock

Lately I been on my fuckin shit  
It's no competition who fuckin with me  
This rap shit I run it  
I'm blowing this money these hunnids and fifties ain't nothing to me  
I want the royalty  
I want the loyalty  
Puttin up money for layer fees  
Cause I know me man I got a bad temper  
Put one these rap niggas right in a blender  
PNB I'm who they'll always remember  
Cause I be killin shit  
I spit the realest shit  
Cause I done did this shit  
I'm on that different shit  
Copy right off my shit  
These niggas stealin shit  
I been feelin like 2pac and shit  
A-a-all eyes on me yeah they watchin shit  
Study my moves tryna see what I do  
Like how df he get so poppin quick?  
Got alotta shit that's on my mind  
Got-got alotta shit that's on my plate  
Got-gotta feed the fam gotta feed the hood  
So I'm up and down that interstate  
Doin shows, havin different meetings  
In the studio, i been barely sleepy  
Smokin all this dope, i been barely eatin  
And it's different city every fuckin weekend

I'm ya favorite rappers favorite rapper  
I go in the booth and make it happen  
It's amazin how this shit just happened  
Finessed a track without no fuckin practice  
Lately I get in the booth and I cook up a hit  
I'm rollin I really can't miss  
These bitches they all on my dick cause they know that I'm bout to be rich  
I'm bout to be rich  
I'm bout to be rich  
Blowing money on stupid shit  
Me and my niggas strapped up in a ragtop  
But we all on that ruthless shit  
Bitches I'm pickin and choosin shit  
I'm hittin bitches and tools and shit  
I swear my life on some movie shit  
Bout to call chop up to shoot this shit damn

"Aye chop get the motherfuckin camera ready nigga  
We finna make a movie nigga"  
"Where my motherfuckin dope at nigga? roll that shit up"

Cash rules everything around me  
So you know I keep that thing around me  
Real nigga yeah they stay around me  
Fuck niggas stay the fuck from round me  
I'm bout to go to miami  
Cop a new lay for the grammys  
I'm cashin out with my family

Fuck you you ain't with the family  
Wh-when I come through better cuff ya bitch  
Cause I'm they type of nigga that'll fuck ya bitch  
Sang to the pussy do my thang to the pussy  
And we can get into some other shit  
Got guns got clips you ain't duckin shit  
This for all them pussy niggas on that sucka shit  
God damn lil homie why you love the bitch?  
You gon die for the pussy? well fuck it then  
Shot with the mack with the rubber grip that mean it ain't no more rumblin  
He gon come through and start cuttin shit  
Plus we got kev in the cut and shit  
Damn!