

Anything

Pressa

I love my bros, I do anything for bro'n
These niggas bitches, they ain't real they bunch of hoes'n
My niggas in the trap they break the stove'n
Novacane fucking up they nose'n

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Get money stack it up, then count the paper
Then you ball on the hater, ball on the hater
Remember when I never had nothing
They did no favors, now I'm going up
Like coke prices and excavators
Hol' up wait, escalators, I ain't got no time for 'em
Bizz locked up, so you know I'm gon' shine for him
4 and a half fuck about the pie for 'em
Whip it to a nine for 'em, nigga this is moms crying for em'
9 to him, the cops asking me what I see
It's hot, block's 3 hunnid and 65 degrees
Pressa still got all his chains on like Mr. T
And it's a body, if you mention me

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I'm in my city but I'm mostly in the north end, fore hand
Don't lose your life, the city rolling off the board man
That Glock up on my waist but in my shorts man
Of course fam, niggas they ain't real they bunch a-
And by the way, we dem niggas and see that give a okay
If they don't run it by me off the jump then it ain't okay
I done hit the block and lost my homie made my heart break
We giving out ashtrays, we gon' smell the coffee
Woo, aye, we gon smell the coffee
We dem niggas that see and keep a Glock don't wanna try me
Ooo, uh, bitch don't shoot like Wassi
And this ain't organized cause this is O, C

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