

Wassi Callin

Pressa

(Money Music)

Every night I hear Wassi callin' x4
Press machine
Ugh ugh

Pressa got me fellin' like the city mine
And niggas ridin' dick just for a co-sign
They ain't never shoot a nigga much less really grind
I'm my own boss
Work on my own time

And niggas hating' on me baby notice it
And you're partially the reason why it's happening (bad bitch)
Niggas wanna shoot me but they fidgeting
And all that side talk I feel like pulling' it
Niggas in my city they ain't do a lot (they do the most)
They gon' claim a body another nigga caught (they fake)
Flexin' on the gram with another nigga wad
I learn to get this money stash it till it rot

What happened to the throne all my niggas lost
It costs to be a boss so nigga whatchu got (whatchu sell?)
And I be sellin' shit way more than Amazon
And my bitch catch a body like she Remy Ma

They be lyin' just to know who we really are
We went from shootin' at the cops for running from the north
Life in the shopping cart
I'm in the killa car
If he ain't BFR (nascar)
Then tell him be a far

Can't afford this name on my disclosure (I can't)
I love to read these nigga do my home work (essay)
They took my bro Wass lost my composure (I lost it)
And every dream of him of him I feel closer (I'm closer)
And niggas they so normal they so typical (typical)
I learned to chip a brick and turn my wrist to gold (a rollie)
I been stuntin' on these niggas like I'm stone cold (stunna)
And that kick out the fifth felt like a field goal (field goal)

Money like BMO (BMO)
Flyer than UFOs (I'm so fly)
And they say I'm too Wassi for the radio (I'm too wass)
And ain't no better way than learnin' on your own
And cops keep tellin' venues not to book my show (realshit)

Fuck this rap shit
I used to wrap shit (wrap shit)
Reply to a diss song I find it pointless
Book your appointment
It get annoying
30 shots so much bullets you couldn't avoid it (can't, can't)

Soon as the December hit
The getting ricoish
Project Marvel kid

They find it marvelous
Black mask, black gloves, black Timberlands
And this one gon' scar permanent

She fuck with savages
That got no milage (she don't)
And all she wanna do is be my stylist (designer bitch)
I made a hunnid G's of LG
And I live by the courts like I'm LG
I been runnin' up the shit but no athlete (flip phone)
I live by the court like I'm LG (courts gang)
I been runnin' up the shit but no athlete
And I got the fifth on me number 30

I been ballin' on these niggas Jalen Poyser
I just blew 50K on my lawyer
Shordy in LA might employ her (I might)
But Pressa couldn't even cross the border (I can't)

Pressa Armani
T-shirt Givenchy
Lately been busy
Whipped up a whole key
Tryna stay lowkey
Smoking' your homies
(Deadmi Deadmi Deadmi Deadmihana)

This game it got slapped like Nintendo (64)
Niggas want respect with no credentials
And I stay with the stick like a old folk
She got hot now I'm switchin' up my rental