

Jason Martin
Why?

Black boy P, young G, don't show unless it's C.O.D.
On G.O.D., won't catch me ridin' no men's D.I.C.
On G.O.D., won't cross my bro-bro for no H.O.E.
On G.O.D., no ifs, no ands, no fuckin' B.U.T's

Switch up my tempo, simpler mission is clear as a window
She said she 'bout stackin' her chili and keepin' it low, here,
jot down my info
I'm five years ahead of the comp
They use my work for they inspo
My time is worth more than a clock
My business is right as a pencil
Used to be way out, ride, ride, to us fuckboys who talk, get co
ck out
Roll up in pack, no Zaza, no raps, roll with J's like Tata
Fat lady sing, no opera
Eyes locked in on millions
Stayin' away from the millions
Them boys move with feelings

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Pull up in spotlight, Michael Jackson, won't catch me without n
o gloves
Gettin' this bitch, get retrospective, money ain't shit, wait,
I know love
Heard them verses from your fave, on G.O.D, that boy ain't toug
h
Gettin' exploited by his boonzy, only hard when he off them dru
gs
Get him his meds or get in his head 'fore I put him to bed
Mean no sub and mean no bluff and you heard what I said
Angel from God with a gift, there's too many families I fed
Too many homies I lost, need a milli' for everything, shit

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