

# Dough Pildin

Prodigy

Listen

Don't talk to me about songs cause I embarrass you  
24-carat gold plaques in my living room  
Same karat the watch. Know the fucking time  
I wrap circles around niggas. On my grind  
I draw circles around these roaches with the chalk  
Get your body outlined in the Streets of New York  
By the King from Queens. [?] Long Island  
Hempstead two to your head, you stop wildin'  
Look at me now, I'm growned up  
I turned out to be a Legend in my own time  
They say, General Bars; He stalks through the night  
You can hear him in the ghetto  
Where it's dark cause the light's all  
Shot out, Shout out to niggas, put the pot out  
When they see the boys coming from Deep, it's getting hot out  
We hit the hideout couple hours and we back  
Too much money out here to be anything less than paid...

You know me, I keep the dough pildin'  
Nice and neat, low key, I'm lounging  
We turned up in the Street you get found in  
Same spot you was tryna wild out in

Big Hammer to waist  
That's how I gotta move  
If it ain't the three-fifty  
It's a knife or a tool  
For niggas thinking they smooth  
What I'm supposed to do?  
I attack motherfuckers who stunt  
It's not cool. Kids, don't try this at home  
It's nothin' to play with  
Enjoy your young life  
Don't fuck with them gauges  
Cause these shits blow off tops  
Destroy families. See, niggas get shot ayday b  
It's [?] Don't fuck with plated numbers  
Ever play me, get your money  
My pockets is real cakey  
My life is real crazy  
But I wouldn't trade it  
Na, you couldn't make me  
Get this paper up, it's the only way  
We gon' eat food, have a place to stay  
You tell me 'How the fuck is you gon' make it?! '  
If you starve, then you're cold and your ass is butt-naked  
You see

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