All Day

Propain

Look, I woke up in this bitch like haah
We some trill niggas, in a gang of paper like haah
Hand full of gold and purple and it ain't the Lakers like boy
Playa shit, now your girl she boppin'
When you drunk and start to think your party poppin'
Imma pick and roll, it look like Karl and Stockton
From the town of hustle like Hardwood [?]
All the hoes we passin, every car gets choppin'
If you talkin' bars, then I'm the hardest out here
Shit yo favorite artist like a porta pottie
And these rap niggas so fake to me
You niggas make believe, you niggas can't compete
I'm gettin' paid to speak, you niggas pay your fees
That's some minor shit, hoe this the major league
Bitch nigga, I
Born to lose but I'm raised to win
Bitch nigga, I
When you trill mane, you just can't pretend
Bitch nigga, I
Bad hoes, got em chest to chest
But I'm about my paper, I ain't payin for sex
I just want the head, I'm like Professor X
Only UGK shit can bless the deck
I'm Big Steve for real, I resurrect the best
Never sold a drug but took my show money
Let my partna flip it, call it stretch a check
And all these haters talk shit but they don't damage none
Hiram Clarke I really never plan to run
Started with a little tryna manage crumbs
Now I'm a 6 figure nigga still I am the one like

Wish they would try to step on my shoes
Bitch I'm worth too much money hoe you got me confused
With some other guy, bitch that ain't me
Bitch you can get this dick but conversation ain't free

Trill niggas from the city represent it all day
On a hustle for that paper bitch we bout that all day
Drop that top we pop that trunk we hit that spot we shut it down
Niggas know we bout to kill it every time we come around

Uh
I pulled up in that 4-door Bentley but I pulled off in a 2 seater
Yeah I started my career with a nigga named [?]
Ended up with a nigga named [?]
New N.W.A around here who got something to say around here
A lotta people inviting me but that young nigga Propain
The only one that got Joseph McVey around here
I went HAM last year, this year I'm goin filet
Another $100, 000 that's where I'm going today
Yeah the cameras flashin'
They tryna see me and my people but you and yo hoe in the way
I go in, then I go hard when I'm in there
I take it where these other rappers can't
My nigga I'm the God Rapper
Do you really think I give a fuck what these other rapper think
Rappers bookin' shows now cause they ain't got no more rap money

I appreciate that deposit chief
You know you ain't gettin' that fact from me
Fuckin' right, imma go to another club
If another club got that 10 racks for me
If it's beef my nigga just come to Mo City
Get out ya shit and just ask for me
I'm a Houston Rocket, a Houston Texan, a Houston Astro and all that
I'm a Houston gangsta, if you ain't gangsta
When you come to Houston better fall back
Better stay on Post Oak, the friendly end
Over the Belt Way ain't no friendly men
Salute all my people that's in the pen
When Pharaoh come home put him in a Benz

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Yeah man
You know I can recall vividly man
Standin' on that corner man, you know
Herschelwood and Windemere
Hand full of rocks man
Maybe 40 or 50 dollars worth of rocks man
And I can remember man Corey Blount and Quincy and Bubba
And Stick comin' thru in them slants
Red on white, 4's, bumpin, kits, grills
You know the real red outta Ike
You know, I'm talkin' bout 30, 40 thousand dollars worth of slab
And here you are with 50, 60 dollars worth of rocks in your hand man
It seemed so far away man, it seemed like we'd never make it
Yeah, I remember those girls man, standin' out in front of the high school a t Jones man
And, we'd walk out and ask em for their phone numbers man
And they're lookin' at us like, you know like we had a pile of shit on us or something at the time, you know
And Blount and them just comin' thru man
And all this was based on slab man, and
That's when slab really meant something you know

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