

# Plenty Muscle

## Quando Rondo

Yeah, yeah  
(Lucent made it)  
Yeah  
Quando Rondo (QRN)  
(Yo, Vicky)

Money in my britches, I'm saggin', my mama don't like it  
I'm swaggin', but fuck it, I'm keepin' my ratchet  
I ran up some cabbage, them trenches, the bricks wrapped in plastic, you want it, come get it, we taxin'  
Them pistols be clappin', we rollin' 'em up in a Swisher or Backy, you know that we happy what happened  
These niggas claimin' they heart be so cold when they rappin', but really be hoes and be cappin'

Rappin' and trappin', an entrepreneur  
Clean my shoe with a napkin, I came out the sewer (Grrah)  
Assassination had came off the loot  
Fuck all that waitin', like Nike, just do it  
Watchin' Ziggy and Peezy whippin' Martha Stewart  
Infiniti 20, had to 22 it (Skrtrt)  
These niggas, they envy, glizzy, up and shoot it  
I'm rockin' Fendi, speakin' to the jeweler  
Touchdown like I'm playin' for Dallas  
My nigga came home, then went right back to trappin'  
I fuck the baddest bitches from Atlanta  
I feel like the baddest bitches from Savannah  
Yellow interior Hellcat mustard  
Try to come and catch up, I don't fuck with you busters  
I'ma put up a bucket  
All in fourth quarter, I'm hittin' the buzzer  
Skinny nigga, but I got plenty muscle

Got a plug, that's a 'migo, I take off, no rocket  
R.I.P. Takeoff, I'm keepin' my rocket  
Tryna get me some kilos to put on my partner  
I came up from zero, breakin' in apartments  
I can't change up on Leeky Loco, that's my partner  
Speak on somethin' you really know 'cause we got choppers  
I can't put on no Jeezy song, really he ain't solid  
He say, "Fuck the loyalty," to make a profit  
And if you ain't loyal, I don't want you 'round  
I know you can't afford what I'm whippin' through town  
Love to wear Dickies suits when I'm gettin' off pound  
Walk in Saks with the crew, leavin' out, drip or drown  
Not the regular boots, this the new YSL  
Got a stretcher for you when he walk out that cell  
I'ma spend all these blues on the bags of Chanel  
Fuck it, spin they whole crew, we gon' really bring hell

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Gangster, the way, you should take it  
R.I.P. to my pocket, they filled with dead faces  
Burn a sack off the car, we not catchin' no cases  
Swerve that 'Cat off the lot, should've looked at they faces  
.38 that revolver, it's keepin' the cases  
All these commas keep comin', it's stuck in the basement  
Pullin' up on your corner, we servin', no waitress  
Chopper go, "Duh-duh-duh," make it sound like Fantasia  
All these black and white diamonds, they think that I'm racist  
You a rat, black and white, I done read all the pages  
Bitch, I'm one of the hardest, that ain't no debate shit  
I'm one of the artists that's uppinn' the laser  
No time for waitin', I want it, I get it  
Fuck all the patience, I got that on riches  
Gotta put on my mask 'cause I know I'm the sickest  
I know I'm the illest, I know I'm the trillest

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