"Hey big spender!"

Yo, let the slugs fly, thug status, still camera shy Elevate to get money and still scramble lah Get drunk, start wildin', old young niggas with talent Gold on me and my ho's look violent Live bitches, five sixes, flick it up, flyin' pictures More flips now, niggas is dipped different Renegades, Escalades, all fly ladies in shades Get the best of me, bless me on stage Drop your jerseys all year round, I'm here now Merlot in a glass, smoke a hundred bad, pop you with a pair of pounds Toss money, no laws, pop you with a pair of pounds Sauce money, no loss, pop you with a pair of pounds Own towns, niggas is grown now, we got it sown now Jumpin' out the whip, gunnin' a four now Yo, extra careful, when we home, now It's like a ghost town, the Narc's got the shit sowed down, come on

Spit it for my niggas that's locked up
Six hundred Benz, kid, rocked up
Up in the club, close the bar when we popped up
Got a forty cal' thirty shot glock up
And I'm warning ya'll shit about to pop off
Shorties in the club, take ya tops off
Yo, it's an art to rhyming
Ya'll niggas can crush a stone, try crushin' a Diamond

Yo, it' the great adventures of Lex, checks on me Air Force vet's Yo, supply the whole hood with the wet I love money, pa, spend that kid, yeah, it's the 600 Benz cat Rimmed up, bout to bring the brims back Terri cloth, Rudolph joints, valor pockets, Mr. G-Off D or Cavalier robes, we see ya'll Cash that'll put 'em order, you little fishes Ain't big enough for Icewater, paralyze the right corner Staten Island assailant, call Malinari now Hand him that, we about to take sons cabinet Chef got it genuine style, pink verizen with the great logic Hands is like the Ali project Wolves of Shaolin, we look good hooded up One tough challenge, rough 'em up, bring out his raw talents Money maker, send them to us Remember the symbol, the Gods got the paper, now you with us, let's go

Aiyo, speak up, we up, villains in the beat truck Unique luck, leafed up, playin' in the suite, feet up Come here, boo, just feel it, locked down, niggas can hear it Blazin' in PJ's, it's time, let the I'll reveal it, yo Wall to wall jump off's, fly shorty, live sneakers and speakers Makin' sure the vibe ain't corny, yo Scarface kids, kings only Jail heads know me, Chef got it locked, my block We got more to rag you with, black, come through, kid Park Hill Projects, send him through, mashin' it, step No Hollywood, yeah dear, more paper, more acres To sell on, we all got it fresh, from raw tapes

The kid that traveled the world All this came from the lobby, I took it to Japan from curbs Yo, swindlers transformin' to ninjas, injure anything Remember all my mans, is when we spendin', we the...

Ha ha, ha ha, yeah Word up, yeah, we back It's on, word up...