310 Interlude

REASON

I'm from the 310
From the 310
Young nigga from the 310
Bitch nigga, from the 310

I been workin' hard, I been tryin' to make a milli quick
Focused on my drive, tryin' to sell it like a dealership
Fake niggas wait 'till you make it to tell you you killin' shit
So if you ain't met my moms, fuck Rob, call me REASON, bitch
All y'all niggas been strangers
I don't know you from a hole in the wall
Don't come around talkin' 'bout I got bangers
Then claim I ain't wrote 'em all
Same day one niggas, they know my squad
I bet your bitch know us
All I know is prison in the winter, got the coldest bars
I'm a pimp nigga, don't believe in hoes pissed off
Show up with three hoes like a bowlin' ball
These hoes don't even know my songs
But they know I got a fat pipe, make a mack white
Put it down whenever hoes involved
Crack lines, these are zonin' bars
Niggas claimin' that I owe them bars
Bitch please, I been grindin' tryin' to make my wrist freeze
I'm gettin' money, yeah hoe, swiss cheese
Wait, are you listening?
Money is cheese, you add hoes and it's swiss cheese
Confident, cocky nigga standin' only at six feet
But the flow long, so tall it could clip wing, sheesh
I swear I'm the coldest nigga and wise like the oldest nigga
Just heatin' up, I'm a solar nigga
Comin' up from the gutter, I'm the boldest nigga, get it?

Of course they don't
From the 310
Young nigga from the 310
Del Amo nigga from the 310
Young nigga from the 310
Young nigga from the 310
Tape in October, comin' from the 310
REASON, nigga

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