

# El Chapo

## REASON

Wait, wait, wait (Wait, wait, wait)  
Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait (Wait, wait, wait, wait  
, wait, wait)  
Wait, uh, uh

Lifestyle movin' quick and fast  
Feel good, God please, slow it for me  
All I wanted was a bitch to lie to me  
Baby, tell me you been hopin' for me  
All I wanna do is make you feel good  
Baby, get your Holly Berry on  
All I wanted was the money stashed in the same spot like a carry-on

Ah! Carry-on  
Money stashed like a carry-on (Sheesh!)  
Uh, makin' hard hits, music get yo ass buried on (Ah!)  
I feel like I'm blowin', you won't even know it  
Somebody gon' tell Rocko (Rocko!)  
Pull up [?] like RZA  
I'm feelin' like El Chapo (Ah!)

I come from the hood, I'm tryna change my perspective  
I been eatin' good, but I'm still workin' for seconds  
No love for the opposition  
Niggas growin' up without a pot to piss in  
So they sellin' pot just to cop commission  
Who am I to judge? Nigga, fuck a judge  
Gave my nigga 25, free Fonz though (Free!)  
Fuck the system for life (Life)  
Grew up on Adidas and Nikes  
Cop the [?] got for miniature price (Hah!)  
Niggas comin' out the [?] kicks  
That he sellin' shit to make a quicker buck (Buck)  
Bangin' they hoodies, zippin' up  
New necks, they'll make you rich as fuck

I'm feelin' like El Chapo  
Made it out tryna make a dollar  
Niggas eatin', boys pity on us  
Streets grimy, boy them semis poppin'  
You can get it like Ricky got it (Bop!)  
Head on the swivel, nigga  
Be caught with it or be gone without it (Without it!)  
Knew that since a lil' nigga, wait  
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Think, nigga  
Ain't much to think about  
Hunnid days and the hunnid nights  
Homies runnin' with them heaters out (Hah!)  
Homies is callin' you pussy 'cause you left and took the safer route  
They say that they street smart, but they ain't smart enough to make it out  
Boy, I'm breakin' out  
I'm tryna be with a bad bitch on the beach layin' out  
Fuck extendin' clips, I'd rather be extendin' bank accounts  
What I think about?  
Bitches love you when you ballin', nigga  
That's why you see 'em when the Lakers out  
Money comin' and the paper flyin'  
This shit feelin' like a paper route  
Niggas be rollin' 'round killin' for fun  
Limo tinted with the banger out (Bow, bow)  
I like my women like they like they guns  
Extensions with the bottoms hangin' out (Hah!)

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