

Grams

Rob Stone

My nigga MooXe

Yeah, uh, yeah yeah
Yuh, to the top boy!

Tell these bitches stop playin' wit' me
Ho, I'm the man, and I'm just goin' 'bout my damn business
Bad bitches, bad bitches, damn, them bitches bad business
Ho, I don't wanna talk, you fucked all of my mans, didn't you?
Pay attention, pay attention, ho, you better pay attention
See this a lay-up, better pay up, 'bout my cash, nigga
Bad bitches, bad business, damn, I love them bad bitches
But I don't chase 'em, only chase after my bag nigga (for my ba
g nigga)

Yup, only chase after the bag
Bitches always wanna talk but I can't deal with that, ah
Yup, too persisent with the swag, Gucci in my duffel, she got F
endi for the bag, wha'
Stunt, suckin' niggas [?]
Slide up on a lil' bitch and slide up off the map
And she act right, lil' tits but I ain't even mad
Got the cash right, good wrist, and rub me on my back, ah, yeah
Yeah, and that's a winner, been lit since the beginning
All my dogs hopped out the kennel
I've been fuckin' up my kidneys, takin' shots with flocks of bi
tches
I've been on the road to riches with my brothers, them my nigga
s
Ah, yeah, I wouldn't dare to leave a witness, wouldn't dare to
spare you niggas
It ain't fair the way I'm killin' shit (the way I'm killin' shi
t)
Ahhh, I wouldn't profess to groupie bitches
Comin' with a droopy vision, tunnel toward a new percentage

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Ho, I don't wanna talk, you fucked all of my mans, didn't you?
Pay attention, pay attention, ho, you better pay attention
See this the [?], better pass by my cash, nigga
Bad bitches, bad business, damn, I love them bad bitches
But I don't chase 'em, only chase after my bag nigga (for my ba
g nigga)

Ayy, I want my bag nigga
Mmm, yeah, I need the bag nigga

Ayy, yeah, I need the bag nigga
Yeah, yeah