

# Smash

Rob Stone

Rob \$tone  
Gucci

Now I just smash on 'em, press the gas on 'em, make it hurt  
Poppin' xans up in my Squirt, I go to work, lift up my shirt  
Then I just spazz on 'em, throw my cash on 'em, Louis shirt  
Drop some bands all on this, skrt, then threw my grams right up her skirt  
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Now watch me break a bag on 'em, flip this cash on 'em  
I just swag on 'em, bitches hate me 'cause I always bag on 'em  
I done made so many racks had to finesse the tax on it  
My new garments cost a leg and you best bet she bad homie  
Turn my swag on, you niggas mad phony  
Watch the gas for me, when I hop out, bet I hop out bag on me  
When you pop off we gon' pop shots and won't break a sweat on it  
And I be feeling like the man when I got fifty bands on me  
Bring your friends over, girl come get this player potion  
Young Rob \$tone gon' bust it down and you gon' do your dance for me  
Don't be scared, show me, I'ma hot shot, rare homie  
I'm papa player on it, I'm gon' pop these bands up on it

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Gucci Mane and Rob \$tone so get your mob on  
Got on all these diamond chains but still don't get your head blown  
Call me quickdraw McGraw, I shoot you through your headphones  
I'm from Zone 6 East Atlanta but call it the bread zone  
When a rich nigga DM your BM, she on tour with no per diem  
Guwop smash 'em, thick or slim  
Came with them but left with him  
CEO got major paper, I'm a walking record label  
Payola under the table, Wizzop the new Tony Draper  
Innovating, real estating, bought it just to renovate it  
You just a lil rental baby, you get dick for dinner baby  
Come hang with the winner baby  
Ice cold as the winter baby  
Soon as Gucci enter all the tenders hyperventilating

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