

Invasion

Rob Vicious

I know I got problems but I ain't nothing like these niggas so it ain't getting dollars

Ain't never switch up no fame, ain't sucking dick for no followers

I pop niggas and pop bottles, your big homie hit rock bottom

Ain't got Saks, because I got em

Bitch I'm lil robbed out Rob

Nigga been scoped get your squadron popping hot shit you not with

You ain't getting money we ain't got nothing in common

Nigga my bitch bored she ride

Nigga won't leave the chopper I got it

I got chopps, chopps on chopps

Fuck the score up

Fuck the cars

Take my yatch, I got more of

Grab that pot, cook that rock

Fuck that stove up

Work all out can't serve no more, pour up

Still by the dollar, all my partners on that same thing

I go to work, like in a job, and do the same thing

Copping 80 and its only 10, and I'm on 8 beans

10 out of 10 still know I sold that fake Lean

Just hit the block and make some racks off the same thing

Say my momma was hella [?] until I was 18

I couldn't switch up for money, ain't enough nigga

You still won't catch me around no weak bitch (Ain't no fuck nigga)

Solo-dolo I don't trust niggas

You let that nigga take your gun, then you a fuck nigga

You ain't talking bout no dollars I don't fuck withcha'

We stay on smoke that's on your momma I pull up

I got chopps, chopps on chopps

Fuck the score up

Fuck the cars

Take my yatch, I got more of

Grab that pot, cook that rock

Fuck that stove up

Work all out can't serve no more, pour up

'Fore you keep hating get your dough of

Got better shit to do then beef with niggas I don't know of

I could show you how to rob a pack, get a sack, and stove up

Been cookin' up the tracks, smell like this bitch boutta' blow up

I need money, I need weed, I need drank

Hit the ATM for 20 think a nigga broke the motherfucking bank

I be everywhere you sucka niggas ain't

Heard some niggas out to get me, I bless the lord, no I ain't [?]

Pop out with that '40, nigga that's a scare tactic

And if it wasn't my homie, then I don't care what happened

Still think about them hard times, sleeping on that air mattress

Still stump a bitch, she dead up in these new Air-Maxes

It don't take too much to see lil' bitch I'm back at it

You learn to cook the rocks from me then you know black magic

And yeah I dropped up out of school but I know mathematics

Stacking' rackin' with my booty bitches mad

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Fuck the score up
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