

# 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

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'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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