

## Connect

Sir Michael Rocks

Banco

I've got brass knuckles, Cartier's  
I can't lie, seen harder days  
Should be easy when you're born and raised  
Got the G code and I keep on  
But the 3 tone not 2  
Margiela, my shoe  
Nigga tryna be me  
You should just try to be you  
I love my friends, I love my crew  
I'm at Pappadeaux's, eatin' lobster claws  
If you bitch look good I'mma knock that off  
I knock it off like horse play  
Makin' it rain like I storm chase  
Fuckin' around with that horse hay  
That greenerie, that greener weed  
Ain't none really what it seem to be  
Like damn, why you try to act like  
You ain't never seen nothing like me before  
Girl, you know I'm beautiful  
And you know we own the world, we due for dough  
Just stay away from all these stupid hoes

You got all of these plans  
Now, we ballin' and I bet I bet I bet I bet..  
She will pick up the phone if I call her again  
Man, I'm waitin' on that wet that wet that wet that wet..  
You mad cuz I'm getting it direct direct direct direct..  
And you wantin' my connect connect connect connect..  
Cuz I'm getting it direct direct direct direct..  
And they wantin' my connect connect connect connect..

Rollin with kid, nigga know me  
M-A-N-O young OG  
Fresh motherfucker, you can borrow my cheese  
Rollin' down the street in a new M3  
Blacked out, my feet low  
Nigga quit hatin', I don't fuck wit y'all  
I'm so cold, I'm worth gold  
My old school got some TO  
Pity she pretty  
I'm in that special committee  
At 15's we runnin' shit  
All hail to the new government  
In L.A. we chillin', pimp as we swag  
And knowin' what's up when she's poppin' them tags  
DMO3, doin' these things  
It's like I've got work because of me  
We shower, we drink  
We dope and shit  
We pop it, we get it  
Then spend it, submit it  
My niggas is killin'  
We out here let's get it  
I fuck with them niggas that got it so get it  
He's trippin' it, he's pimpin'  
Don't you slip and fall with them digits

That cash reeled these bitches  
Around us so get this

I need sex, neck, checks  
Man I need all 3 of those in that order  
Lookin' at palm trees grow in South Florida  
Couple of bomb bitches get in that water  
What's the deal? What's the deal? Baby what's the deal?  
You signed for the lotus, you are dressed to deal  
Pop a little Molly, girl, it's just a pill  
I'm the type of dealer you can trust, for real  
That fendi sheets, I'm tryna bend the sheets  
You on bended knees, I'm on Benjamin's  
And I will never injure him while I roll another trambolin  
I miss the marble floors, gravel streets  
Any motherfucker that be cock the beat  
Two bad bitches and they down to eat  
One another for the calories  
I bust down and I X pockets  
I still swim in that black mass money  
I'm whippin' I'm whippin' I'm workin' it back  
Always on time that we catch a nigga sniffin'  
Hoppin' out the whip, I'm the new Scottie Pippen  
Lookin' at the swag, man it's still drippin'  
Man that swag be driflin', yeah