Bankroll

Skooly

Bankroll got me still limping mm hmm
I'm still walking in the trenches mm hmm
And I'm out here still getting it mm hmm
And I'm out here still with it mm hmm
And I'm out here still with it mm hmm

Ok
[?] in the kitchen uh huh
My brother died in the kitchen uh huh
30 on my extension boom boom
Strapped up like I'm on a mission, nigga move
I put my mans on, I'm a let him call you
Now cut them fans on, Dry that fucking dog food
And my nigga got them crips that make me bang like I do
And my bitch she got them lips that make me sang like I do
Ok I'm dressed up like my daddy, Balling, But no Carlton
Singing like I'm fucking Marvin, This ain't no Marvin
You gon' need a fucking caution I brought the mob in
223. AK PK HK SK and Carbines

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Ok
Bankroll busting out my pocket, I still wear a wallet
I don't trust nobody, I don't fucking trust nobody
I only fuck with brothers and partners that keep it solid
Shout out to my mama I got it, I keep it solid
I tell you I'm really sorry 'bout me not going to college
I tell you mama I got it, I promise mama I got it
This music got me on top
And these streets they gave me my knowledge
And if I say I got it, Then damn it that mean I got it
I tell you I'm going get it, Be patient we going shopping
My brother them still be robbing
And CostaNotra we mobbing
I'm finally in the building
I get a piece of the pie
I'm sorry I'm not that phony
I'm sorry I'm not that guy
But fuck em

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