

## Jigga Flow

Smoke DZA

Everyday I wake up I say a pray-uh  
Thank the Lord for the fact that nigga hey-uh  
Round of a applause, got a lot of work to spay-uh  
Transactions bring that paper upstairs  
Gotta make sure all that money there  
I don't play when come to them onions  
Take them ones to the bank, I need hunnids  
No fives and tens, I don't want it  
I ain't trying to be a bastard  
But coming with straight Benjis made the counting process faster  
I'm a trapper, weed dealer  
My everyday watch is a Sea Dweller  
I see cheddar  
Going for the gusto with no regrets on what I coulda been  
I put it in, ringleader of the shadow government  
My last rap check I bought pounds of good  
This next one's to get my moms out the hood  
She working to pay the bills and I'm working to have a chill  
Til then I'm playing the field tryna get this chicken for real

Shit is wicked on these mean streets  
None of my friends speak, we all tryna win  
But then again  
Ambition turn to anger  
And there you have it, best friends turn to strangers, uh  
Right

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I let it go and let my chips stack  
My nigga got caught for some work but we ate better of the git back  
It might as well have been gift wrapped  
The number one rule don't leave no work where your kids at  
Cause it's the hustle gang these streets ain't right  
Stash in another crib and keep my heat up high  
Road to the riches to the top of the mountain  
Say "goodbye" to being poor, say "hello" to accountants  
Cop my bitch a big Birkin and some kush and Loboutins  
Shout out to that scale that helped me weigh out them ounces  
Watch out for the leeches and? waveriders and hoes  
That come over sober with alterior motives  
Weed out the fake friends  
Shit be all good when they in  
That's your man tell him no for something see then  
Shouts to the cats that expect nothing from me  
Different number same jersey

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We used to fight for building blocks  
Now we fight for blocks with buildings that make a killing  
So we could cop coupes remove roof poof ceiling  
Fresh off the stoop ten inch boots, God willing  
A nigga see tomorrow, dodging tips that's hollow  
Yea I drink a lot but never pride swallowed  
Gripping on my bottle from the home of Apollo  
You could wear the wire while I move like Marlo, harpo  
Was what a nigga pushing for as I cook the raw  
Shit you could tell nigga just look at me then look at y'all  
Key and ivory weigh ins I'm low down, dirty?  
Pay attention and you'll get just what I'm saying  
Coming of age as I'm stuck in my ways  
Where I'm from to get your name rung you gotta keep your hand gun  
Can I live nigga? Is you friend or foe  
I live by these three words-money cash hoes, it's Lo