

Samson

Stalley

Big beard, big box
Never thought it turn into a Maybach
It's a cold world, we all know the answer
Gold on my neck, call me Samson
Money, money, money every day that my beard grows

Rap prince behind dark tints
Americana paisley prints, the cities Clark Kent
S on my chest, C on my fitted
G's on my denim, John Lennon shades
Styrofoam filled with lemonade
Surf and turf dinner plate
Came from a bitter place, now I'm on rich estates
Seven thousand acre escape
Jackson wool jacket cape
Gold drape off my collar
Beard longer than Samson's
Hand strutin' with the la-la
Went from broke to a baller
Spokes on the Impala, young Sinatra
BCG rat pack, Visvim backpack filled with dollars
Made money from being honest and these fake niggas hate it
That a real nigga made it, off of no favors
Now I'm in that farm house, far out, with no neighbors
Got more haters than money problems
Cause every day my beard grows, the money follows
Long beard, don't care, let the money pile up

The child of the sun, so I shine like one
Intelligent rap nigga, so I rhyme like one
Never clung to dumb niggas, I never minded them
Always plain Jane'd my wrist, I never diamonded them
But I always take risks, that's how my life begun
One mother, one sister, without a bite or crumb
That's why I write on this paper and give my life to them
And stack all this paper like I'm recycling
Why I attract all these haters, I'm just a righteous man
Maybe cause they MC Lyte, paper thin
But I give 'em the Stevie J rap face or the paper grin
Won't let these niggas stop my hair growth on my chinny chin
Money long like Kevin Durant
F you niggas who said I can't
Hold up, f you niggas again
That's just how I'm feeling man
Straight up, I just don't be caring, this cold world we in
So I'mma get this paper until the very end