

Ashes To Ashes

The Game

I got a house on my face, custom made glasses
Laser on heckler, ashes to ashes, valet to vessel
Known as an Aston, the Hoes give you ass, homie, only in my absence
Well connected with gang member on most sets
Not to boast but get you popped like moet
My record sales could never reflect my respect
What god damn Def Jam forever in debt
Money bags back and forth how carry it on
Tattoo dead homies on my arms, still I grieve for 'em
As I'm nailed to the crucifix, tears in my eyes, smiling on the inside (Blessed)
Nobody cares what I feel like, no
Now it's six xanax just to feel right, let's go
Periognom in my glasses, toast to competition
Ashed to ashes

See the fireworks in the club, you know we got bottles
See the lambos out front, that tells you we fuckin' models
Spit real nigga shit, so you can bump it in the phantom
Make it rain for them niggas who ain't never seen Atlanta
Red diamonds in the watch, red frames in the lenses
How you know you on?, Baby mama driving Benzes
Louis Vuiton house shoes, somewhere on the boat
Like a snitch nigga body, let this motherfucker float

Champagne in my glass feeling like a boss
Fell in love with a phantom, like fuck what it cost
Louis duffle full of hundreds, dimes of the purple, keep it G, cause that's me
These rap niggas Steve Urkel, survival of the fittest
Swimming in the dark, Sea World in my living room, Come and feed the sharks
Put on for my city, Or it would have fell apart, Nigga rap is like New York
Ain't no where to park
That's why I got a chauffeur, I don't need a valet, At the game, watchin' 'Bron give it up to Khaled
Not a hatin' bone in my body, nigga I salute 'cha
You disrespect my hood, I'll fuck around and shoot y 'cha
We got the world runnin' 'round throwin' up B's
Niggas saying "soo woo" like they're fucking chinese
Eyes tighter than a virgin when I'm blowing on these grapes, to p down blowin' smoke on the fuckin' interstate