

Bend A Corner

The Game

You aren't even a cool breeze for my man Taz

Yeah, I make money in my sleep, I be thumbin' through my dreams (Facts)

Racks in every pocket when I walk, it's fuckin' up my jeans (Fuckin' up my walk, nigga)

If you want your ho, boy, that ain't nothin', come get her off of me (Ay, come get her off me)

Brand new Air Force 1s, I'm dope-

boy clean, I cop 'em by the three (Fire)

Be careful if you post about these hoes, my dog gon' turn to vultures (Come here)

Get up on that labby and get to punchin' like I'm De La Hoya

Tee from Gallery, I can't be out here rubbin' every shoulder

Rent the AMG inside my city just to bend the corner

Stunna hood credit A1, damn near Platinum Plus (Well-respected)

I done got my cheese up every way, but I can't say too much

My foot stay on the pedal 'bout that bag, I can't be lettin' up (I go to get that)

Show me how you ride it, baby girl, then come and back it up

Niggas know they fucked up when they put that route in Stunna hand (Man, they fucked up)

My life way too live, this ain't no show, can't live without my band (Nah)

Jump up in the booth and I go 'Ku with all these Super Saiyans (For sure)

Nigga tried to play my dogs for goofs and damn near lost his mans (Fah, fah)

Boy, I got respect in every lane, go 'head and check my range (Well-respected, nigga)

I know niggas puttin' belt to ass just like they're Pootie Tang (Boorah)

Niggas hatin' the only ones that throwin' salt up on my name

Too much drip up in thisbitch, might fuck around and call a drain

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Cop a 'fit and wear it once, I used to rock hand-me-downs

Gotta go and get right to that bag, I can't be standin' 'round

Trap house look just like a Planet Fitness, niggas movin' pounds
They see how Stunna took off with this shit and tried to steal the sound (I been on)
Fifty floors up, weighin' brick up, tryna catch a view (What up?)
Put that shit on every time you see me, that ain't nothin' new (Uh)
Baby, I'm the catch, you bring your ass, I ain't gon' come to you (Bae, come over here)
Bitch, I hang with niggas that's steady steppin' like they're fuckin' troops
I get paid for every bar, you'd think I was trappin' pills (Ha-ha)
Most these niggas fakin' 'bout that motion, I can tell who real (They 're really lyin')
Boy, I rap that get money music, this is not no drill (Get money, nigga)
They know I'm a wizard with that jwett just like I'm Bradley Beal (Ha-ha)