

## Bars

Tink

Chase I think I just might as well go in on these bitches  
Yo, 'cause when I think about it  
Who really fuckin' with me chase?  
I don't know either  
Tink Ghee, let's get it

I said sippin' on dark and chief'n on reefer  
Pussy ass niggas I call them Madea  
Call me retarded, I been going stupid  
I'm spittin' so hard, I stutter like cupid  
Commas and commas I take to the bank  
Your nigga face down like he's ready to play  
I'm ready for war  
These bitches want more  
My pockets so deep that they feel like a pore  
And feel like a boss 'cause I'm gaining  
And I'm always going in like it's raining  
Peep-game like I'm looking through a keyhole  
And fuck niggas gone change like a tadpole  
But that's good 'cause I'm still getting paid  
Whip so clean, coulda' came with a maid  
Came with my crew  
But I left with a dude  
Then I came in his mouth  
Like the dentist approved  
Bars in a go, where your bars at?  
I know your background just like a car fax  
You're a rookie to me, I'm a fuckin' bully  
And I pull more strings like a loose hoodie  
It's easy  
You know that I'm a dog, You pass me that beat, I'm a catch it like a  
Frisbee  
And I got 16s  
But ain't none of them sweet  
I could never be a star on Disney  
Fuck that  
Put me on a bus pass  
Ain't nobody taking my seat  
I generate heat  
I don't do A C  
And I make more hits then Muhammad Ali  
Come crown me  
And I'm always up in a booth in a lab 'cause I know a couple of bitch  
es wanna' down me  
But you never get that  
Gotta hit her in the back  
It'll be a fool if you ever come around me  
Easy