Please Be A Hit

Tiny Meat Gang

(We packin' diamond pistols!)

I done blew up and copped the crib I don't gotta pay the rent n
ow (I don't gotta pay the rent)
Before the money that girl lookin' like a ten but she a letdown
(More like a ten minus four)
Yuh, I'm talkin' platinum, fuck around and blow up like a loade
d gun
Before the money that girl lookin' like a ten but she a letdown
(Yeah)

Imagine all the bands I could blow
Tryna get rich think of the hands I could throw (Throw)
And all the screamin' fans at the show (Show)
Singin' every word, goddamn that'd be dope (Dope)
Yuh, if I had a hit (a hit), I'm picturing
If I blew up on the charts that'd be it (That'd be it)
Think of the money (Money)
That shit'll mint
I'll cop the new Mercedez Benz

Made a milli and I got some teeth
Shoutout Obie Trice, smile look like Mr. Clean
Black Jag boy I stay with queens
I'm only hittin' H now, I'm too rich for weed
My numbers stay the same, I'm not callin' back
They say "I done changed" Nothin' wrong with that
Now these little leprechauns want my sack
I'm countin' racks, eatin' wings in the Maybach

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