

Condo Living
Big House Dreams
Everything I rap about, is what it seems
Word to my spleen, niggas need that
Word to every fiend, niggas need crack
I'm a hustlers Hustler, supplying the spots
Bricks In My Backpack, I'm buying the blocks
And my attitude is like my car tops, roofless
Bite my hand, I'll pistol whip until you toothless
Then I'm gon squeeze, cause niggas be coming back
And I don't like the feeling of looking over my back
Spark police intrest or let my gun spark, "blah blah"
Now I'm chillin like a summertime park
With my big chain swanging, pushers all behind me
Finish with the work out
Ballings where you'll find me, off the court
God forbid, I'm ever caught
It'll be a drought, dealers taking off
Heliport, chopper for the lessons taught
Procter with a metal fork
My residue is more than these frontin niggas ever bought
Believe me, the Hottest nigga in the streets
Go and ask the public
Niggas won't play me on the radio, fuck it
I don't expect to hear real shit from fake niggas
Who be putting on they man wack shit and dating niggas
I don't need rap, I got a digital scale
Triple A's and some sandwich bags, all is well
Except my flow sicker then a man that's frail
With all this weak shit, I should've had a chance to fail
Still I prevail, off the grams I sell
Living fly, hope to God I don't land in jail
I earn harder then Dale
Turning hard from the yayo
Fast cars, fast money, faster bitches than Gayle - Deavers
Most of em bad bitches, some swear they divas
I even got a ugly bitch who suck a good peter
Fuck PETA, my furs drag, I puff reefa
Off the ground, into the sky, I will leave ya
The real reaper, get ya chain stuck up
Too many fake real niggas got the game fucked up
I yelling fuck them other niggas
Cause I'm down for my niggas
6 deep, 6 heats, 6 fingers pulling triggers
The devil is a liar, your numbers are too
30 strong but 29 pussy out the crew
This what I'm a do, get a package bus it open
Put it on my tongue, drop a ounce
See the bounce, can't believe the numb
Feeling like it's time, I need to make a power move
Heading outta town with the birds, I call it powder moves
Do my thang, do my thang, I do my fukin thang
Give a shit about the fame
Money, money mayne
Look at all the pretty bitches with a coke dealer
And look at all the silly bitches with a broke nigga
Powderrrrr!