

## Right Now

Webbie

[HOOK: Webbie]

I'ma chase this cheese right now  
And I'ma be straight by the time I stop  
I'm on my grind getting loose  
And I'ma be rich by the time I'm through  
I gotta drop my nuts and make this run  
A million plus by the time I'm done  
Left the bullshit alone  
Gotta handle this business  
Its gone be on by the time I'm finished

[VERSE 1: Webbie]

I'm from baton rouge but ain't no such thang as handouts  
If you don't hustle you don't stand out hands down  
Nigga my nuts dropped that's why my pants down  
Paper by any means and I ain't playin' round  
Either you stand up or stand down its on you  
I'ma get this money you can be broke if you want to  
I wasn't rapping I'd be jacking these niggas up  
While chillin' wit niggas up in [?]  
Man I ain't tryna lose weight I gotta eat this lunch  
And don't like [?] up put me in the front  
Put the weed in the blunt tryna think of what to do next  
The police be picking up all my niggas wonder who next  
Somebody must be talking or something  
If you a rat stay away cause you ain't walkin' or something  
My mine been clogged up all I been thinking is money  
So I put on my pants laced my shoes and fuck it

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[VERSE 2: Lil Phat]

I'ma be richer than a motherfucker by next year  
Somebody mama dying when I shed no tears  
Listen playa listen up cause the youngin don't give a fuck  
Tryna run me dawg tryna come between my buck  
So stupid ass nigga tell me what drugs you on  
Don't know who the fuck you dissin on a song  
2009 these niggas lamer than a bitch  
You used to be my nigga but changed like a bitch  
Put the stop signs up cause I'm still gon run through em  
You nigga pussy you ain't gon do nothing to em  
Money ain't a thang making real niggas bitches  
So you can keep the thang the money I'm still gon get it  
Murda murda kill kill I swear I'm still with it  
I just want the money them niggas is still petty  
Ambulance dead he in there dead now  
You you ain't never did it don't fuck wit my bread now

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[VERSE 3: Lil Trill]

By the age of 25 I'ma be the man  
Got dreams of becoming the biggest nigga in the land  
I'd like a heater think I need a fan  
I'm all about the business ain't got time for the plan  
Right now I'm straight but I need more  
I'm talking a million plus in a bank account offshore  
I believe that I can be all I can be  
Houses in Atlanta couple of them in Miami  
You can be hella poor so I wanna be mad rich  
I'ma let them hate and show the world I'm the baddest  
No I don't feel speical but I'm higher than average  
See me I'm getting loosebut loose in the mind  
See I grind every night so I'm destined to shine  
Left the biz behind so show me where the money  
After I make this run I'm coming back with a couple mil in cash  
When so when the cops get a lighter I'ma get a dash

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