

Ay, yo Smooth. Drop the beat

Okay, I produce this track
Watch this abortion as I kill this ratch
I get get cheese, and them know that
And if you know me, you know him no rat
Never that
I be stackin' money while you stackin' problems
Got a lot of broads numbers, but I never call 'em
White girls are my favorite cuz when I blaze it, they say I'm F-in' awesome
I'm only gettin' better and you for tha blossom
Bitches forever gettin' wetter and 'm only talkin'
Say a couple words, soak 'em up
Ev'rything I say real talk, soak it up
If you break it down, we gone smoke it up
All aboard the elevator. Whre we goin'? Goin' up
Talkin' money for a show, then we showin' up
And we might leave wit 10 bitches, knowin' us
(Go. Yeahh)
Ayy, J.R., Are we ever gone stop?
Naw, we gone go. We gone go
Ayy, Smooth, Are we ever gone stop?
Naw, we gone go. We gone go
Ayy, J.R., Are we ever gone stop?
Naw, we gone go. We gone go
Ayy, Smooth, Are we ever gone stop?
Naw, we gone go. We gone go

Ay. First verse
I got a little cocky
Shit, I can do that when gettin' money my only hobby
Ay, I be ridin' on the Mishani like er'body
Wit a bad mommy, niggas be jockin' her curve body
You messin wit us, but we messin wit er'body
Y'all just a soft imatation. We the hard copy
So copy us. Ain't no stoppin' us
We ain't no muthafuckin' pizza, ain't no toppin' us
Er'body know my niggas got a lot of banks
So we keep a eye out for niggas tryna plot on us
Not on us. Cain't let it happen
We can get like dry lips, and get it crackin'
Ayy, I just wanna go and keep my paper stackin'
Er'ything I do real. I ain't with the actin'
Keep it 100, cuz I said so
And I ain't ran into no bitch that ever said no
(Go)
Ayy, J.R., Are we ever gone stop?
Naw, we gone go. We gone go
Ayy, Smooth, Are we ever gone stop?
Naw, we gone go. We gone go
Ayy, J.R., Are we ever gone stop?
Naw, we gone go. We gone go
Ayy, Smooth, Are we ever gone stop?
Naw, we gone go. We gone go
I am on the G-O
Life first Garret from steerin' the speedboat
Mean on the beat, Tyrone and D-Bo

Cuz me and Smooth get things just for the people
Whole lot of love
Whole lot of femails, wit details
I'll reach the top like a steeple
My flow limp'in', you can almost feel me
You know J.R., but you don't know the real me
Ha, but I'm still gonna get it in
I'ma whip the Benz, even if the light red
Burn rubber down the block, til they pop like whiteheads
And I run the street with a chick and some nice legs
Tattoos, my shit, cuz I got some new inks
Zone like 2, 3. Cash comin' to me
Who me? Yeah, you
Third on the verse
Me and Smooth go and always come first like
(Go)
Ayy, J.R., Are we ever gone stop?
Naw, we gone go. We gone go
Ayy, Smooth, Are we ever gone stop?
Naw, we gone go. We gone go
Ayy, J.R., Are we ever gone stop?
Naw, we gone go. We gone go
Ayy, Smooth, Are we ever gone stop?
Naw, we gone go. We gone go