

## Blue C-Note

## 2 Chainz

You did it for the broads, I did it for the paper  
Got a hundred styles, got a hundred acres  
Fuck the police (fuck 'em), hundred middle fingers (fuck 'em)  
And you a square nigga (fuck 'em), you a chess table (fuck 'em)  
You be savin' hoes (fuck 'em), you be rest haven (fuck 'em)  
Got a lotta rides like a bus station  
See my phone ringin', see my diamonds danglin'  
See the bitches blinkin', blue c-notes,  
All of 'em singing, blue c-notes  
All of 'em Franklins, blue c-notes  
Spend without thinkin', a tool without safety  
I have ya broads taken, I have they heart achin'  
Push start crankin', new grill face it  
New mill tastin', straight without a chaser  
Draws come from Macy's, broads is confirmation  
Same in different places, I run all the bases

You did it for the broads, I did it for the paper  
I got a hundred styles, got a hundred flavors,  
Fuck the police, hundred middle fingers,  
And you a square nigga, blue c-notes  
All of 'em singin', blue c-notes  
All of 'em Franklins, blue c-notes  
Spend without thinkin', ice on both pinkies  
Mobile phone ringin', blue c-notes

I did it for my dogs, I did for the skaters  
I did it for the paper, my niggas still on papers  
I got a hundred tats, I got a hundred million  
I keep on switchin' wifeys, you gotta Uncle Phil me  
Dreadlock Rasta, hair like pasta  
I don't see what's your problem, I need an eye doctor  
Flying to them dollars, ducking fly swatters  
Shoot 'em in the head, leave his mind boggled  
Comin' down the boulevard I'm on your avenue  
A half a mill on my grill, you niggas snaggle tooth  
Told some dead presidents I'm finna bury you  
When it come to presidents I like 'em black and blue

You did it for the broads, I did it for the paper  
I got a hundred styles, got a hundred flavors,  
Fuck the police, hundred middle fingers,  
And you a square nigga, blue c-notes  
All of 'em singin', blue c-notes  
All of 'em Franklins, blue c-notes  
Spend without thinkin', ice on both pinkies  
Mobile phone ringin', blue c-notes

Got a hundred styles, got a hundred acres  
Got a hundred tats, got a hundred skaters  
Did it for the broads, I did it for the paper  
I'm 'bout to buy a hog, bring in home the bacon