

# Blue Cheese

## 2 Chainz

50,000 on me, I'm a walkin' lick  
She fuck with the squad, she gon' grip the stick  
Came from the rags to riches, now we got bags and bitches  
Came from the rags to riches, now we got bags and bitches  
Blue cheese in my Off Whites  
I've been drinkin' codeine all night  
Got your bitch out her DM, put her on a flight  
I don't understand nothin' but them dollar signs

My side chick got pregnant by her main dude and I'm offended  
I called, she ain't pick up, I text her back, bitch you stingy  
I'm in all black like a ninja, chain got influenza  
Walk in the traphouse, use my Cartiers for credentials (God damn!)  
I'm going wildebeest, all on my enemies  
Negative energy, I could do anything, I got the guillotine  
Off with they head  
Known to pull off and get head  
Drippin so much sauce on your bitch look like she wettin' the bed  
I could do more than just say it, strip club veteran head uh uh!  
I am still gettin' this bread, bought her a Birkin bag uh uh!  
Everyone look at the tag, I do the digital dash uh uh!  
I can do more than just brag, I can back it up uh uh!

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Blue cheese, no ranch, all hunnids  
10 racks on me that's mall money  
I just bought a Lamb Ima crawl on it  
Get on top, she act a dog with it  
I'm on this drink need to slow down  
Racks in back it won't slow down  
You had a sack but it's gone now  
Safari diamond, money long now  
Better wake up, smell the coffee  
Black man with a lot of money, got the white man wanna off me  
You was my mans but you lost me  
Poppin' xans, I'm exhausted  
Cookie smellin' like a mosh pit  
Pop a perk, kinda nauseous  
50 shit colossus  
Hey, with this money I could stay up and survive  
We go live, smoke this dope and ride  
We too fly, bad bitches in the archive  
Oh so high, money make me so high

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I'm havin' blue cheese  
And I'ma get it by any means  
Flexing on niggas like Hercules  
Fucking on bitches with double D's  
I met the plug, got 100 keys  
Give me that block and I gotta seize  
These niggas sick homie wanna get rid of me  
I'm at the top and they under me  
I hit the lot and don't ask for the tag  
Racks in my pockets, they lookin' like kneepads  
Flexin' my all white with Benjamin Franklin  
Put the work steady blue cheese in the bag  
My life I'm livin' it fast  
One thing I cannot do is go out sad  
They know me but don't know my past  
And if you know me you know I'm about my cash  
The Nawfside, call it Baghdad, make a nigga 40 yard dash  
The Nawfside, where the bags at, I was breakin' my wrist in the glass (whipp  
in' it!)

Smoking on Barry Bonds in the Hurricane, spinning work like I'm Taz  
Migos and Chainz in the city, go to your girl Had to bring out that bag

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When you wake up in the morning  
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Boy, my uncle 12 shawty  
I had to take my uncle to school this morning shawty  
And he got suspended  
'Cause he smelled like weed when he got there