

Fork

2 Chainz

I had a dream that rap wouldn't work
Woke up on the block, had to hit it with the fork
Skrrr, skrrr, skrrr, skrrr, skrrr: hit it with the fork
Skrrr, skrrr, skrrr, skrrr, skrrr: hit it with the fork
Rap don't work, records ain't bein' sold
So much money on me, it won't even fold
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I got Medusa on my sneakers
My dick up like "nice to meet ya"
100K for a feature, hundred K's at my leisure
Then we aim at your people
I be higher than a eagle
When I'm sipping on that codeine
Free my nigga Sigel
Ridin' on a jet, headin' to that Costa
Soon as I land I be in that Testarossa
If I die tonight, you gon' see some flicks in Ghosta
I'm the man in my city, same thing in South Dakota
And I'm running up that check, show you how I do it
I drink red bitches, I don't drink Red Bulls
Man they tried to give me wings, but I already had some
I'm all that and then some, my trap house is my income

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I'm ballin' like Mr. Clean
I gotta keep my kitchen clean
God bless me like I'm finna sneeze
Got to weigh me on a triple beam
D-boy in parenthesis
All gold in my Mr. T's
2 Chainz, two pinky rings
My trigger finger's like a lemon squeeze (Baow!)
Climax! Make your main ho my side-chick
I'm so high, your whore get hijacked
And my vision is Pyrex
I do it big like a 5X
Killed they ass with the [iPad/eyepatch?]
I got bad bitches on my side
I done fucked around and got sidetracked
My first night, I spent five stacks
Next night I forgot to count
I'm so hot; who gon' put the fire out?
I'm the fireman, I put fire out

Got a pole in my basement
Tipped your girl like Malaya now
Ridin' on these motherfucka's until they blow my tires out

My wrist deserve a shout-out, I'm like "What up, wrist?"
My stove deserve a shout-out, I'm like "What up, stove?"
All this jewelry on then I'm out cold
So much money on me, it won't even fold!

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