

Bankrupt

Ab-Soul

When the chips are down, the funds are low
And nobody's around to pull you out of this hole
Can you hold your own?
If you ain't got a dollar to your name can you maintain?
Can you hold you own when the going gets tough?
The tough get going

Starving artist, rib-cage showing
Give me the loot or give a semi to shoot
Then after, pass the Absolut
I'm trying to hit a lick, probably knock out your tooth
I'm fully equipped with a Finna get a nigga for every cent if that makes sense
Uh, head shot, you're dead Ock
If feds knock alibi I was on block
You niggas ain't ready for me to get in the mischief
Grimmy with it I hope the motherfucking disk skip
What?! You niggas think you better than me?
Cause you got more cheddar than me? Huh?
You ain't a spitter cause you got a lot of followers on twitter
My body of work would probably embody your Godzilla
I ain't a jerk, I'm an asshole
An I don't wanna hear you rap unless your cash flowing

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Shit, and I'm a mad muthafucka with a loaded clip
Do the math muthafucka!
That's 15 bullets in a nine and one in the chamber, hit you right between the eyes
And even if you live you can't defy the odds
Catch you while you're checking your safe, SUPRISE!
Oh, you thought I was playing with you?
Your man look sleepy so he gon be laying with you
I should've told you muthafuckas straight from the start
Got the flame, if I aim it'll burn you to ashes
Got the blunt rolled all I need is a spark
And watch the paramedic roll up with elastic
Stretcher carry your ass they'll bury you fast
You venereal and a dick head, how bout that?
Blowing more O's than a Cherrio cereal bag
Serial killa for the skrilla; maniac
And like when the camera take a picture I'm finna snap
Your fucking head off your neck then reattach it back
Brainacs get they mind blown
Can't have a migrane when your mind gone

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Down to my last and my ship is sinking fast
I ain't looking for the sympathy, I'm looking for the cash
I ain't looking for my enemy but if he in the way I put the pistol in his mouth
Let him get a taste
Fore you eat say grace, you know I'm coming with the blammer
Not to shoot, just to use it to beat you like a case
What's the root of all evil? A baker said the cake
Gardner said the green, you know what I mean?
I'm sick of digging in my pocket for nickels and dimes
Somethings got to change or I'm resorting to crime
P95 in my palm.45 in my waist
You got a diamond? Run it or nobody's safe
Bill Gates is rich and Ab-Soul is poor
I'll rob his old ass from his head to toe
And as a matter of fact I'm finna blow a bank up
Mindstate of a nigga that went bankrupt!