

(I am your)
Inspirator, money motivator
The starter to your ignition, the engine and generator
Ho ass haters never got no place, they fall short
They don't wanna listen to me and the robbery part (I am your)
I'm concrete from ma head to ma fuckin feet
One of the solidest niggas that ever gon wanna meet (ugh)
Pick your pace up, pick your drug of choices
I can't explain how I feelin now, I keep hearin voices (I am your)
Affiliationg to the real nigga, dese boys dance into ma neighbourhood
Making my descent on the flight, I'm your night light
When it come to hood shit I'm your insight
(look)
(I am your)
Star in the 4th quarter, back boy slapper with a bad bitch winning (winning)
I'm you club investor line with a blow, quit playing shorty holla at a nigga
though
(I am Your)

National d-boy, solo representer
Hustle all summer, and grind all winter (2x)
Never been a quitter, money motivator, real gouda getter
Hustle all summer, and grind all winter (2x)

My money is jumbo, your money is frodo
Hoes go below the belt, that's what I call a low blow
What else, Matter a fact I got hoes like a bell (like a bell?)
Cause I got stroke like Phelps, plus I smoke like Phelps (what else)
Smokin on some cheetah wid a bad senorita, body like guida but her face is w
ay prettier
Hoes can't see her, even in their peripheral (I am your)
Yeah a guy on a steel wheel, tail on the star craft, foes on d back door
Double shot a yag land off, she's not a lambo coupe, 3 for the energizer (I
am your)
To the death I die wit this, real nigga from the grid, over sucker shit
Always in the fuckin mix, fixture in the hollar games, thick wit a harder ch
ain
(I am Your)

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Soundtrack to your life, man outta mice
Where a 20 year old key for starts, not a price
Where niggas dyin wit dice in the fields smoke pipes
The dirty, the musty, beany wearing types, yea (I am your)
Play where d girls walk, powered by d slay talk, mirrored like a mohawk
Flashy, push like a bullet trade
I'm a wrecker boy, man 5 wit d best trade
The pitter patter and chitter chatter don't matter
When d clapper get to closin, d clatter dem got to scatter
I used to call an tell em rippers it's a rap
Now come slippers, slide in
No strings attached, d niggas ESPN, never in d game (I am your)
They jus pokin

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