

Boss moves man, Chess moves man
Uh huh!
We out here getting paper, we trying to have our money
Pot, pills, heroin, cocaine
Speed, crack, crystal, the fast lane
Trains, boats, beaches and airplanes
What we sell? We sell everything.
I'm just as hard headed as I want to be
Me and my entourage, my faculty
Crazy like the glue, promethazine and Mountain Dew
Sometimes I act my age, sometimes the size of my shoe
Right now I'm hella paid, but I used to be broke like you
Bankroll overweight from selling weight, wait?
Did you say bankroll overweight from pushing weight?
Did I? Ignorant ass slap when I skate, slide by
Made a whole lotta money from pushing cake, dead right
I'm a whole 'nother gr'animal from those
Grew up with hella hoes in my clothes, your clothes?
Dig in those dirty clothes to come out clean, know what I mean?
So I hopped in the yola game and bought a beemer, a triple-beamer?
Didn't have no income, but this is the outcome
Real life, not a sitcom
Hustlers up, busters down
Partner this the re-up, not the runaround

Gorilla in it, killing it
Making my presence felt
Beating they fucking ass, without the fucking belt
Panini a motherfucker, toast him like a patty melt
In an old school duster, and I'm doing it by myself
I got a proposition legal, not like the others
Lets put out bread together and build like the toll brothers
The banks denying modifications, foreclosures
Short sales, lets turn our money over
Invest in a couple of condos, real estate, elevate
A couple of years from now you gonna be thanking me, lets celebrate
Used to mean mug but now I smile
Everyday is a balladay
Turning heads just like a owl
Direct TV in my Escalade

I still got the keys so I'm driving it
If y'all keep buying it, I'mma keep supplying it
Deliver, distribute and whipping and selling these microphone candy bars
Nigga did you just say whipping and selling these microphone candy bars?
Yee I did
I got three phones, that's why I don't ever answer the phone
I got three guns, a black one, grey one and a chrome
Three homes, that's prolly why I'm never home
Three lungs, like Michael Phelps smoke the bong
There's three sides to every story: mines yours and the truth
Niggas lose their lives every day over a booch
Niggas get popped with nines and AKs and caught loose
Trying to get their ham and green eggs like Dr. Seuss
Bitch!