Stop Bullshitt'n

Damn hear it baby, rep it Can't fold, yeah uh-huh yeah Yeah ok, what a nigga would say If you ain't feeling this, you ain't touching it right

Speed coat one week, next week chinchillas Speed boat one day, next day three wheeler A nigga don't play, and I'm all about my pay Until I get it that way, I'ma be a gorilla I put pistols in niggaz pillows, and change they mind Make niggaz feel it for real, when they playing with mine Ain't no sense in playing around, nothing ass niggaz Weighing you down, check em off nigga stay on your grind Ask God for signs, and follow the guidelines Sometime, you gotta set your pride on the sidelines Strapped in the field, one shot one kill One drop one live, say something gotta give Lot of niggaz be hating, but don't know what it is Keep your eyes on the prize, and a extra pair of ears If a nigga square it off, then you gotta tear him off Crock bull bloodline, I roll like ouijas

Stop bullshitting with life, and pick up the pace Fuck bill money dog, I'm trying to fill up a safe I started from the ground, and I'm coming for my crown Niggaz wanna see me down, give a nigga some space I go hard, round for round niggaz can get it In the yard, pound for pound nigga we hit it Six digits, we spending that at the lot That's what it's all about, paper chasing

Earth wind fire, is what I breathe And receive in my lungs, I'm leaving the world sprung I'm the Young Don, the streets turned me rotten I ain't never had nothing, I surface straight from the bottom You claim you a man, then nigga time to show it If the fam on the line, then nigga I'd die for it Concrete soldier, rocks and gate jumping 28 young, I'm still looking for some'ing It's dirt plus work, when I'm rolling lonely The 4-5 cocked, and my son is hungry I stand up and slice the turkey, on Thanksgiving I'm a entertainer, I show out for a living In the booth with the truth, I be constant spitting Ain't no lying to myself, I know when I'm bullshitting Miss me, cause I'll smash on a hater Out the do' on a go, I'm running after my paper

Stop bullshitting with life, and pick up the pace Fuck bill money dog, I'm trying to fill up a safe I started from the ground, and I'm coming for my crown Niggaz wanna see me down, give a nigga some space I go hard, round for round niggaz can get it In the yard, pound for pound nigga we hit it Six digits, we spending that at the lot That's what it's all about, paper chasing

Lil' Keke

It's either get money, or be broke with no hope Strung out on dope, with no way to cope See us black folks, are so materialistic Looking good but broke, with no way to fix it Let's be realistic, and look at statistics Without no do', we can't make no business See I wanna be the richest, cause I came from nothing I'm a greedy motherfucker, you could say I'm a glutting Fuck bill money, I'm trying to get real money Real money, that major deal money That house, on a hill money Put some food in my son's tummy, cause that's all that he wants from me And what he want, he sho' gon get Cause my daddy didn't give me shit, shit Life's a bitch, and then you're gone So while you here get your hustle on, get your hustle on

Stop bullshitting with life, and pick up the pace Fuck bill money dog, I'm trying to fill up a safe I started from the ground, and I'm coming for my crown Niggaz wanna see me down, give a nigga some space I go hard, round for round niggaz can get it In the yard, pound for pound nigga we hit it Six digits, we spending that at the lot That's what it's all about, paper chasing