

We got it, mhm, we got it, mhm, we got it
Kells, yeah

I know you motherfucker better have the cash for us
Rack it up, cause I know you the one I see the mask and gloves
Put the green in the middle like you packing a blunt
And get it in a brown bag like you packing a lunch
Kilo, with the repo, make the streets talk,
Making every kid in the game, when I had a cheefo
Black hico, go cinco, for amigos,
I said get a motherfucking dep, warrup

Black flag, with 3 letters that I'd die for
And 3 more for the rivals, rip,
Animals to get a bye bye, whole 6 feet deep with the fossils
Now I ain't never kill another but I'll be
But if it comes down to this shit I gotta eat
And they say scared money don't make no money
And it's true, what the fuck you think it's gonn be, lay down
Mami should have never doubt, daddy should have took the liquor
Off the fucking couch, maybe then I wouldn't be in the position
Staying up assume the position, while I'm searching for a fucki
ng answer

Where that?

They told me that the black stay in the last place where I will
be looking

So you better quit the rap race and tell you the rap pays
I beg ... hold on

These faggots eating, while my people starve
Well I'm tired of hustling, think it's time to rob
Same old shit, we ain't getting paid
Well I'm in this industry, like fuck em, what we say?

Don't make this 40 go blow, go blow
Put that money in my pocket, right now, right now
Fuck em all, y'all foul, y'all foul,
Make these pussy motherfuckers lay it down, lay it down, ah
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