From stuffing money in sock drawers To riding on G4's Meetings with millionaires You tell me who sing more Nigga realer than me, you still in that meths hole Your feet touching these streets The fuck is you stressed for? You niggas glittering bitches I got the chemist in the kitchen Putting coke in position You niggas snitches out here We make them swim with the fishes We using bitches as bait, I know them strippers addicting Me and my niggas we link, Back to blowing that stink We move the shit by the pound Who gives a fuck what you think No, I mean, that green, come with everything in between My jeans, keep a knot in my glock got 16 I ruin dreams if a nigga tryina front I pinky promise it to you that this ain't what you want I bring it a nigga simple and plane If it ain't about the money, then it ain't about me, hey I'm rolling the dice, vegas getting rich Young nigga 16 on the fucking strip Sinners run the streets, holding guns every day The hood never forgive, everything is for take We living life like a dream, this ain't a fantasy nigga

This shit reality We fuck bitches like dainty, nigga I spit it slow, I hope you understanding me nigga If we don't kick it that mean We ain't a family nigga I keep it one hund', you only keep it 60 my nigga That's why I never fuck with you, I stay bizy my nigga And I be moving, like I brought another crib Matter fact I did, just go buy another crib Holler at me I'm real to the core, my g If it ain't about the bread then don't call my g Any bitch I fuck with, they love to spoil my G Cause anything they ever wanted, it just cost my g's My q, who hold it down like me? Still rep the roc, those my g's You can't do it like I do it, just admit it And the day you give it up to a nigga That's when I finish you

I'm rolling the dice, 4, 5, 6
Young nigga in the bricks, tryina get rich
Sinners run the streets, holding guns every day
The hood never forgive, everything is for take.