

What
Yea
Yo, flaws and fallacies of life
Material items and shit
Beware motherfuckers
Word up, don't let it getcha, you know?
This shit ain't nothing
One time, check him out
Yo, you live the life of a hustle
Not sympathetic to a user
Making cats fast taking trips to Bermuda
Elegant women, all lovely and feminine
Houses with arces, and big pools for swimming in
Big transactions, swiping all the action
Driving a Benz and Lex, you be like maxing
Jewels be on truck shit
Rims with fat clusters
Diamonds on your teeth, shining shimmers and lusterous
And God's hanging sideways, holding your head high
Cruising through a block, so you past a dreads
Now the dreads are looking hard at your face Mr. Fly Guy
Unaware tonight their gonna do a fucking drive by
Go home watch a sci-fi flick, with a chick, till
10pm, now it's time for you to dip
Go round up a few men hold a classified
Info inside, hand picked these nigga's you confided in the shippment
To pick up quick, click off Clyde's
Seven numbers for you if their gonna demise
A scheme of betrayal
Guess in your valley you was higher then self
Work, short from another fly guy
By george i think he's got it
Chicks gooms and lump sums
Trickering 5-0 wild to be like dumb dums
One of the few never having a heart
Issue was smart some ass with it
Came to cash don't give a shit
Attitude more money, and more money
Dog days bright, and more sunny
4 in the morning drinking Seneca apple juice in the rent a car
Neighborhood star, got riddled and scarred
A lose cannon or cannons
Over famish foe, became shadow or did death and did (damage)
Now I knew this kid true to life
Word life, he preached righteousness and shit
And turned to be a "Hypocrite"