

## Cross-Trainers

Pac Div

I got my cross-trainers on, motherfucker, I run shit  
All I do is rap, make dough for the dumb shit  
The return of that 808 trunk hit  
Cash in my palm, I'mma pass the baton, GO!  
Cross trainers on my motherfuckin' feet (go! )  
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Cash in my palm, I'mma pass the baton

You be on that fuck shit, I'm tryin' to make bucks quick  
Don't talk to me if money ain't the subject  
932s laced up, we about to run shit  
Mibbs right beside me, BeYoung got the blunt lit  
Shawn on the cut, Swiff D on the drum kits  
Standin' on your table with a bottle and a drunk bitch  
Fallin' all over spillin' drinks, tryin' to tongue kiss  
Money over hoes, so you know I ain't the one, Miss  
Take her home, make her moan, and when I get done: (Switch! )  
Pass her off like a basketball  
Stay with dimes, I'm like Nash to y'all  
My living room look like a casting call  
Don't be bringing hoes where (?) are  
A sweet talkin' nigga, ask your mom  
My nigga, that's your squad?  
We treat line-ups like that's LeBron  
Push backwards like the bush whackers  
We ain't just kush rappers - we max it out like FootAction

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Nigga hand over fist, bring some cash in this bitch  
Y'all niggas picture near puttin' swag in your spliffs  
My niggas cop the 7 just to laugh at the 6  
Like "nigga, do you know how much ass I'mma get?"  
Wrote a plan out, let's dip, we can market and sing  
Put that cash in a stash, save that part for the rent  
Only way niggas swingin' is to target the fence  
That's why everything we're singing hit the target like Prince, man  
I'm talkin' vanity and "Can it be?"'s  
Stickin' to the strategy, how simple can it be?  
Niggas comin' home we gon' put them on the salary  
Niggas think they cold 'til we push our shit to Calgary

Yea, you're who-blah and your shoe rot  
You're too shy to be Rah Rah, your due ska  
You're new job from Calgary to the new spot  
Threw that 2pac on, but couldn't ride like we used 'ta  
Used up, you're new guy's shoe size  
Drew ties, never move pies move lines  
She do lines why we shoot rhymes, shoo fly

Don't bother the father, just let me do mine

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It's notorious, peep it  
Y'all niggas is Victoria's Secret  
Soft as Mom's lingerie  
It's a man's world boy, put the pom-poms away  
It's only right we got our palms on LA  
Cause if Pac was alive, you'd get bombed on today  
Bombs bombs away, like 'Bron 'Bron and Wade  
We been had next, now it's our time to play, nigga

Your false prophets will never jump in my pockets  
Your poppin' your gums and I'm poppin' your optics  
Optimus Prime when I'm done  
And the topic of music is me  
And the logic is usually  
You should stop in and grab a degree  
In the science of how to emcee  
And I'm watchin' the critic critique  
When I'm climbing the valleys and peaks  
And aligning myself  
While I'm riding O'Ryan's belt  
In the street and defiling this beat  
As a dead bitch that lay at my feet  
This is King shit...

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