

# Sneakerboxes

Pac Div

Phone Number, email, all your information  
Jacks conversation just to get the confirmation  
Take her to the crib,  
Lay her down like a pateint  
Beat it up and send it back to you  
Big mibbs I'm the hot, hot fello  
Top gun bomberin and a 5 clock shadow  
Baby hop on, I'ma be your saddle  
Car got bumbed take a ride on a camel  
Sneaker boxes, filled up in my closet  
Never sold dope, but I'm real good with this rhymin (rhymin)  
Got me own label, don't ask me who I'm see with  
I'm independent nigga, ask me who I'm signing?  
It gettin racks out in sunny L.A.  
Flippin racks like my nigga servin yay  
Put it in the pot, stir it up  
Make it shape, bag it up,  
Put it on the streets,  
Nigga lets get paid (eh)

Sneakerboxes filled up to the top  
When notes of just being broke just wasn't an option.  
I get paid, homie I get paid  
Fuck what ya'll talkin bout,  
Fuck is ya'll talkin bout?

Night time the bemmer filled like a spaceship  
First thing your bitch needs is a face lift  
Homie copped him a triple beam watching weightlift  
Might have cost him a couple beans  
But it's caselift

5 in the morning off the yack  
That's how playas move  
By the time I'm dusting off my drink  
I can make the news  
Corny niggas out here in the way  
Man I aint enthuised  
Thirsty for the shine, got me trying  
I told you to the game I'm glued  
I'm posted with my tenfoe  
That choke up in your chest  
No you aint smokin on pretendo  
Bump in Div though  
We bout the glory  
Sneaker minds are salvatory  
Fresh before the rap shit  
Don't you dare go get no stylist for me

Now look,  
Me I'm probably in the woods  
Stuck in a boot, now lemme out  
Name a nigger like me  
Whoopiin hoes with the semi out  
These niggas take the panty route  
Broke, I can't affiliate,  
You broke you try go main stream

I'm lil Wayne, a milli  
My step right, my wrist froze  
Hit your bitch like ten-four  
Compendre? I'm like sensei  
With my eyes low and my tint shades  
Word around she been gay, she icey I  
She Kim Kar, can't wait for those, she Kim Kar  
Get it? watch me bowl gaurd  
I'm swim through it, tear oh  
Go deep on a bitch in my ten toes  
Got 12 bars and 1002s on me  
That's a dope flow  
I tell her owe me, that's don't trick though  
Before I knock it down, it's simple  
She go extra low, (no limbo)  
That bimbo start sneaky freaky in my limo (no doubt)  
No words either, that flow old, that hoe old  
You fuckin right, I get so cold  
I take this gold and his lil dough, no mercy  
They notice, I'm in the ghini with you lotus  
And she on it, straight up  
I took your miss and I got paid homie.