

Champagne For The Pain

Red Café

Champagne for the pain
I be blowing all this money
Tell them niggas "keep the change"
I got girls doing girls
I'm a real motherfucker
Real niggas run the world
Everybody's fucking tonight
I got girls doing girls
I'm a real motherfucker
Real niggas run the world

Dear god
I'm a baller
Fuck a pretty girl
I don't call her
Smoking good living motherfucking great
Me, my work raw and my liquor no chase bitch
Straight up, straight up
Look, I just got my weight up
So when I tell her bust it for me
She don't tell me 'wait up'
We smoking exotic
We stacking this profit
We running the streets
Getting paper be the topic
Just a hood nigga
But they judging me
Hating on me
But the real niggas fuck with me
My lady said she don't want no money just time
Bullshit, my lawyer show me money buy time
I been on the grind
Paper flipping acrobatical
Fuck with Bad Boy make sense; mathematical
Hold up, I just seen a dealer in the mirror
Shawty, pull your titties out for a 'bout it ass nigga

I say now real niggas run the world
Real hustlers run the girl
She rocking tequila all night
'Til I'm fucking her
Swerve up out the lot
Boy they screaming
'It's the fucking world'
Walked out with them bricks
Damn right, know we like to curl
Short days, long nights
Pull my baby long pipe
I be in the Coups so much
You swear them photos on strike
Make them play 'stay the night'
You can call it slumber party
We'll be over any day
Every night I'mma party
Playing that I work so hard
I almost died swear to god
These niggas hood pass checking out

Yeah I swear they frauds
Pull up in that mercy
Have mercy on these bitches
Keep the bottled water
For these thirsty ass bitches
All bullshit aside, I used to hustle on the corner
4 milli for the penthouse
And guess who is the owner
These hating ass niggas stay talking about nothing
I ain't for the pain of night
Everybody fucking