Champagne For The Pain

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

Red Café

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