

This music Book gives you a little sample of my work. Some old and some new. I am looking to sell music. Tell me what you want and I'll write about it. Please contact me at the address below if you wish. most of the music is rap and all my work. I write books too.

Thank you for reading this! you are now a fan.

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(Chorus)

Big Guns

I Got... big guns... real big guns... nigger... Big shit... Pistol wit a grip
Guns... Black ones... chrome ones... big guns... all you gotta do is pick one...
just one...

Trip Pound... chrome wit a snub on it... dudes chest... got found wit a slug
on it... no neck is attached... if it was on it... ma guns... sound like
thunder... spit rounds... hot like summer... Better... duck down... if you want
no beef... desert E's in ma palms don't want no peace... I be squeezin
at you chumps... wit da pump in wa streets... I... keep clips... ready on deck...
wit... 50 rounds... gotta make em stretch... I... catch wreck... don't it wit da
best... but... most niggas wanna act like 'CONAN... Tryna be Hero like he fear
no man... when he get hit... he let da cops hear a slow jam... slow jam...

(Chorus 2x)

- Verse Two -

Chop chop... you know what it is... dat... A.K. hit em in his ribs... just one
shot... separated his... waist down... so much flesh out... paramedics might get a
little stressed out... tryna figure out how his body got stretched out... guns
bust... now it aint safe... got... feds out... tryna get a case... when trunk pop...
imma need a little space... dat... m-16... spray like mac... I... keep steel... gotta
be stainless... big holes... ya head where da brain is... so much blood drippen
out where his chain is... chain is... (Chorus 2x)

- Verse Three -

Dont run... you aint gotta hide... yall... bitch niggas... never wanna ride...
I... squeeze clips... everybody die... so... best bet... kill me first... put a
bullet in ma brain... or you will get marked... Better get rid of me...
or it will get worse... man... body count... so damn high... let a clip
keep spittin... till its so damn dry... But... hot shells make a snowman
fry... I... aim high... rotten but heads hot... ma guns go... Bam Bam
Bedrock... Chorus 2x

"Burn"

I am saten/ but only when I pick up da pen/ I eat rappers
till ma body get da hick-ups again/ just put da money in na
bag/ its a stick-up again/ see Imma vet/ so I gotta do what
Veterans do/ ma bars carry side effects/ like ya medicine do/ it
aint a mystery/ its just that im better than you/ see I aint
really do da rap thing/ battlen cats/ but when I do/ you can watch
how da battle callase/ But you can never, ever, ever, catch me
Battlen Rats/ I just pull out da pistol/ put a slug in his ear
he should've listewed/ when the streets put a bug in his ear/ I
like money/ but I aint wit da flashen shit/ soon as I grip on
the mic/ I be trashen shit/ soon as I spit/ niggas think I be
stashin hits/ you earn stripes in na streets/ I earned respect/ I
get money/ while you broke niggas, burn connects/ Im on fire/
so bring whoevers turn is next/ see imma legend/ Because I just
made me one/ you feel tha heat/ like da sky just gave me sun/ you
know I gotta thank God/ cause he gave me tongue/ so I can bless
real niggas/ wit a bar collection/ keep ma head held high/ at da stars
connecten/ But da nurse said I give niggas bar infections/ broke
niggas/ cant even get a car inspection/ cause I took all ya money/
wit a few punches/ I was hungry/ and ma stomach said its near
lunch time/ you'll never see me fold/ when it get crunch time/ I can
rip out ma tongue/ and let you fight da dutch/ ma metaphors keep
swingin/ till you bite da dust/ I am a real nigger/ I aint gotta pipe
ta bust/ I like pressure/ it strenghtens up a few brain cells/ keep
a knife in ma hand/ even when I change cells/ keep a snub in ma
hand/ and I do aim well/ when im done/ I might put you under
ma wing/ Because a judge/ might wanna put me under da big/ I
cause more heat strokes/ than a summer can bring/ an I aint like
50 cent/ But this is a massacre/ an if I keep on spitten/ it'll
be a dissaster.

Long way

I came a long way / a long way in the streets / came a long way / respected in the streets / came a long way / was raised up like a beast / came a long way / I keep a burner in ma reach.

See I was raised up / its like I made myself / I never had a old head / cause I raised myself / So when a war pops off / I can save myself / Dont gotta worry bout a snake / tryna turn his back / I'm dedicated to da streets / aint no turnen back / I put a roaster in a beak / till its turnen crack / look at da watch / how it glow / the frames amazen / go rocks on ma neck / the chain is glazen / put a slug in ya head / till ya brain is waven / But da feds cant catch me / I roam alone / they know I get alot of cheese / Provalone / you know its me droppen keys / when it snows in Rome / when I move on you niggas / I'm so strategic / call ma coupe Remy mal its so conceited / I am sitten real nice / now go Repeated (chorus 2x5)

"Verse Two"

I came a long way / on point just like a arrow / an im gone spray / 3 clips shoot out da barrel / look da wrong way / slugs fly just like a sparrow / If you want beef / imma be da one you can get it from / but you better bring 10 niggas wit a big gun / m-16 / in ma hand wit a big drum / If you aint a killer / dont be acten like you is one / cause imma keep clappen / even if I see ya kids come / money on ma mind / even when im havin nightmares / I know ya niggas hate me / But da pinky ring / Ice cares / I am like a ape / in the jungle / imma fight bears / I am not afraid of a grizzly or a goon / I be bussen like a couple getten busy in a room / till ya chest on ya necks / looken pretty in marroon / I never back down / Even if it looks like a lost / imma factor / I ont just look like a boss (chorus 2x5)

I'mma make ma knife bleed, blood on na blade. catch a niggga
while his slipping. Put a thug in his grave. I'll murder anybody
when they crack ma door, an let his blood ooze out. ~~Take~~ it splash
the floor. (Chorus 2xs)

"verse one"

I got ma knife out, chrome blade. Riot starts, I got it sharp, like da
teeth on a Tiger shark. I'll stab ya brains out, cause I gotta lions heart.
Come in ma cell, imma stab ya chest real hard, hit da frack, rain you
out, even if its still yard, if da cops come, imma let da blade kill
sarge, open flesh, till ya white meats peeken out, I wont stop, till ya guts
start leaken out, for 10 years, be da one niggas speak, about, I lang niggas
when its beef, hit his sworn face, I'm Phyco, wit a Big knife. Norman
Bates, I make ya blood gush out, till ya womb is patched up, im
gangsta, you better tell ya goons ta strap up, you better have a couple
extra goons for back up, cause I aint playen games wit you pussy
cats, I make ma knife bleed, till you gotta mushy back. Chorus 2xs

"verse Two"

I never go ta war till ma Amos right, but right now all I got is
a rambo knife, keepen a Banger, aint nutten but a jail reaction, cut his
jugular, an make em do a cell extraction, carve ma name in ya chest,
leave you scarred for life, I feed ma blade flesh, I aint tryna starve
ma knife, don't give a fuck about a case, or a guard wit stripes,
Come at me sideways, I'mma make you drip like a slow leak, say you
gotta stab game, not until you show me, wounds gotta open up wide, till
it show meats, fucken wit a niggga like me its a tragic, you wanna poke
ya chest out, niggga imma stab it, cause airen niggas out, on the block
is a habbit. Chorus 2xs

I know you niggas mad they gave a criminal stainless, I slice open
ribs, cause physical anguish, take ya heart, so ya show no physical
language, All I need is a blade, I can make a handle, hard wax,
like da same way you make a candle, blackout, let cho blood candy
paint ya sandals, I'll rock me a lament, put em right wit da devil, I'll
pick gre em holes, but im nice wit da metal, on the battlefield I
move out, fight like a rebel, knife gripped, but da blade stay facen
down, so I can stab viciously, when I chase em down, I like blood
so much, I can taste it now Chorus 2xs

Real Soldier

Imma soldier, soldier, ready for war, I keep it loaded, loaded, ready for war, they wanna know if ma soldier, is ready for war, I got da chopper in ma hand, and im ready for war.
Imma soldier, soldier, ready for war, I keep it loaded, loaded, ready for war, they wanna know if ma soldier, is ready for war, I got da finger on the trigger, and im ready for war. (chorus 2x5)

"verse one"

I am a soldier, I aint tryna get no ranks, ya want war, all I gotta do is get those tanks, ma whole teams on deck, I supply em choppers, m-16 sprays, flyen by in copters, if a soldier get hit, never mind a doctor, put em up on our shoulders, away like soldiers, da battlefield is hot, but our hearts is colder, we camouflaged out, when the dark is over, we creep through da jungle, where da lions fight, a few grenades, but we blow em up w/ dynamite, I'm wit ma soldier, soldier, stick a hunted knife in em, kill or be killed, better make a right decision, rather kill or take ma chances, doen like in side a prison, wit ma soldier, everybody must be trusted, keep ya mouth shut tight, if a troop is busted, if you talk, all you say, is I aint nutten ta fuck wit. (chorus)

"verse Two"

I got ma 40 cali, gripped tight, ready for action, I aint worried bout a soldier, wheres ya captain, when I move, I aint worried bout a danger zone, we put a bullet in his brain, if a stranger roams, and imma draw first blood, like "rambo" did, we strategize every move, wit our ammo hide, but when them slugs penetrate, ya see da blood is leaken, playen chess wit da enemy, in mud we creep, when them bodies start droppen, soldiers turn an fight, whoever lives be da next up, earren stripes, its goen down, so we aint too concerned wit lifes, look in ma eyes, they show ya I aint got no fear, an if you aint a fuckin soldier, I aint got no tears (chorus)

"verse three"

Soldier, soldier, hit em wit da racket, soldier, soldier, put em in a casket. If you aint tryna die, better run for ya life, if ma clips on E, imma run for ma knife, if you act like a bitch, when I guess you got a puss, slugs penetrate his head, an leave his brain looken mushy, when I aim, best believe imma hit ma target, chop em up till his stomach, an his hips departed. (chorus)

I gotta cold heart, they call me wreckless. Hollow tips hit the neck,
 rearrange ya neckless, slugs penetrate flesh, till ya frame is chestless.
 in the streets, everybody know I deal wit apes, ma A.K. is 47. But
 its still in shape, I'm given head shots, till ya cant fill ya face.
 They say im so trigger happy, ya can call me spice one, af a nigga
 see da shot, i got sawed he might run, im camouflaged out, dressed
 up like white nuns, I talk real fly, and can back it up, I leave
 ya body, so da paramedics wrap it up, see imma warrior, nigga
 I aint acten tough, but you a bitch nigga, want ya be a
 man an fight, cause imma catch me a wheel, like vanna white,
 you niggas killen men, aint nuthen but a fantasy man, I keep
 2 on ma hip, like samidy sam, you niggas cake mix, better
 yet, candy yams, you bring beef chump, imma turn ma burners on,
 an make it hot, like da house got da furnace on, just let it
 burn through ya flesh, like a perm is on, see imma killer, but
 I only wanna murder you lames, you niggas germs, an I wish
 I never heard of you lames, I send slugs up top, to disturb
 ya brain, I aim high when I squeeze, lead fly through da
 breezes in ya skull from the back, through ya eye, whos it
 leaver, blood drippen so much, let it dry in the streets, imma
 warrior, and imma fucken die in the streets, imma gangsta,
 4 50 cals on ma hip, who you know walk around, wit 4 50s
 on a strip.

I know I cant rap, but im still gone spit, an ma bars so cold, got ma tongue so stiff, so cold, that it feels like ma jugs so Brisk, Imma weak ass nigger, when ma hand touch a mic, like a friend in the streets, when his hands touch a pipe, Imma bitch nigger, I ont never stand up an fight, when Gorillas come around, all I do is start runnin, till ma body start shakin, and ma heart start gunnin, I aint tryna go to war, till ma team start comin, all I hang wit is cats, an we all go meow, if ya catch me in a trap, all I do is go meow, I aint nutten but a pussy cat, just like meow, when them guns start pappin, I aint tryna get shot, metaphores so warm, but im tryne get em hot, still seachen for a punchline, tryna get Profs, no Ice on ma neck, cause ma chains so fake, wrist watch on ma wrist, looken strange, no faces, I am trash cause da flows, at da same slow fast, I aint tryna start beef, I know imma lose, cause I aint tryna have ma body, even show on the news, I'm just a chump ass lame, I was raised like a nut, an ma pops should be mad, that he waisted a nut, I smoke dirt weed an crack, when it's laced in a dutch, But for real imma animal, an right about now im starvin, two lions on ma hip, you can call me tarzan, guns carry more venom, then a snake in garden, imma ape in the jungle, wit a silver back, and every slug gotta come, wit a silver hat, Kamato dragons cant stop me, they fear 380, 10 rounds in a clip, but its merely a baby, I might put bananas, up in a chopper, go crazy on ya cats, I might need a doctor, Rip ya **Head** off ya **neck**, an carry it wit me, throw ya body in a den, wit larry an whitney, imma cold blooded killer, a animals instincts, imma still be around, when the animals extinct, you know its goen down, when I beat on ma chest, I got Gorillas rippen out, da meat on your flesh, im next in line as a legend, when Hannibal, died, come in the jungle, I'll show you how the animals ride.

we aint alike.
I know you dont think im just like you, cause ma cloth
aint ripped, or cut like you, and ma guns dont play, wit chumps
like you I put niggas in the back of the trunk like you.

I know you dont believe that we act alike, you fake niggas, make
a nigga lose his appetite, im like a turtle, when its beef I just
snatch an bite. Then you can see how da hot little shells can fly.
an imma watch how ya act, like a snail an hide, op in a shell,
like a bitch where its stale inside, soon as you come back out,
you a slimmy slug should get marked, left dead, in na grimmy
mud, where you can rot, feeden flash ta da tiny bugs, you see me
put in work, so I cant be lyen. Everybody in the jungle, just
cant be lions, when I move, I ont never gotta hype myself up.
I blow out cha brains, when I wipe myself up, if I was like
you I would light myself up. But I am not you, an you aint
men aint never had beef, but you hate men. chorus 2x

ma name dont ring like jiggly bells, but ma name do ring, like da
liberty bell, knock on ya door wit a gift, an deliver these shells, if
it aint beef, then why ya keep biten ma back, its all games, till
I catch a nigga right in a trap, you see da metal, now you
wanna start reciten some crap, his shit is real, I aint playen
in a movie script, an now ya sitten here prayen, to this oozie
clip, I never let a nigga talk, I just usually spit, until hes dead,
wit his body laid up in a casket, I ont walk around pullen out,
just ta flash it, but its niggas like you, who adjust a racket,
just ta let a nigga know, that ya pack a heat, you soft chumps
wont pull out, and clap da heat, so who da fuck is you really,
tryna act a beast, but when ya see da pistol aim, I suggest you
duck it, I done told yall dudes, I aint nutter ta fuck wit.
(chorus)

I can see how you Chumps, is watchen ma watchin.
I suggest that ya eyes, is watchen ma glaucin ma Beauty and
im known for Peppen ma Shots, Hot rounds hit cha flesh, an
make a Big hole, Bout da side of a head, that fit a big
Bowlingot Birds dirt Cheap, I keep a big loader, so ya niggas
wannna put a couple things in ma chest, cause im Iced out,
wit a couple chains on ma neck, in na club every time, I
make it rain, it get wet, tryna stop ma Shine, it'll be a
long night, chrome wheels, like da blade on a real long knife,
Tahoe sittin high, like a fiend on Pipes, but I bet a couple
stacks, that ya niggas hate dat, candy paint so clean, like
a fresh race truck, I took a minute but im up now,
watch me shine, an all you lames step aside now, watch me
grind, I sprinkled fire on ma Bars, ya career is done, so
ex-spect Punchlines, when you hear me come, I make ya number
one rap star, fear ma Tongue, I know ya fear ma gun, I
aim high at cha neck, tryna clear ya lungs, since I was
young, I was tryna get a Bentley coupe, an now I cruise
in a dro, wit a empty roof, im doin very big things, I
can show you proof, look at da big boy Bezel, wit da matchen
Bracelets, maken niggas change styles, like a Jackson face lift,
when I squeeze, niggas just better practice matrix.

Smoke

You Bitch niggas better slow ya Pace. Before da chrome Trey
pound. really slow ya face. an you can see alot of doe. if I
Show ma safe. you know ma flow is ape. I really go bananas.
Chain light up da night. like its glow pajamas. an ma wrist
gotta rose gold Icey watch. I think it might need a little
Bit of Icey Hot. I feels chills from neck. to my nike
socks. ma Bezel carry more rocks. than a mountain do. and
every whip gotta bubble. like a mountain dew. I get bread.
so da feed gotta stop an wonder. but when its beef.
shells sound like im Poppin thunder. I keep beef so I just
went an copped a hammer. so when I fall up. niggas better
hit da deck. cause five Goons carry slugs. it hat'll rip ya neck.
I talk big cause da kid. back it up wit chips. I got Pookie
an his team. wrapped up ma Bricks. I got real big weapons.
wit da Rocket shape. da fiends love how ya boy. Betty
crock a caker. By any means when its war. imma lean ya spine.
spit at cha wig. so da hot lead. clean ya mind. But I suggest
niggas dress. wit da best in clothes. im so rich. cause I flip.
an invest in "O's". da Iced charm make me feel. like da
Eskamos. I feel numb in ma throat. cause ma neck is
froze.

WATSON MASON
I'll put a gash in ya face wit da Ruga man and make
it hard for ya squad, just to move a gram. I switched
da game Techmarinos wit da Ruby band. Bring out da glc
in a rush, if da oozie jam I get down cause I feed
friends proper blow, if its a war, all I do is let da
chopper blow, ma wrist watch give you nothin, but a proper
glow, you know its men, if da rain start turnin snow, ma
hustle game got ma proteges, turnin from we quick flip
an niggas hate, cause they moven slow, I'm in a Champaign
Lamborghini, cruise low, hop out da whip, an its like im in a
fashion show, I'm so hot, everybody think im Stashen Flow,
I Play da streets like I do, so ma stash can grow, ma
money stretch way longer, then a navy ship, I keep clear
Ice cubes, like baby piss, a nice chain on ma wrist, gotta
crazy gliss, ma pinky ring is the size of a babies fist, you
duder mad cause da kid, do spit da hottest, a couple
karrits on ma wrist, an ma whip is polished, if its
beef wit cha boy, you can get demolished, if its
chicks on ya block, then I might blow past, a lot of
niggas say I act, like a psycho path, I spit bars
like im mixed, wit a nitro gas, I gag niggas wit
a barrel, an a Jason mask, I'm not a potato, I'm
only tryna rape ya stash, I call keys for the block,
and I bake em fast.

Still young
you niggas didn't know, but I bet you know now, ma
bars get created, when I mix ma pronouns, I spit like
a chip, dudes wish I slow down, ma coke come in white,
I don't flip wit no brown, a piece on ma barrel, make
it spit wit no sound, ma hand get a print, when I
grip the 4-pound, you chumps actin like I don't squeeze
ma heat, when im a dude, on the block who was ceasen
beef, you lames hate cause da bezel, keep freezin meat,
an if its war, I aint tryna pistol whip ya grillo, I'm
tryna see ya under earth, layen stiff an still, until ya
flesh disappear, like perscription pills, cause I aint feelin
all you niggas, wit constriction skills, you wanna move
through da grass, on restricted fields, a lot of hate
cause im rollin, on terrific wheels, I eat nutritious
meals, an I aint talken bout, a little vedicini an
veal, im talken bout a nice stash, wit nutritious bills,
I move weight, plus im given up delicious deals.

talk to em

F body niggas on ya block. when ma pistol smoke. an still
grind on ya block. wit ma crystal coke. you wanna stunt.
I can show you what a Range is on. Shag rims an ma
seats. Rock luey vutton. a half a mill on ma wrist. an ma
chain is long. I'm like donkey kong. A 60-rita on a chase.
tryna beat da game. I drop rocks on blocks. like it's
sleetin rain. It's like im breathe flames. you know im hot.
like a project stove is runnin. I duck feds. like a project
roach is runnin. I gotta son. so you know I gotta coach
ma youngen. so when he grown he can know how ta coach
his youngen. you niggas talk about a war. so I hope it's
comin. But right now I'mma tax back. smokin somethin. up
in a candy red maybach. Poken somethin. I'm on fire
but da jewels. got ~~me~~ so damn cold. Ice chunks hit da
snow. **Keep a snowman frozed.** I am doin big things.
an im sitten so high. every body compliment. When a
boss blow by. Benjamin franklin gotta boss so fly.
real niggas pay attention. I ont talk no lies. But you
fake ass dudes. gotta get cha mind right. gotta hustle
real hard. nigga get cha grind right.

Feel me

ma Time is here.. I paid a grip for these baby blue diamonds here.. They say da chains so fresh.. everytime im wear.. I'm on point in these streets.. like a flyen speakin so when I move, Every move gotta be ma best.. cause I aint tryna let a hollotip.. see ma chest.. I keep ma birds tucked.. so you can't see ma nest.. I am a legend.. even if its in ma own mindu gotta akon wrist watch.. but this is ma ~~shin~~ dont be plottin on ma bezel.. homie this is ma shine.. I be on ma grindu money on ma mindu and ya can never be men I am one of ma kindu.. I am sittin on top.. it was not a hard climb.. I be pushed heavy weight.. like im tryna incline.. if ya tryna get a duck.. hit me up on line.. I know ya wanna be men.. I feel ya pain.. cause anything I put ma hands on.. will be flames.. I deal wit facts.. I am really bout ta kill the game.. another fact wit da sun.. it can still be rain.. you niggas better pick up speed.. when you feel me gain.. cause if you dont.. your career goals will be changed.. if I squeeze a couple shots.. then it will be pain..

I'm not a Playa.. I just come wit basics.. and im different from a dude.. when he spit some fake shit.. I just wanna take you out.. wine an dine wit light cris.. I like how you smile.. do you mind a light kiss.. I dig you and its hard.. just ta find the right chick.. love is beautiful.. if you let me in ya world.. aint no tellin what I'll do ta you.. ya eyes shape is chinky.. an ya lips looken fruity too.. I never been a dog.. or even act like im scooby doo.. I act like a wiame poon.. you grab Prada clothes.. you can match up wit any shoe.. and how you aint in love yet.. dudes must be crazy boon.. I wanna be ya joy.. sticken to ya like some crazy glue.. we both get a rush.. from the sky when its baby blue.. pay attention when I tell you.. all we got is us.. what evers broke can be fixed.. we aint gotta fuss.. cause I aint tryna see you stroll.. wit a different dude.. so every week im tryna hit you wit a different cube.. so many karrits bugs bunny.. got a attitude.. when we shop.. drop stacks on whatever you want.. go hit da lot.. drop stacks on whatever you want.. you want a man who can open up.. wit honesty.. I be da man you can talk too.. honestly.. when you walk wit men.. baby girl promise me.. you'll never act like you aint.. tryna be ma wifen.. cause we could shine.. even if you couldn't be wit Ice.. I aint a game.. all I wanna do is be ya life...

you got me high on love, a little kiss make me zone, like
im high on drugs, the way you walk in ya heels, got ma
eye on you, soon as ya leave, all I wanna do is spy on
you, I gotta few little things, I wanna try on you, dont
wanna lose what we have, so I might just panic, I'm so confused,
even though you say I'm so romantic, so confused, that I
might start speakin Spanish, I never loved any chick, like
this before, cause I aint never get a rush, like this before,
you give me so many reasons, not to leave this team, if
im asleep, then I hope I never leave this dream, if this
is false, then I might need a breathe machine, we got
a bond, that I never want to fade away, and it should
follow, when ma spirit starts ta fade away, But imma
love you, even if you wanna fade away, am I a lame,
cause when we sex, every stroke I be callin ya name, you
want the pleasure, even if it gotta cause you pain, you
tell me stop, an I do but you say keep goin, I got
emotions in ma body, and they keep on growin, I wanna be
da reason why, you wanna keep on glowin, It's only right
that I treat you, to the finer things, like friendship rings,
dont wanna have a verbal fight, over minor things, If somethings
wrong let me know, so I can make it right, I never ever
had a problem, tryna take advice.

I'm so in love wit da Stainless Steel.. an it's
ashame when I spit.. how ya brain a spill.. an it's
ashame how ya mom.. an ya Pops a feel.. if you
aint tryna take a nap.. you better rock a shield..
cause if you dont.. you might need a whole cotton
field.. for extra tissue.. or you can ride out wit satin..
So ya Bones a miss you.. an if ya still is a virgin..
then a jin will kiss you.. I really dont need a Body..
but I can dismiss you.. and leave ya right where ya
at.. like a chick just dissed you.. yeah im crazy.. I
put cha face in the oven.. wit a touch of gravy.. I
got machines in ma crib.. that'll crush da navy.. and
when its war.. imma chop of an flush ya baby.. if
imma sinner let me ride.. cause a dutch can save me..
you think its magic when it sparks.. like Tracy mcgrady..
Its all lead.. aint no use tryna find ya squad.. they
all dead.. cause I cooked every one.. wit fire like raw
eggs.. you can catch em comin out da graves.. like on
thriller.. Imma Beast an I hang.. wit nothin but all
killers..

Benjamin Franklin + just gotta thank Him.. Broke
Niggas hate Ben only cause they aint him.. I be on some
grown shit.. happen out ma own whip.. everything is paid for.. its
only right I own it..

I just got da coupe Black.. cruise wit da roof back.. searchin
for a model.. cause im really tryna scoop dat.. an she can be
a hood chick.. cookie on some hood shit.. chrome wheels.. chrome
grill.. Baby I am hood rich.. Platinum chain wit icy rocks..
Just compliment this icy watch.. ma pinky got canary
diamonds.. you can call em icy blacks.. I know ya wanna
ride wit me inside of ma whip.. put you under ma wings
cause I am on some fly shit.. waves spinnin.. face grinnin..
fresh ta death in white linen.. back account.. large amount..
they hate it cause im still wannin.. haters move.. dont be
rudin.. I know you hate these gator shoes.. I'm rich.. an
got you flattern.. cause im flossin in ma favorite shoes..
(Chorus 2xs)

money aint a thing.. I put money in machines.. gettin money
is ma thing.. I get money in ma dreams.. I'm just lookin
for a chick.. I can blow this paper wit.. shoppin stores every
week.. an she can drop a price she pick.. I'm just gettin
all this paper.. cause the streets done me a favor.. took a
nigga out da hood.. copped a house wit out a neighbor.. im
just doin what I should ha.. I know you wish you could
ha.. been luxury it makes me feel so damn good ha..
I know I got ma change of.. But I aint never change
of.. the only thing I did.. was copped a drop an put da range
of.. the life a player lives in.. when flipin all these pigeons..
just tryna stack this paper.. but wit out seein a prison.. you
see me on ma grind.. I got money on ma mind.. if you
aint tryna get this money.. dont be tryna waste ma time..
(Chorus 2xs)

I'm Hot like a barrel when it empty clips..
I said im hot, but I never got a empty wrist..
ya know im hot.. Showen off in a Bentley whip.. I
make it hot.. when ma 4-5th empty strips.. I'm
gettin hot.. so ya niggas better take it easy.. a
couple karrits on ma neck.. tryna make it breezy.. an
ma stash know.. im only tryna make it cheery.. all
ya niggas do is run around.. talken greazy.. an ya wonder
why da paramedics.. chalken stevie.. so fly.. every body gotta
watch ma clothes.. I got loey v frames.. an ma watch is
frozen.. I got o's.. if ya niggas wanna stack ya chips..
I'm really doin big things.. I aint acten rich.. can't
understand how ya let ma chains.. mack ya chicks.. and
now she's getten shotgun.. in a captains whip.. I know
ya hate how I move.. like im confident.. before ya
hate.. hit a nigga wit a compliments.. I'm hot now..
white fitted on a crazy lean.. I'm hot now.. loey v
got some crazy jeans.. im real hot.. so ya chumps better
stop ya tracks.. or let da A.K. y'.. chep ya back.. ya
know im hot.. any time I can drop a stack.. an get
it back A-sap.. friends call da crack.. I get it down..
Ice blacks on ma pinky ring.. da whip stretch on ya
black.. like a sticky thing.. an when I stop.. every body
wanna take a flick.. I make it hot.. but it's hot..
cause ma cake is thick..

I got da chopper in ma hand and I aint
playen wit a niggan. Everybody better duk. when im
skayen at a niggan if ya dont. when I guess you'll
be layen wit a niggan. I aint even getta cock it.
all I gotta do is pop it. every round is like
im spittin wit a mutha fuckin Rocket. I'll chop
it at a cop. tryna hit a cop car. up on a roof
jetten loose. cause da chopper chop far. chop. chop. ya
know da chopper make it hot. 50 rounds hit a
truck. an it'll turn into a drop. an I be choppin
at ya niggas. when I blow a little kush. an I
keep choppin. till his body turn into a little mush.
But I be poppin at ya niggas. from behind a
little bush. I treat it like ma best friend. I be
talken to ma chopper. Niggas hate it when a niggan
just be walken wit da chopper. put da chopper in
a station. that'll get it chopped up. if da
chopper make a mess. better get it mopped up.
I'mma keep catchen wreck. till I put da chopper
up.

If you a enemy then I guess you asked for it.
So imma put cha brains on top of the dash board.
like shags free throws hit da top of the back board,
you already know why im spitten the mack for you.
know why dem slugs keep hitten ya back for you.
better strap up like you fricken a crack whore.
I'm thirsty an im waiten for ya niggas ta stack
more the same reason jill went up da hill wit
jack for. I see you gotten money. imma open ya
back door you know why I came ta collect ya
tax for a shake down. So I aint even gotta
ask for it. if you see da pistol aim just tell
me where ya got it an you better think logic.
if it aint in ya closet blood stains on ya
carpet from a hole in ya nogg. got da whip
cruisen Topless color match of wit chocolate. If
I put it in a pot then I guess I gotta bak
it. you can call me betty crockett when its done.
you can cuff it. you can get a whole goose. real
niggas compliment me when they see me in the car.
bitch niggas better duck when ya see me letten loose.
Everybody know im hot. im just tryna be da frut hoo.
if ya tryna lose ya money. ya can see me in the
booth. Every bar that I shoot. burn the hairs off
ya roots. like you're tryna be a "frut" and I rather
be da shit. I aint tryna be da boot.