

Easy Bake (feat. Kendrick Lamar & SZA)

Jay Rock

This shit is fresh out the oven
Fresh out the oven I'm back in this bitch, nigga you know what's up
Stackin' my dividends
Straight out that gutta so you know just what you dealin' with
Highly belligerent
But that's way before the liquor hits
Roll that kushy kushy, rub on her goodie goodies
Crush her so good, she all on my timeline now
Lookin', lookin', she tryna sabotoge my thing
Never go brazy when you're deep inside the pink
I'm lowkey like a drug dealer
So don't snitch, my nigga, get your chips, my nigga
Mind your business, I minds mine, let's get rich, my nigga
Take our family on trips, my nigga
But if you try me then your wig I'ma split, my nigga
And I ain't tryna kill my own kind
But we always losin' to the wrong place at the wrong time, no lie
And they wonder why us niggas always get high
Spend a thou-wow on it just to get fly
Another thou-wow on it just to get by
Fuck it, only got one life to live
Gotta push it to the limit, do it big like What? This shit is fresh out the oven
Whip game cold, man this shit 'bout to bubble
Big bank rolls, either hate it or love it
It's anything goes, just as long as you thuggin'
Just as long as you thuggin', yeah it's fresh out the oven
Whip game cold, man this shit 'bout to bubble
Big bank rolls, either hate it or love it
It's anything goes, just as long as you thuggin'
Just as long as you thuggin'
Big bank rolls, just as long as you thuggin'
Whip game cold, just as long as you thuggin' I pull up and park, hop out and swag
Grab the Glock out the trunk, other Glock in the stash
Just a regular nigga, with no chains or nothin'
If I do get some shines, you try to snatch
There's repercussions, and concussions
You know what's after that, end of discussions
I came a long way from eatin' free lunches
From Mary County checks to makin' these numbers

Oh Lord, I'm just reminiscin'
Kill the beat, some intervention on some inner vision
I don't know, cause I'm just goin' with the flow
Whatever's required, I got it goin' for the lowI parted ways with my old self, I'm a new man
New face with a new stone and the blue van
Blew weight on a bad day with my loosies
Suitcase full of merchandise, that's my new plan
This my new wave, this my new tan
This my summer days in the tropics by the cool sand
This my shakin' down you niggas' pockets, I don't do friends
And I don't do trends
Fuck it though I'll ride with you then!
Bring the troops in
I'll fuck around and let 'em loose then
We'll give 'em blues then
Oh fuck it, call me Bobby "Blue" Bland
Aye you a fool man
Ridin' by you, swervin' at the intersection
Baby come and get your blessin'
And she gon' fuck with this erectionI got somethin' good for all these hoes
She gotta want the Betty 'fore I call these hoes
Now if I paid for your dress and your perm
That means you an investment, bitch
I'ma need my dough return

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