Unexplainable

Darwin Hobbs

Here's why I go in, back on the dough route
More money to spend, watch how I show out
Lamborghini gloves out that a bring the hoes out
Dollar signs brung in that's what I know 'bout
Neck, wrist froze out, top five a no doubt
Talk of what you got now, old money don't count
Back what you kick out, a clip one in your mouth
It's somethin' flammable, my hunger is unexplainable
Cool people, Knievel in my alter ego
Zero tolerance we strapped wherever we go
Wife repo, 'bout a mil' and a half key holes
Bite marks from you slugs on track some kilos
Three loads, on my P's, Q's, and my G hoes
G, G, G whiz my rise like the superheroes
Four, five, c-lo, look how good I reload
Right back at you bitch ass niggas abide the G code
Click-clack deep hole, the industry Debo
We built these niggas ground up now what they figured we fold
Figure fours on the competition, I yoke 'em
Tell me your jokin', my flow is like the levees open
Foreign trips four to five zips heavy smokin'
Problem tips forty five clip Chevy smokin'
He put all he got into this I bet he make it
Ain't gotta give me shit I'm a take it
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Here's how I show out even though I'm rappin with niggas
That move the blow out let 'em pull the dough out
You can make it rain but I rather make the snow out
Run up in your crib with the big fo' fo' out
Here's how I show out
Watch when I show up getting chips off the strip
With the piff and the blow up

I'm a kill the block and then, leave when it slow up
Get your mind popped off, before a sign that you throw up
I just wanna lamp and see the weed plants grow up
Niggas get that money, legal or illegally
Bullets put these niggas, right where they need to be
Bitches never leavin' me, Porche pull up easily
Back on the dough route, grams and the o's out
Key and the pound wrapped, nigga where your pund at?
Top five in the booth, top five on the stoop
You could fuck around and I, pop five in your Coupe
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Gettin money dancers and twenty five chancers
My camp is, crazy as The New Black Panthers
Brush towards the canvas as I stroke my ego
Rap Picasso with my eyes closed a side that's too dope for people
Spark cohibas while I snicker at the non believers
I break the heart in hoes, I gave my heart to sneakers
I owe my life to Jesus, put my faith in God
I got a thing for beaches, getting my favorite job
Pain happens, young scarred that's what made us hard
Money, drugs, guns ain't for soft shorty play your part
I'm part of the lucky to leave the part
Livin luxurious lady layer, that's my art
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