

# Fork

## 2 Chainz

Mama, Mama!  
(What? What?)  
You get that money out my pants last night?  
(Nah I didn't get no money out your pants,  
And quit yelling at me!)  
Ain't nobody hollerin' at you! I had a dream that rap wouldn't work  
I woke up on the block  
Had to hit it with the fork  
Skrrr, skrrr, skrrr, skrrr, skrrr  
Hit it with the fork  
Skrrr, skrrr, skrrr, skrrr, skrrr  
Hit it with the fork  
Rap don't work, records ain't bein' sold  
So much money on me, it won't even fold  
So much money on me, it won't even fold  
So much money on me, it won't even fold  
So much money on me, it won't even fold  
I got Medusa on my sneakers  
My dick up like "nice to meet ya"  
100K for a feature, hundred K's at my leisure  
Then we aim at your people  
I be higher than a eagle  
When I'm sipping on that codeine  
Free my nigga Siegel  
I am ridin' on a jet, headin' to that Costa  
Soon as I land I be in that Testarossa  
If I die tonight, you gon' see some flicks in Ghosta  
I'm the man in my city, same thing in South Dakota  
Man I'm running up that check, show you how I do it  
I drink red bitches, I don't drink Red Bulls  
Man they tried to give me wings, but I already had some  
I'm all that and then some  
My trap house is my income, and it's booming! I had a dream, rap wouldn't work  
Woke up on the block  
Hit it with the fork  
Skrrr, skrrr, skrrr  
Hit it with the fork  
Skrrr, skrrr, skrrr  
Hit it with the fork

Rap don't work, records ain't bein' sold  
 So much money on me, it won't even fold  
 So much money on me, it won't even fold  
 So much money on me (2 Chainz!) It won't even fold I'm ballin' like Mr. Clean  
 I gotta keep my kitchen clean  
 God bless me like I'm finna sneeze  
 Got to weigh me on a triple beam  
 D-boy in parenthesis  
 All gold in my Mr. T's  
 2 Chainz, two pinky rings  
 My trigger finger's like a lemon squeeze (Baow!)  
 Climax! Make your main ho my side-chick  
 I'm so high, your whore get hijacked  
 And my vision is Pyrex  
 I do it big like a 5X  
 Killed they ass with the eyepatch  
 I got bad bitches on my side  
 I done fucked around and got sidetracked  
 My first night, I spent five stacks  
 Next night I forgot to count  
 I'm so hot, who gon' put the fire out?  
 I'm the fireman, I put fire out  
 Got a pole in my basement  
 Tipped your girl like Malaya now  
 Ridin' on these motherfucka's until they blow my tires out My wrist deserve a shout-out  
 I'm like "What up, wrist?"  
 My stove deserve a shout-out  
 I'm like "What up, stove?"  
 All this jewelry on then I'm out cold  
 So much money on me, it won't even fold! I had a dream, rap wouldn't work  
 Woke up on the block  
 Hit it with the fork  
 Skrrr, skrrr, skrrr  
 Hit it with the fork  
 Skrrr, skrrr, skrrr  
 Hit it with the fork  
 Rap don't work, records ain't bein' sold  
 So much money on me, it won't even fold  
 So much money on me, it won't even fold  
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