Housewives (feat. Ab-Soul)

Bas

We ain't 'bout none of that, none of thatLook at 'em sippin' the sauce
You niggas been rippin' us off
You niggas just talking the most like
Housewives
Pockets is full of the hope homie
Tell 'em we came for the dope only
For the dope only
Benjamin Franklins them folks owe meWord to Soulo my nigga
I got the loud and it's lit
Went to college a bit
Pissed off my scholarship quick
Now I'm back in the town
I'm back in the townA nigga been searching for purpose, there's nothin' around
Back in there makin' my old moves, wrong move
Play the game and nigga no rules, poor you
You could probably lose your soul too, dancing with the devil
The seeds were planted back in '02, I guess I learned my lesson
'Cause now a nigga at the O2, London on tilt
With the G's, ballin' like we watch film
If you talking Queens, nigga please
Them niggas reach you, we sould put em on stilts
I know we cool and all but cool it y'all, they pullin' off him
My nigga who are y'all? Don't get my crew involvedLook at 'em sippin' the sauce
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Don't worry about none of that shit
(You niggas just talking the most like housewives)Millions sold, just get a re-deployment
'Cause ain't no leader here that we appointed
We the only one's that matter now
Cut the chatter down
Fuck your style, this ain't dappered down
Wear my own shit, still hittin' bitches like it's batter round
Call me spring training
I've been whiling but I'm maintaining

Young burrow Bassy
Dawg, whole borough watch me
Fiends, boys from the block
But we got hoes in the lobby
A tree grows from the concrete
Like he rose to the top
Cocky, them boys finna flop
But not me, your boy been alive
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Songwriters
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