

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
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
 So much money on me, it won't even fold