Order of Operations

Big Boi

Wake up, fresh

Crease, jeans

Get to the fucking money

Roll up, smoke

Pour up, drink

Right back to the money

Pull up, stunt

Turn up, leave

More motherfucking money

Go hard, go home

Wake up, repeat

Order of operations

Order of operations

So what if I told ya that I was a cold soldier

That give 'em the cold shoulder

These hoes been getting over on these niggas like Olympic hurdle jumpers

They trying to get that Gold

Portfolios diverse, this type of paper just don't fold

Or get throwed in the booty club flexing

With hootie hoo them hoes and have them glued to the section (HOOTIE-HOO)

Ain't nothing new, that's just us oozing perfection

Been stacking up, clipping this paper like Mary Lou Retton

While nigga be stressing

About this money, I retire my dear mama

Been fucking up some commas way before I could buy a bottle of liquor

Looking like the lotto my nigga, but we don't flash it

I balled throughout my twenties, by thirty, see I was stashing

Yeah

First hundred-thousand, I bought a Lexus

First million, I was twenty, I learned my lesson

I bought some land

Operation Grind and StackWake up, fresh

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More motherfucking money Go hard, go home Wake up, repeat

Order of operations

(Grind and Stack, Grind and Stack, Grind and Stack)
Order of operations

(Grind and Stack, Grind and Stack, just Grind and Stack, Grind and Stack)

I took advantage of my shot and now it's raining

Bucket just like Mo Williams, fuck your cancer vaccinations

Plantation mentality making a laughable salary

That'll never be me but that's you in actual reality, uh

I'm King Cole like Natalie and her daddy be

My thing swole, pole dancers, shit, they be adding me

On IG, they gon' DM

We gon' act like we don't see them

They just follow us, follow me, follow us, nobody's leading

But everybody eating, or acting like they full

I'm blessed and highly favored, learned the game when I was lil'

I guess it's time to stake my claim and conquer every hood

Help my partners get this number too by sponsoring the joog

Yeah

If I eat, everybody eat; that's just how it go, day one Dungeon Family first generation...still here

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/