

# Pound Cake

## Baby Gas

I'm lost in the money I'll figure it out, real niggas left its easy to count, I remember when shit wasn't bout our parents ,used to live with my team and sleep on the couch, ro'din round town in a Honda , never had gas so I always had a problem, only thing I had so I drove in with a onna ,thinking of apologies the first to my momma , nunca imagine lo que hago estado a estado , aplauso, bravo les doy gracias como gringos con el pago,ahora tengo mas fue trabajo de el mago, poof fue todo preparado guerra en la calle uno nace un soldado, uno vive pero vive preocupado de la renta, el carro, los biles ,lo pagos, notice how everything is money here, couple quarters to a dolla make the world turn ,and everybody actin' real funny here, and they swear that the real one is your  
turn

Yeah, dad crossed the border, mom crossed the border, I would do it to just to keep it in the order dont matter how you make it but you made it thats important, dad told me that hes about to get deported, he lived his whole life just fakin the counts, tryna live good and dodgin the eagle and after all them years they takin him out, I finally realize he really illegal, it's a cold world con nada de frio, miro las mentiras en cada amigo

(gas, everything around me ,freeze get the get the get the get the get the get the get the get the money, dolla dolla doll dolla dolla dolla dolla bill yo )

Lyrics Submitted by Maria chavez

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