Interlude

Belly

Yeah, look
Straight out the holy land to holding grams
Tra-tra-trappin' out stolen vans with goals and plans
Lonely man, remember being my only fan
I'm down and up, the Midas touch, the golden hand
Blood in the soil is over oil
Cold-hearted, my blood boils
The spoils of war are used to take the drugs out the foil
Man these arms can't reach you, AR's won't recoil
Goddamn, I might marry a heiress and move to Paris
Fuck the carriage baby, let's go disappear and just perish
Thirty karats in the gold
I wear it to cherish the kings from which we inherit
My chariot is McLaren
It's all numeric
Talking numbers, you incoherent
Don't be embarrassed, I blame your parents for even caring
Or not aborting, ah fuck it, it's not important
My vital organs can't even tell if it's night or morning
Final warning, final warning, final warning
Every morning you'll awake and await mourning
We earn it then we burn it to ash
I call it urn money
My dog called 40 before he turned 20
Money is earned, the rest is inherited
Hashish come from Marrakech, all my kush is American
Man I feel like a therapist, pistol on me like Maravich
I careless, I'm so perilous with all of this arrogance, goddamn
Money, hoes, that's something that you can't chase
I ain't shit but let you eat from the same plate
If you ungrateful then you ain't great
Me and Khaled come from the same place
Huh, holy land, holy land
Back when I was holding grams just to haul a Benz
Yeah, holy land, holy land
My father never was a holy man

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

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