

# Antidote (Prod. by Brandun DeShay)

## Sir Michael Rocks

[Intro]

This nigga Korey said dropping jewels like the chain broke, nahmsayin'. That's all I really wanna do [Verse 1:  
Michael]

I had a lot of role models, old niggas, doctors, dope dealers

It's funny cause it was the same thing to me

Cause money was the main thing we was trained to reach

Same thing they get paid a month, mothafucka I get paid a week

And I done had all kind of hoes, different girls from A to Z

My car is switching every day of the week, Yours can't get you from A to B

Without breaking down, locking up, I don't know no hoes that I can trust

That Polo on, on Nautica, selling the phones was not enough

Roll the dice until we out of luck

Because coming from the bottom to the top is rough

The government be giving not a fuck

And neither should you, you got a crew and your crew is tough

Nobody will fall cause everyone will be each other's crutch

You lean on me, I lean on you, nigga I hold you up

Toothpick Clique or bust your head with a brick

Girl, I see you on top of me, just ride it like a jockey

She soaking wet, musta not known who you was stroking with

The coldest sex from the twenty-something, sort of older vets [Hook: Brandun & Michael]

A wise old soul once told me "son come ask me what you wanna know"

These words won't last, this lifestyle's bad, this piece of mind the antidote

Gotta get that paper doe, gotta get that paper doe

Gotta get that paper doe, gotta get that paper

The world won't end, it's still gon' spin, some niggas will but we won't

Cause see I care, I wanna share, with you my mind the antidote

Gotta get that paper doe, gotta get that paper doe

Gotta get that paper doe, gotta get that paper [Verse 2: Michael]

We be the lords, god, get a picture of him baby

In that Porsche Boxster, driving like he crazy

We be the lords, got hoes wanna have his baby

So of course I'm, smashing on the daily

And I got bands on top of bands, popping molly with my white friends

Sip a Tropicana, OJ and I'm okay

Now that AC feeling crazy coming up out of them vents

Dark shades, they be adding that tint, whole time we was tryna invent

While they bit, you can't prevent what's 'posed to happen, it's meant

Don't let me find out you sold your soul for the smallest percent

You sold your soul just for some gold and got a heart of cement  
Oh yes, and we be kicking them hoes out that y'all kept  
I'm keeping records of them plain broads y'all press  
I guess this success is dependent on  
Less of the stress, getting more of the women though  
I'm gon' show you niggas how to progress and get along

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

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