

# Root Of All Evil (Prod Mr Bristol)

## The Underachievers

[Bridge:]

Big dreams, big cream, get it all with the team

Big dreams, big cream, get it all with the team

[Verse 1:]

Uh, motivated, this by the smelling money

Taking my niggas out the hood make sure they never above me,

Taking your bitches out your aunts with the killer swag,

Seeing that most you niggas fake now I don't realest bad

Feelin spazz and they already on the beat

Hold my nigga see be dumb, mammy RIP in this beat,

Take you down to the ghettos to the streets

Them creators like your pedo in the kitchen cooking heat,

Quit the bitchin my nigga and get some more cash,

Don't stop stackin' till the storm is on your forecast

Hit the strip club throw it all on a ho's ass

Ain't tell you why, tell em don't ask, yeah

[Hook:]

Stack them dollars till you can't stack up no more, nigga

Tell yourself that you're gonna get it, get up and go.

Stack them dollars till you can't stack up no more, nigga

Tell yourself that you're gonna get it, get up and go.

[Verse 2:]

Okay I'm stackin paper, get high like them strapers,

Two blunts now I make like the tater,

Two bitches in the back, entertainers

How you get in lane with no paper?

But you don't hear me though,

Elevated high when I'm off that drow

Got that low three double 0 for the oh,

Some of these oh puffin on that heavy smoke

Say I'm on my shit, prophetic it's when you hear me spit

Psychedelic kid when I'm off that here

And the LS chick and a couple bone rips,

Keep you circle tight, bithes out here, yea them niggas gon bite

Never see clanly so with the tray by me

Dee me now only use one round get down,

But I ain't no killer, promise I blow go get them sinners

Count my figure in the sugar of the winner

To my summers and my winters and they only got witters,

Count stacks laid back, where my herbs at?  
It was the finest a lot I'm a burn that  
There's no drug here, go learn that  
Get upon shit, nigga, like nigga work promises  
So pot that medicine, got that remedy for the medicine,  
Here another nation, liberation  
From the late month for me is I'm blessed like a mason,  
Psycho like I'm Jackson and I'm checksing all the richest big faces,  
Live life elevated, New York on them bitches nigga, I'm faded.

[Hook:]

Stack them dollars till you can't stack up no more, nigga  
Tell yourself that you're gonna get it, get up and go.  
Stack them dollars till you can't stack up no more, nigga  
Tell yourself that you're gonna get it, get up and go.

[Bridge: x2]

Big dreams, big cream get it all with the team  
Big dreams, big cream get it all with the team

[Verse 3:]

Uh, elevated and that's an understatement  
Worth by the power of Satan, addicted to the payments  
We all sinners, nigga no one is perfect,  
We all winners I just happened in the surface,  
The root to evil, dollars consuming people  
People consuming dollars, like God there is no equal  
They good they miles away, so timeless pay get on our race  
I'm to say, ridin for your honor, nigga crime pays  
The time say this ass slipping down the our glass,  
No room for error in this era of the first class  
Gotta adapt or get trapped, stack and get off of the mat  
Nigga fuck them bitches, taste your goals, get them riches  
Oh Lord.

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

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