

Travolta

Chevy Woods

As I look off the balcony
Smokin' this reefer
Countin' the root of all evil
But the supreme, the controller of everything
To all mighty dollar
Flick my ashes I'm livin' the fast life
Don't nobody want me to put my brakes on
Got the money, I'm just silent, tryna make some
Count it up, all my niggas get into it, get into it
And we're just tryna keep the paper pillin' on
You know oh oh, you know oh oh
And they worry about another nigga's pockets
No, not at all
Tryna double the work, quadruple my dollars
Old school with my chick, she say she love the empower
All the work at that scene, some of the props are them jewels
Smokin' them cookies, sippin' champ while watchin' the news
I told 'em I gotta shouldn't be trippin' at all
I watch you niggas blow it, wanna just run to the mall
Could tell you I ball, but you see the soup
That mean I could coach you niggas so play the recruit
She walk it over on the platter when it's lunch time
And got a blueprint if ever hear 'bout one time
She know I'm motivated by a Franklin face
Eatin' bread cuz a nigga got a money taste
Like diamonds reflectin', they tellin' I hustle
Door tillin' the frames, can't tell 'bout my struggle
The gang's a bitch, a lot of ups and downs
Ride past what you're chewin' before you spill around
I'm livin' the fast life
Don't nobody want me to put my brakes on
Got the money, I'm just silent, tryna make some
Count it up, all my niggas get into it, get into it
And we're just tryna keep the paper pillin' on
You know oh oh, you know oh oh
And they worry about another nigga's pockets
No, not at all As I sip on this gin and think of my homies
Who don't fuck with them pigs and you niggas baloney
Lot of work in past, lot of cash and count it

Shit the niggas was grown and I was allowed around it
Dice game, seen money all across the floor
Now I'm flyin overseas, all across the shore
I mean they had everything but they lost it all
No more hope draze, remember how I used to ball?
You know, night after night, givin' niggas numbers
8 Game had them lookin' for me in the summer
I was gettin' bread, that was my profession
Schoolin' niggas up and down the court, givin' lessons
So if you ballin', nigga do that
Cuz these niggas a shoot, don't care where the hoop at
And nowadays everybody plan Nino
But remember all ahead after end, let this thing go I'm livin' the fast life
Don't nobody want me to put my brakes on
Got the money, I'm just silent, tryna make some
Count it up, all my niggas get into it, get into it
And we're just tryna keep the paper pillin' on
You know oh oh, you know oh oh
And they worry about another nigga's pockets
No, not at all
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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