36 Oz.

Skeme

All I ever wanted was some Jordans and a gold chain
Now I need all thirty-six O's out the whole thing
My watch be telling me I ain't got time to play with hoes, man
All I ever wanted was some Jordans and a gold chain
Wake up in the morning feeling like we don't deserve this
Once we get it started, ain't no way you could reverse this
We do this for real, it ain't no way to rehearse this
You play 'round with mine, I fuck around and get you murked bitchHelicopters flying 'round my house, like fuck 'em
You know that 12 stay investigating, I don't trust 'em
You done drove a long way, only sold you one-eighth
If you talking gun play, niggas got that one way
Ticket to get stuck in traffic, I pull out then pass it, we driving them hearses
And your homies been wearing your t-shirt to practice speaking them verses
We do this for real, I ain't got time to see no bird bitch
I just pop a pill, this codeine got a nigga swervingAll I ever wanted was some Jordans and a gold chain
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Young nigga done got that change but ain't shit changed about him
I put my neck down on the line, got twenty chains around it
You ain't talking 'bout no money, we don't hear about it
Tell all your niggas we don't need the convo, I'mma have twenty hoes twerk at the condo
I been riding since the summer of '87, crazy thing, I wasn't born 'til the '9-0
All of them years we was broke what I shine for, got me separating zeros like grind for
I break a nine out the motherfucking brick with my eyes closedAll I ever wanted was some Jordans and a gold chain
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some fakes and some bitches
These niggas will tell on they partners, just hoping the judge give a break on the sentence
Hand on the wheel, I just handle my business and I wish Dolla Bill was living a witness
The way this lil nigga done round up them digits, man I got that gift like it came with ribbon
I tell these lil-biddy bitches that I ain't switching 'less we talking 'bout switching positions
I turn the wood to the world for my niggas, I hope that shit did make a difference
They dodge a homie 'cause of codeine I'm sipping, these glasses, homie, gave me Cartier vision
They hating on me, faking on me, but still I ain't trippingAll I ever wanted was some Jordans and a gold chain
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