Okay

MCD

St. Lunatics and we here now, we never give up
Swallowin' Cris' till we spit up, put your shit up 'cause now
We navigatin', wood grain, hood slang, collaboratin'
God over Satan, no debatin', so I'm celebratin'
This new life, off the block buyin' stock
Divin' off the dock in Bangkok, I used to slang rock
And it was so hard, but now the wallet sport a gold card
Bitches goin' nuts when the rims hit the boulevard
Hustle hard, the whole inside glowin'
From the TV's, diamonds went from hard to see to 3D
Double VD, bubble Lex with the CD
Puffin' seaweed, I'm free, hit the slope and ski
DC to France, finance is too advanced
Wit' plans to 'cause a trance, money stands ' yellin' "Romance"
I never stop comin', gunnin', runnin' and sunnin'
With Cuda spinnin' them hun'neds on hun'neds spinnin' and blunted
I'm like okay, niggas brought they cars out
Thick broads out, all the stars out
We ain't been here two minutes, mami already yellin'
What a nigga gon' do with it, can we hop in the infinite?
I'm like okay, niggas brought they cars out
Thick broads out, all the stars out
We ain't been here two minutes, mami already yellin'
What a nigga gon' do with it, can we hop in the infinite?
I'm like okay
Five deep in a Yuko', we struggle by toes, we still ghetto
Float St. Louis, fake insurance, with no petro
Nuts are heavy, Teddy Peddy tell 'em to let go
'Tics are ready, Kevin Law tell 'em I said so
I let go, sixteen out of sixty-four
And the forty-eight bars left I'll have you kickin' for mo'
Women be like, "Who do y'all think y'all are?"
I'm Mr. Pull Up in big trucks, I'm far from a star
'Cause I'm the sun, the reason why the day gon' come
One out of five reasons why they hatin' on us
Tracks is like a gas tank, I fill 'em on up
And my shows is robbery style, they givin' it up
I'm like a Michael Jackson concert, a milli' and up

And these haters are like a comedy, be buggin' me up
They women treat me like cows, they be pullin' my stuff
And to get that up outta me more, they be suckin' me off
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I'm like okay
Now you know Mo, I stay equipped with a zip
And the soles of my Air Force One's on e'ry trip
And on e'ry whip I choose those D's to roll
What them niggas 'round the corner gon' start shit for?
When they know, oh, he keep a stash in the Nav'
Pop a half and take out your Ave on my behalf
My whole staff love to laugh and count the money
On the couch, hands in our pants like Al Bundy
I love smoke ganjay Monday to Monday
And e'ry other day a nigga fuckin' with gun play
It's ok, since all the dogs out
All my broads out, doin' they bump they broads out
And we rollin', Henny holdin' and blunt rollin'
Money foldin', been in more rings than Hulk Hogan
It's official, Nelly Hummer clean as a whistle
You boys signed up fo' reel, you doin' your thug thizzle
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I'm like okay

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