

# Delonte West

## Chevy Woods

From the bottom to the top  
That mushy got to Harry FraudNiggas hated, it was nothin', my pace cool  
They ain't let me get a piece, a day food  
Now they feed that big wreck machine comin'  
Actin' like I'm on somethin' mane, give a nigga nothin'  
Took my bath in the kitchen, now that's cheese  
Lord forgive him please, on both knees  
Big joints burnin', it's 20 more to go  
For niggas doin' 20 before they see parole  
I know the road ain't safe and still I choose to drive  
It's crazy baby so I don't recommend you ride  
Motorcycle, guns on it, Delonte West  
Crap shooters 'round the table, please place your bets  
Small circle though, can't infiltrate  
From them whole pies, I've seen birthday cakesMotorcycles, guns on 'em, Delonte West  
Crap shooters 'round table, place your betsSometimes when I look into your eyes  
The hurt and pain I see (I'm still smokin' baby)  
Makes me want to cry (red hot, old chili peppers)Get a whole lot of money, put the team on  
All about the dollar shit, that's my theme song  
Lookin' out the window, police chasin'  
Did it from the bottom up, statch from the basement  
Got a lot of questions that would never get answered  
But these money bags got a lot of shit in them, Pampers  
Respect come with loyalty, uh you just sayin' yes  
If it's wrong then it's wrong, shit I'm from the set  
Motorcycles, guns on 'em, Delonte West  
Crap shooters 'round table, place your bets  
Don't be thick about it, just get acure  
Shit, I'm getting mine, you should be getting yours  
The same situation there for you  
Quiet to them boys, here is my lawyerMotorcycle, guns on it, Delonte West  
Crap shooters 'round table, place your betsSometimes when I look into your eyes  
The hurt and pain I see makes me want to cry  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>