

# Lavish

## New Creation Church

You, you, you want the lavish crib and fancy cars  
You want the face, on that Rolex shinin' like the stars  
Don't worry Mayne, you could get it Mayne  
If you look in the sky and you don't see your dream  
Man don't feel defeated, 'cause trust me you can build it  
Now hear the words that I flow when I spit  
I know shorties that be havin' dreams of goin' legit  
But the hustle quicker so they cop a fo' on the split  
Now they got enough money where they can go get a brick  
It's on, ain't nuttin' gon' stop us now  
Gotta look at 24's while they watch us now  
Spinners rollin' up the block while they pump out noise  
But they always get into it with the jump out boys  
And why? Take a look at all the people that got dubs  
You ain't legitimate, you out here servin' them rocks up  
I know you want the radio and screens to pop up  
But we gotta get the money and try not to get locked up  
Know the difference between real and fake  
Different work is just like different real estate  
Open your mind, you got more than the skill to take  
'Cause I know  
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Uh, one time for my niggaz on the corner  
With the burners on and with the fresh yams in they tube socks  
Uh, two times for my niggaz with they hands in the air  
Singin' a prayer 'cause the game left their dude shot  
Yes, I know that puzzle  
Niggaz at each other thinkin' they will bust you  
The bang is the same even if it's muffled  
But the moment so loud when a dead man hug you  
He's cold in your arms, but you ain't gon' be foldin' your  
arms  
You gon' be lowered in your arms  
Cryin' to open the jar, and to add injury to insult  
You're smokin' your life away  
Look at me, big car, big house, big jewels  
All that came out my backpack  
You ain't gon' do it, it ain't gon' work, you ain't gon' prove it  
Even though that hurt, I just skated past that  
Look, everybody got dreams about ki's  
Chains full of ice with S after the V's  
Horse on the hood, a grill full with the B's  
Dangling your feet in San Turiny breeze  
Make a virtual picture, and spin around  
That ain't it, well fuck it nigga we get it down  
Never try to grab your ankle nigga, we'll kick 'em down

Focus up, we gotta hit it now, bruh  
When your cell goes clink, that's when you forfeit  
All them dreams, all that divorce it  
You ain't even get to see new mansion and Porsche shit  
This dedicated to my man up in Norfolk, locked up  
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Ha ha, wait  
My nigga open yo' mind, mind, aren't you ready to go?  
All of my dears inside, side, let 'em blow like 'dro  
Through the wisdom of a prism I see I don't wanna go to  
prison  
I make the decision to get liver  
Reminisce as I take a listen to my nigga 'Pac  
While I envision my 'Ambitions Az a Ridah  
Listen to Pharrell spit to the track  
Pull up in a burgundy Bentley with a bitch in the back  
I get to the paper like a hyper get to the crack  
I ain't speculatin' homey I just stick to the facts, c'mon  
If you wanna get the money and the status and the mob  
Better ride when you roll with the crew  
Take a listen for the bub hit the bud  
When you hear this in the club then you know what to do  
Look at the vision of a mack spittin' crack on the track  
Throw these stacks in the black Cadillac  
Get it like Twista and Neptunes, I got your back  
And know you  
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