## Lavish

## **Young Ed**

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 itNow 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 brickIt'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 boysAnd 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 upKnow 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 knowYou, you, you want the lavish crib and fancy cars

You want the face, on that Rolex shinin' like the stars

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If you look in the sky and you don't see your dream

Man don't feel defeated, 'cause trust me you can build itUh, 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 shotYes, 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 youHe'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 awayLook 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 thatLook, 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 breezeMake 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, bruhWhen 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 upYou, you, you want the lavish crib and fancy cars

You want the face, on that Rolex shinin' like the stars

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If you look in the sky and you don't see your dream

Man don't feel defeated, 'cause trust me you can build itHa ha, wait

Ha ha, waitMy nigga open yo' mind, mind, aren't you ready to go?

All of my dears inside, side, let 'em blow like 'droThrough the wisdom of a prism I see I don't wanna go to prison

I make the decision to get liver

Reminiscin' 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'monIf 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 doLook 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 youYou, you, you want the lavish crib and fancy cars

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