# Came A Long Way

## Haystak

Haystak came a long way lyricsSoooouth siiide! Haystak mak, full circle 3-6-oh,back on ya like this here.this here i say down.Down south players do they get busy ? Well
Them eagles on them spinners get dizzy as hell.They keep on spinnin beep,beep
As the haters start grinnin whats up dawg?They talk a lot but my boys dont study dem fools
Who get the last laugh flossin on em covered in jewels?Way before some rhymin an royalty checks
Diamonds was a way a getting more respect.Street flava all-star my peers r pioneers
Sonny an k dem boys been makin money fo yearsMakin cash money like m.c. m
U been in tha game a minute youll remember them.Big body chevys, rims, spoilers,
In an out a town like the tennesee oilers.Gals call us but we wont call back
stak your big ass thinks u all that. yeaaah(chourus x2) we came a long way ay ay..just to be paid aid aid
And we sittin on top op op,and u know it wont stop op op.We roll up on em brrrrrrr,buk buk buk,vrummm,vrummm,
Whered that big ol white boy come from?Aw big dawgs gotta get that money brrring
street flava records girl let me speak ta sonny.
whats up man? whats on ya mind boss?
im thinkin bout a merger uh-huh,ya think?
we murder itDouble s thats the way i ride
South side til the day i die
On the rhyme i wont be denied
They be no joke down here where we resideThat fast u can be on politics an status
Mad, cash like an ass gettin apparatusThe baddest gals be with the ugliest men
Down for hair an nails who got the most money ta spendSurround sound that shits amazin dude
But i bring my beat-box on ya block an get rave reviews
(chorus x2)Staks a bullet in tha bill-board,rockin award shows,
World tours,take control of record stores
Can u see my sales soar? Fo sure,u cant deny me no more
Pack my bags beeyotch, bon jour, im on tour.Straight clownin leavin mic stands broke
'cause i can put it down with out the lights and smokeSonny dropped the track and it was straight up butter
Aint nuthin ta do but count my money, an shoot the magazine covers.My teams supreme, i fiend for green, like a
Sweet splittin cheese gittin cream machineSo many words come ta ya mind when ya mention mak-million
Lyrical genius, got-damn this brilliant.
So cold-blooded i shoulda been born sicilian
Odds on doin what we doin must be one in a billionI played it right late at nite and i stayed alive
I been writin erry nite since eighty-five(chorus x4 fade out)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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