The Cake

Kayser

Money, money, money, money
Cake
I need the cake nigga
The Unit don't play, we rap but we strapped
Buck got the shotgun, 50 got the mack
Spida got the sweeper and you bound to hear it clap
You won't have another birthday cake afta that
'Cause Yayo got a temper and he don't know how to act
I've been gone all winter but now a nigga back
To get the money, the money
The money, the money, the cake
And you mutha fuckas lookin' like steak
Food on the plate for the wolves, follow wolves
Don't get moved by the tools
Blood will ooze on ya shoes wait, control ya hate
You ain't ridin' in dem 6s
'Cause you spendin' all ya cake on dem bitches
I need the bread lil' niggas need Christmas
Banks don't rap wit a back pack
I'm in it for the money, the money
The money, the money, the cake
You heard Banks said so I know I got the mack
I pull up, pull out spray hollows at your back
I don't give a fuck, it's goin' down like that
I done been through every hood, dead niggas gone rap
In the heart of a victim murda is monumental
I don't complicate shit, yeah I keep it simple
My bullet wounds will tell you a story 'bout wut I been through
Southside trama drama wit' gallamas
I conversate wit' killas, it's usually about life
Politicate wit' lawness, it's usually 'bout white
I'm da poster child of violence, I'm the boy on the poster
When the shots start to rang out I'm the boy wit' the toaster
Yeah, listen up clicko, I hustle I get though
You fuckin' wit a sicko, I spazz let a clip go
Cannon out da rental, beam to ya temple
I squeeze blow your mental, all ova ya friends
Me I'm from the street, where nothin' sweet
The home of the hommies, there's a body every week

Now I don't hear the sirens but they prolly gonna creep
Plottin' to pull me ova, put the cake in my jeep
So I'll be skippin' cities seven states in aweek
Can't a mutha fuckin' breathin' tell me I can't eat
Show me the money, the money
The money, the money, the cake
Niggas slow down, pump ya breaks
No mistakes cause the jakes, run the plates
Then you headed up state for rollin' 'round wit' a steak
Niggas start up the beef and run straight to the cops
You a bitch ass nigga, the cupcake of the block
Any nigga disrespect the click gettin' shot
'Round here niggas get found upside down
Ova the money, the money
The money, the money, the cake
Cake
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