Scaling The Building

Ski Beatz

And my niggas, and my bitches
I'm on my shit right now, how is ya?
A nigga dressed like we finna take pictures
Scalin' the mothafuckin' buildin'
Yea, I got my mind on that take over
Scalin' the mothafuckin' buildin'
Yea, Because that money ain't gonna wait for us
Scalin' the mothafuckin' buildin'
And I'm loc'ing
Pretty bitch on the passenger side ridin' sun roof open
Shes supplying what im smokin'
Wanna fuck with us, keep them tree crumbled up
Walk up in the club, make them lames wan' cuff
Champ on chill,
E-Z widers, double stuffed
Trust, and believe that it ain't about the
Youngin' if don't involve his motherfuckin' cheese
I ain't bring no ends to spend
Never kept a knot up in my pocket
Better clock a couple thousand 'fore I get up in the win
These niggas is losing in need of wins
Yo bitches is choosin' in need of friends
I'm livin' this movie so clean the lens
Runnin through loads of weed and gin cause niggas know what I'm bout
Chicks who sound funny when they speak English
Still recognize the bomb when they hear it
She so ain't on them other niggas
Margarine bars, them shits ain't buttered nigga
Higher then a mug
Ain't nothing what up but us
Paper planes mane
We don't allow blunts in the cut
Tell the valet to pull up my truck
Exit stage right the last thing they seen was the tail lights
I'm gettin' toasted high, gettin' my bread right
Rap, hustlin', stackin'
Fucking some of the baddest bitches and travelin'
Niggas used to think I was crazy
Now they see my new whip and be like dawg that shit crazy

Get off my shit leave the room for the flies
The Jets in this bitch, leave the room with ya wife
Yeauh!

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

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