

Profit (feat. Yelawolf & Shawty Fatt)

Rittz

Yep, yep, yep, bitch I'm all about my (profit)
Yep, yep, yep, don't even try to count my (profit)
Yep, yep, yep, so stay the fuck up out my (profit)
Yep, yep, yep, yeah I got my buddies on the corner
In the back of the club with a sack
And they rolling up a jointer
Smoking that country stash
You ain't never seen a bull rider bumping UGK
Nah homie, you ain't never seen that
Fuck it, pete, Â like a bucket seat
Hip hop make 'em all lean back
Make a ping pong ball jealous of the bounce
Chevrolet sitting tall like a cloud
Yeah, pick another trailer park girl up
Dirty blonde digger, ding dong, get out
Yeah, Imma let the lid out
Bud fuck puffing in this jar, lightning bug
Southern hospitality, but I hospitalize you 'cause I'm nice enough
To spot a punk like a homophobic
I'm on it, my opponents know it
Get your money up D-boy
I ain't a D-boy, but my folks they grow it
Done clipped the bud and done sold it
I been sipping Bud, you ain't noticed?
I'm in the bible belt like a church, in the lobby
Where they offering trade for that profit
Yep, yep, yep, bitch I'm all about my (profit)
Yep, yep, yep, don't even try to count my (profit)
Yep, yep, yep, so stay the fuck up out my (profit)
Yep, yep, yep, yeah Let me get started
Targeting artists, ain't no dodging em, lodging them
Cause they fraudulent, yeah, my ho might been sporting shit
No tours and shit, no super Nintendo, but I got cartridges
Cartman shit, working my big old tool like I know carpentry
Pardon me it's the, nigga you know me, the hottest commodity
Probably catch me posted at penny province in poverty
Cause they copping it, stopping me, nope
No ? Copping me, nope
P O T B E L L, why the hell they riding my tail yeah
I'll slow it down a minute (what?)

Cause I ain't been around a minute
These niggas feeling themselves cause I let em borrow the crown a minute
And I'll admit I get beside myself sometimes
Only 'cause I know I got dope rhymes
And my punch lines will fuck wit yo mind,Â I'm bucking, bout my
Yep, yep, yep, bitch I'm all about my (profit)
Yep, yep, yep, don't even try to count my (profit)
Yep, yep, yep, so stay the fuck up out my (profit)
Yep, yep, yep, yep, yeah I am a real Slumerican
Told Yelawolf he can swear me in
I got a heavy double barrel in my box Chevy
When my album drop, everybody scared again
And I'm prepared to win at all costs
Y'all talk a lot of shit, tryna tear my skin
And rumor has it I'm crazy, I need to see a therapist
Well if the shoe fits, fuck it Imma wear it then
Cause I'm a go getter, I would swear for ten
I'm bout to turn up like a sombrero rim
I'm kinda like a modern day Larry Flynn
It's Slum shit, baby fuck Katy Perry fans
I rep Atlanta, I ain't never been to Paris, France
I switch lanes, crossing over like I'm Jeremy Lin
You can't admire me, don't let me catch you staring pimp
I'm like a great white shark in this aquarium
When I was young, I knew kids out caroling
Around the holidays, they were pistol carrying
In the spare, getting paper was imperative
I'm reaching in my pocket, only thing there was lint
Well I compare with then, don't want to spare a cent
We suited up in all black, in a pair of tens
I ran up in a local baller's house, I lay it down
Motherfucker, show me where it is,Â I'm bout to take that profit
Yep, yep, yep, bitch I'm all about my (profit)
Yep, yep, yep, don't even try to count my (profit)
Yep, yep, yep, so stay the fuck up out my (profit)
Yep, yep, yep, yep, yeahÂ (profit)

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