

Delonte West (Prod By Harry Fraud)

Chevy Woods

From the bottom to the top
That mushy got to Harry Fraud Niggas hated, it was nothin', my pace cool
They ain't let me get a piece, a day food
Now they feed that big wreck machine comin'
Actin' like I'm on somethin' mane, give a nigga nothin'
Took my bath in the kitchen, now that's cheese
Lord forgive him please, on both knees
Big joints burnin', it's 20 more to go
For niggas doin' 20 before they see parole
I know the road ain't safe and still I choose to drive
It's crazy baby so I don't recommend you ride
Motorcycle, guns on it, Delonte West
Crap shooters 'round the table, please place your bets
Small circle though, can't infiltrate
From them whole pies, I've seen birthday cakes Motorcycle, guns on 'em, Delonte West
Crap shooters 'round table, place your bets Sometimes when I look into your eyes
The hurt and pain I see (I'm still smokin' baby)
Makes me want to cry (red hot, old chili peppers) Get a whole lot of money, put the team on
All about the dollar shit, that's my theme song
Lookin' out the window, police chasin'
Did it from the bottom up, statch from the basement
Got a lot of questions that would never get answered
But these money bags got a lot of shit in them, Pampers
Respect come with loyalty, uh you just sayin' yes
If it's wrong then it's wrong, shit I'm from the set
Motorcycles, guns on 'em, Delonte West
Crap shooters 'round table, place your bets
Don't be thick about it, just get acure
Shit, I'm getting mine, you should be getting yours
The same situation there for you
Quiet to them boys, here is my lawyer Motorcycle, guns on it, Delonte West
Crap shooters 'round table, place your bets Sometimes when I look into your eyes
The hurt and pain I see makes me want to cry
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>