

# Pound Cake

## Pell Mell

Couple investments, a few of 'em made some major sense  
Keep your two pennies, especially if you ain't made a cent  
I learned the game and been getting publishing ever since  
People that ain't made a dollar will say they ain't convinced  
When you ride to 7-11 on some handle bars  
You can't vision how catchy hooks could take a man to Mars  
The problem is that y'all only just wanna hang with stars  
Heard Lauryn sing and I wanted to take the world from Nas  
I salute but I still demand applause  
I've given infinite gifts, I still feel like Santa Clause  
Males acting like girls I call it mano-pause  
This the type of verse that I bet you that type of man would pause  
I can't stop and give these haters what they ask for  
99 thousand or more inside a cash drawer  
I'm the type to keep a passport on the dashboard, looking for a south of France shore to make a dash for  
Feeling like Damon Dash been moving that acappella  
When times is bleak I hit the freeway like it's Roc-A-Fella  
It's been a decade, get a clue that you could stop me never  
You'd have a better chance of trying to stop a hot propeller  
On a jet while smoking a cigarette, with gasoline on ya hands  
Kerosene on ya breath, oh yes I do it the best, get verses then you are blessed I do it for what it's worth and I'll  
never do it for less, stress  
Never that, I know the album is more than late  
Looked quantity in the face and told it you're gonna wait  
Send a salute to the people who push the culture straight, and those who culture hate I just hope you don't get to  
procreate  
Met with some rappers that industry people over rate  
Met with the Devil but said I wouldn't negotiate  
Lyor made millions, Jay made millions  
And if Cam made millions I'm feelin' like I can sure relate  
Killa -- see Mr. Koopa got 'em quite jealous  
People that hang with Mr. Koopa turn to sky dwellers  
I'm from a city where the skinny turn to pie sellers  
And if any say they making millis then they lie tellers  
Preach  
The struggle will never cease  
Your struggle look like a puddle, my struggle look like a -- sheesh  
I'm visualizing it clear like I'm Mr. Michael Artis  
It's either Jackson or Jordan I feel like Michael on beats

Could'a been on a beach, instead I turn't to a beast  
The clarity of my raps you'd think I created speech  
Saw me dirty my cleats all over these Houston streets  
The hundreds stay in my reach  
The money stay on a leash  
\*Bark\*, I know you hear them dogs barkin'  
That hype beasting is in Houston what we call boppin'  
I make I'm pay for all my words like it's a blog auction  
And Go Daddy what she tells me when we blog shopping  
I'm the type that'd make it and give it a fee  
And you the type that make it they wouldn't take it for free  
They look at you and they like "tell me what's in it for me" and wouldn't take ya disc if you put it under their  
Christmas tree  
Me, let's talk about consistency  
Consistently make 'em feel like these other rappers ain't sick as me  
I'm currently in city they'll never get to see  
The only suite that they'll ever see is a pack of swishas G  
My OG be calling me to tell me that the streets miss me  
He know I'm eating but the reason is I eat picky  
Like PlayStation they pump fakin' and you'll see quickly  
The game switched they'll always end up with a 360  
Albums coming, I tell the doubters just wait till then  
Shot videos and you know that I'd never waste a lens  
They sleeping on me could hope that they never wake again  
But they gotta be sleep when you're planning a rude awakening[Hook]  
Cash rules everything around me  
C.R.E.A.M. get the money, dolla-dolla bill y'allHey yo Texas you know the puzzles what I had to solve  
Ya prodigy be bringing havoc like I had a mob  
Had three enemies, so them odds what I had to dodge  
And now I'm riding in cars that look like avatars  
They ain't never had the soft never had the hard, they try to make it sound deep to pretend they have a cause  
Pushing them yellow bricks, no, that's where you have to pause  
Most of 'em cowardly and lying like the man on Oz  
They lying to you, falsifying within their little bars  
They'd probably try to tell you Tommy really had a job  
Tell you how they had to starve; how they had rob  
Like I went to Heaven and took a blessing from the hand of God  
Nah  
Sorry I don't don't believe it  
Don't believe what ya reading  
Who the ones that achieved it?  
Not them, we did  
Irrelevance is as relevant as the person that said it, and you ain't never did anything, don't you ever forget it  
That dialogue you can dead it  
You borrow your mothers car and put half a tank of unleaded

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>