Break The Bank

The TV Theme Players

Fuck rap, I've been rich, crack by my stick shift
Oxy like concerts, always my bread first
GetMine my nickname, O-X and cocaine
Nina my new thing, blew up before fame
Heart filled with octane, fire in my soul
Burn through my shoestring, came up from boosting
Du-rags and flatlines, drive-by's at bedtime
Get down, I earn mine, so one loss they can't sign
Thank God that I'm straight, no wonder my mom prayed
Lost one of my cuzzos, cursed from them devils
Good weed and me time, goodbye to Nissan
'Cause one day this rappin' gon' paySo now we 'bout to break the bank, money be on my mind
Niggas talkin' 'bout, soundin' like la-da-di-do, la-di-da-di-da-di-do
Now we 'bout to break the bank, money be on my mind
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La-da-di-do, la-di-da-di-da-di-do
La-da-di-do, la-di-da-di-da-di-do, niggas talkin' 'bout
La-da-di-do, la-di-da-di-da-di-do
La-da-di-do, la-di-da-di-da-di-do, now we 'bout to break the bankMy time to show out, finally the illest Crip
And I guarantee, I spit harder than concrete
Surprised I got teeth, my lungs inhale keef
Peyote with THC, swinging for the fence
I hope I make it out the park, where the baseheads slide
After dark, where the bangers get caught
Hid the gun in the trees, arrest me by the court
I just wanna smoke weed and sip lean by the quart, for real
Good weed, I hit that, crack rock, I sold that
Oxy, I hid that, right by my nutsack
Fuck pigs, I bust back, learned that from Deuce rap
Peanut and B-loon, had gats before racks
Way 'fore I found rap, bitch I had them things wrapped
Astro on my cap, this shot ain't no phone app
Chucks on my young heel, make sure that my sag ill
Learn my set trip grill, trade in my big wheel
Good grades and skipped school, this life gon' catch up soon
Sure 'nough that shit did, 20 year old kid
Got off my behind, write me some sweet lines
'Cause one day my story gon' paySo now we 'bout to break the bank, money be on my mind
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La-da-di-do, la-di-da-di-da-di-do
La-da-di-do, la-di-da-di-da-di-do, now we 'bout to break the bankYour bitch wanted cash, get her, know I'm around boy
Tell Kendrick move from the throne, I came for it
I hope this fucking hit arrange for it, cause GoddamnWhat you talkin' 'bout if it ain't 'bout the money?
Neck full of gold, I'm attracted to the honey
Rain, sleet, snow, 'bout the money
On Figueroa, close your eyes, might need ya mommyFuck rap, my shit real, came up off them pills
Hustle for my meal, grindin' for my deal
Love how I'm doing, long way from grooving
Bitch call me 2 Chainz, units be moving
Go hard for my Joy, so she don't need no boy
Smile stay on her face, big room with her own space
Up all night, the hard way, don't care if it take all day
I let y'all fucks parlay, you wonder why I'm straight
New shoes and sick clothes, bitches be front row
Bow down her tempo, I don't know her info
Threw up my peace sign, go rare with mignon
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