

Forbes List (feat. Nas)

Dave East

I could see millions, billions
Foreigns, all that
I could see myself getting a lot of money
I could see the condo, Miami I could see me in the sports cars
On 16 shots of brown at the sports bar
At 16, I was hiding report cards
Now I see myself getting where I'm going, no On Star
GPS for that money, got the directions
Monday night hit the strip joint and cop a section
Niggas ain't fighting no more, we got some weapons
Do it for the culture, I really come from the essence
Essence magazine, brown skin
Cousin from the heights, she told me got some pounds and
Said he out in Brooklyn, he be back up town around ten
Mad traffic in the crib going through it where housin'
If I get evicted, play my bitch crib
You don't want no drama, niggas pop up where your kids live
Set up where your wife work
I be dressed like I'm just coming to see if your life work
Shooter do it just cause he love me, nigga that's light work
I see me in that ghost with a lot of smoke
I see me getting low if you gotta go
I see me in that foreign
See me with that Gucci umbrella when it's pouring
That's how I see it
I see me with connects from the motherland
Backwood in my left, pistol in my other hand
I see me on the Forbes list, see me in them Porches
Still rocking all white Forces I rock tuxes, busters
Clusters cover my watches
Drop mustard color, foreign cars in garages
Only queens I fuck with Celine clutches
My bitch bullet holes in my foes
Side chick got a side chick
Hunter green Nikes, they don't like me
I see niggas cuffing their lady when they sight me
Backwood blowing, 'Yack be pouring
Benjamin Button nasty Don, rich milly on the arm
Been literally rich since '96

Still would've hit my enemies with a tech in 9 six
Exotic materials on the neck and fly whips
I was fresh out the 'jects, decked out to def
Y'all witnessed it, I could fill you in
Real millionaire shit, escargot front lawn like a dealership
Who I rep, 10th street, twelfth street
Plus the Vernon family and that's word to Yam
You see me in that ghost with a lot of smoke
I see me getting low if you gotta go
You see me in my foreign
See me with that Margiela umbrella when it's pouring
That's how I see it
I see me with connects from the motherland
Backwood in the left, cash in my other hand
See I'm truer than the Forbes list, see me in them Porches
Still rocking them '84 Jordans I see me in Dubai, me and Buda high
Moving pies I still see his mother through the sky
I see tan lines, models, haters be anti
I was smoking gram downs, playing foster with franchise
I see myself in that GQ magazine
I was low, nobody in the streets knew I had a fiend
He had a green Honda Civic, parked it on my block
I could drive it for days just made sure you had a rock
Waking up smoking kush, I could see the envy
Weed and Henny, that's the reason this evil in me
I want it all, I ain't letting 'em keep a penny
I see me slumped in that Bentley bumping the best of Biggie
Shouts to Philly, I see me and Freaky laughing
I see Nut in a Porch, I see a Lil' in a Aston
I could see the city from a penthouse view
Married streets, the avenue just said "I do" I see me in that ghost with a lot of smoke
I see me getting low if you gotta go
I see me in that foreign
See me with that Gucci umbrella when it's pouring
That's how I see it
I see me with connects from the motherland
Backwood in my left, pistol in my other hand
I see me on the Forbes list, see me in them Porches
Still rocking all white Forces It's just how I see myself
Ask me how I see them, I see myself in five years
Rich nigga, fuck you think
That's how I see it

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

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