

# Great (feat. 911 Kev)

## Maino

Uhh, I got rich off of killa talk  
Woa, free my homies, let my killas walk  
60 grand on my weaker arm  
Chill on Gates Ave with my Adidas on  
Case you gotta love a nigga for surviving  
Visions of my mama in her bedroom cryin  
Man that's not yo brother if ya get divided  
How you sleep at night after testifying?  
I'm just getting money, I'm not chasing fame  
Tattoos on my body just to hide the pain  
Hard to find a spot where I can place the blame  
Strippers illin at me, wantin me to make it rain  
Dollar bills, throwin all my dollar bills  
Niggas ridin for me, maybe this how power feels  
Caught up in a moment, tryna reach forever  
The niggas in the streets say I'm the realest ever  
I'm great, I'm a G, ask God (yea sir)  
Hustle hard, gold niggas hustle hard (hustle hard)  
Dollar bills, dollar dollar dollar bills  
When you playin with these corners this exactly how you feel (that's how ya feel)  
Ahh, product of them corners and that crack era  
Yea, my superheroes, they was 5 percenters  
Born original, my idols they was criminals  
Shout out to Dolph, showed me my first pistol 2  
Started with a dream and some ready rock  
On the strip yelling nigga I got better tops  
Now I'm staring at the top of my cathedral ceiling  
So many hoes dead and gone, I can't beat the feeling  
Maybe I should put it all in God's hands  
How do babies end up dead, guess it's God's plan  
Club closing but I'm chillin, I'm a sit here drunk  
Shawty pullin on me, nah and I'm just feelin numb  
Yeah, 300 M's in my vision lately  
Yea, early 90's I'm a kitchen baby  
All I ever wanted was a chance to make it  
So I can't help but act a fool and celebrate it  
I'm great, I'm a G, ask God (yea sir)  
Hustle hard, gold niggas hustle hard (hustle hard)  
Dollar bills, dollar dollar dollar bills

When you playin with these corners this exactly how you feel (that's how ya feel)

They say I got the presence of a drug lord

They can tell that I've been in a couple drug wars

And maybe that's the reason why my right is wrong

The reason why I lost my woman to these fuckin hearts

Caught up in the moment, losing track of time

Hopin out them foreigners, watch them lose they mind

Everything, came to conquer everything

Gotta stand for something or you'll fall for anything

I'm great, I'm a G, ask God (yea sir)

Hustle hard, gold niggas hustle hard (hustle hard)

Dollar bills, dollar dollar dollar bills

When you playin with these corners this exactly how you feel (that's how ya feel)

Yea

Hustle hard

Yea

That's how you feel

Yea

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

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