

Fork (Dirty)

2 Chainz

Mama, Mama!

(What? What?)

You get that money out my pants last night?

(Nah I didn't get no money out your pants

And quit yelling at me!)

Ain't nobody hollerin' at you! I had a dream that rap wouldn't work

I woke up on the block

Had to hit it with the fork

Skrrr, skrrr, skrrr, skrrr, skrrr

Hit it with the fork

Skrrr, skrrr, skrrr, skrrr, skrrr

Hit it with the fork

Rap don't work, records ain't bein' sold

So much money on me, it won't even fold

So much money on me, it won't even fold

So much money on me, it won't even fold

So much money on me, it won't even fold

So much money on me, it won't even fold I got Medusa on my sneakers

My dick up like "nice to meet ya"

100K for a feature, hundred K's at my leisure

Then we aim at your people

I be higher than a eagle

When I'm sipping on that codeine

Free my nigga Siegel

I am ridin' on a jet, headin' to that Costa

Soon as I land I be in that Testarossa

If I die tonight, you gon' see some flicks in Ghosta

I'm the man in my city, same thing in South Dakota

Man I'm running up that check, show you how I do it

I drink red bitches, I don't drink Red Bulls

Man they tried to give me wings, but I already had some

I'm all that and then some

My trap house is my income, and it's booming! I had a dream, rap wouldn't work

Woke up on the block

Hit it with the fork

Skrrr, skrrr, skrrr

Hit it with the fork

Skrrr, skrrr, skrrr

Hit it with the fork

Rap don't work, records ain't bein' sold
So much money on me, it won't even fold
So much money on me, it won't even fold
So much money on me (2 Chainz!) It won't even fold I'm ballin' like Mr. Clean
I gotta keep my kitchen clean
God bless me like I'm finna sneeze
Got to weigh me on a triple beam
D-boy in parenthesis
All gold in my Mr. T's
2 Chainz, two pinky rings
My trigger finger's like a lemon squeeze (baow!)
Climax! Make your main ho my side-chick
I'm so high, your whore get hijacked
And my vision is Pyrex
I do it big like a 5X
Killed they ass with the eyepatch
I got bad bitches on my side
I done fucked around and got sidetracked
My first night, I spent five stacks
Next night I forgot to count
I'm so hot, who gon' put the fire out?
I'm the fireman, I put fire out
Got a pole in my basement
Tipped your girl like Malaya now
Ridin' on these motherfucka's until they blow my tires out My wrist deserve a shout-out
I'm like "what up, wrist?"
My stove deserve a shout-out
I'm like "what up, stove?"
All this jewelry on then I'm out cold
So much money on me, it won't even fold! I had a dream, rap wouldn't work
Woke up on the block
Hit it with the fork
Skrrr, skrrr, skrrr
Hit it with the fork
Skrrr, skrrr, skrrr
Hit it with the fork
Rap don't work, records ain't bein' sold
So much money on me, it won't even fold
So much money on me, it won't even fold
So much money on me, it won't even fold

Songwriters

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