

Count up That Loot

Nipsey Hussle

Count up that loot, count up that loot, nigga
Count up that loot, that's just what I do
Count up that loot, nigga (what)
Count up that loot, count up that loot
(Look) Count up that loot, count up that loot
(Look) Black on black Benz, young nigga salute
(Look) Gold cuban links, just reppin' my roots
(Look) Blood sweat and tears, [?]
(Look) Top of my game, and what's up with' you
(Look) Pop at you lames cause I'm sucka proof
(Look) Don't play no games boy I'm busta proof
Can't fuck with' me, I don't fuck with' you
You a fuckin' fraud, I'm the fuckin' truth
I went solo on that ass, I think I'm fuckin' Snoop
Solo in this game, I'm like 'fuck the group'
Solo in my SL Benz like 'fuck the roof'
That's fuckin' true, that's fuckin' who
Nip muthafucka, lookin' like a hustla do
Built this label up just like Russell do
Just gimme 10 years, they gone be like, "Russell who?"
Never trust them fools, get a fuckin' clue
I skip them meetings, tell them fags watch my fuckin' moves
I'm Birdman in blue chucks, watch my fuckin' shoes
I'm Suge Knight, I'm J. Prince, I'm like fuck the rules
I'm Austin Rosen, I'm Jonah Berger
This ain't black on black crime, but it's fuckin' murder
This beat ain't even mixed, but it's fuckin' perfect
They paid a hundred for my tape and it was fuckin' worth it
Shout out to Wendy Williams cause she helped it surface
Shout out my nigga Jigga cause he made that purchase
Shout out my nigga Sway, my nigga B Dot, Whoo Kid
Sold out the first day, we had to restock
(Look) My nigga Hoggie got shot in his head
(Look) I got that call and they said he was dead
(Look) I couldn't cry, but it hurt a nigga
Mostly because he was too young to find his purpose, nigga
This life is short, let's make it worth it, nigga
We all so far from perfect, nigga
Them cameras rollin' no rehearsals, nigga

Plus scared money never made a fuckin' purchase, nigga
Look at all this game in my verses, nigga
I swore that I would never have to work for niggas
I sacrificed like every nigga in my circle, nigga
Now world tours every summer like the circus, nigga
Barnum & Bailey's, y'all clowns is crazy
These diamonds is flawless, that shit is fugazy
Just open yo' magazine, see my picture by Jay Z
Brand new Mercedes, Los Angeles made me
Pull up at the Shell, playin' D'Angelo, "Lady"
This industry racist, don't ever mistake it
Can't say my name with' niggas who labels enslaved 'em
You say my name with' niggas like Malcolm and Jesus
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