Backseat Flip

Jon Drake

Martin had a dream
Martin had a dream
Kendrick have a dream

All my life I want money and power
Respect my mind or die from lead shower
I pray my dick get big as the Eiffel Tower
So I can fuck the world for seventy-two hours

Goddamn I feel amazing, damn I'm in the matrix
My mind is living on cloud nine and this 9 is never on vacation
Start up that Maserati and vroom-vroom, I'm racing
Popping pills in the lobby and I pray they don't find her naked
And I pray you niggas is hating, shooters go after Judas
Jesus Christ if I live life on my knees, ain't no need to do this
Park it in front of Lueders, next to that Church's Chicken
All you pussies is losers, all my niggas is winners, screaming

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Goddamn I got bitches, damn I got bitches
Damn I got bitches, wifey, girlfriend and mistress
All my life I want money and power
Respect my mind or die from lead showers

I've got twenty-five lighters on my dresser, yes sir
Put fire to that ass, body cast on a stretcher
And her body got that ass that a ruler couldn't measure
And it make me cum fast but I never get embarrassed
And I recognize you have what I've been wanting since that record
That Adina Howard had pop it fast to impress her
She rolling, I'm holding my scrotum and posing
This voice here is golden, so fuck y'all, I goes in and

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Damn I got bitches, wifey, girlfriend and mistress
All my life I want money and power
Respect my mind or nigga it's go time

It's go time, I roll in dough with a good grind
And I run at ho with a baton
That's a relay race with a bouquet
They say, "K, you going marry mines"
Beeotch, no way, beeotch, no way, beeotch, no way, beeotch, okay
I'm never living life confined, I can feel you even if I'm blind
I can tell ya who what when where how to sell your game right on time
Beeotch, go play, beeotch, go play, beeotch, go play, beeotch
I look like OJ, killing everything from pussy to a mothafuckin' Hit-Boy beat
She pussy popping and I got options like an audible, I be
C-O-M-P-T-O-N, I win, then ball at your defeat
C-O-M-P-T-O-N, my city, mobbing in the street, yelling

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All my life I want money and power
Respect my mind or die from lead showers
Let it run, Ali

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Lyrics Submitted by Zeke O.

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