

Big Payback

Ab-Soul

Before I exit out this motherfucker, bet you know my
name
I'm into Swisher Sweets and five dollar champagne
You should join my campaign before I lose my damn brain
I'm chasing a winning and I don't know if I'm losing or
winning
Damn shame
Shit, I ain't complaining
It's no limits nigga, it's only entertainment
So I'm in the Bugatti and got the burner too
Right place, right time, I'll murder you
Huh, I finally get it
What's the use in being witty ain't nobody wit' it
I'd rather sticky my woody in a wonder woman
So good I might never want another one
But I'mma always want another woman
Real nigga to the core my dude
Straight from the liquor store
From getting more sippy from me and my recipients
Till we stumble to the floor my dude, straight off top
T.D.E. till 3003
No scratch that, I can't calculate that exact
My downfall will probably never be an incident though
Use your mind, don't just listen to the instrumental
Read the signs before you end up in a pile of shit
You probably did
The least you can do is crack a window
You smell that?
And if I catch him taking a nap, I tell him that...

I hope it hit you like a bus done run up into ya
I'm only fuckin' with ya
I know it's nothing to ya
What I gotta make is something to ya
Slept on us long enough, you got it coming to ya

See me I'm from the mid, don't fuck with the kid
Heavy artillery, this long will split your wig
Put your fitted on the curb
You know, rip your lid
Brains on the sidewalks you know what it is, that is
I got that strict mentality
Razorblade in my mouth, Bitch wanna battle me
Huh? I slice this bitch up, I ain't playin
Snare need stitches from the words that I'm sayin'
Name my badem, Reppin' L.A.'n
Tattoo's showin', mean muggin' at the way in
Smack you with a bottle that I picked up on the way in
And them niggas that rollin' with you only with you
cause you pay 'em
And real niggas don't get extorted
We call for the mother ship, then we board it
That mean we fly like we wanna fly
Me and Ab comin' for you, better go runnin' high

Look, I'm really sick, you need to quit
Like quiet without the E

Supplyin' the D-man's
Sometimes it gets deep man
You will die in the deep end
Surviving to see it
And I'mma be here, The bible is re-writ
HiiiPower, you can yell it
But make sure it's three it's when you spell it
I'm at the bottom of the barrel, let them niggas tell
it
I might have to put the barrel to a niggas melon
Pull up on a few hoes in the new McLaren
Back to the condo, condom broke, now I'm a parent
Still smilin' in the mirror, nigga here to think
Everybody got it comin' to 'em, even me
You only reap what you sow
You only get what you knit
My garden's grown, and I'm about to throw a fit