

Fuck Me On the Dough

Ces Cru

I want my motherfucking money, service is rendered
Fuck a check, return it to sender
Give me mine and they gonna tender
Mister manager, the venue is filled with capacity
Check the door box, count my percentage and get that to me

Fuck me, fuck me on the dough and we are all black with millions
Bar caps and billies, it's all raps for really
Fuck me on the dough and we are all black with millions
Bar caps and billies, it's all raps for really.

Ok, I'm trying to put it safe in the ground
Guess I got it deep but first I got to buy that shovel
Look it, we trying to leave a mark on the game
Guess we've got an album to press
And then we got to make that bubble
Okay, the hour start teen and I love my friends
But understand, y'all, love don't spin
They wanna get in, they wanna get it in
Fucking for scene, they blow their duckets on a bucket of gin
They wanna act fucked up when it comes to couple, bust to get in
I ain't got nothing to lean, you got the cup to get in
I'm hoping you're tripping, know it's the only motor for ripping
This constant energy is worth every penny in the price of igmission
I'm like on a mission, like in a pocket
You gotta pay the profit to witness to how he rock it
It's like he's in a rocket, his writing is like the rockets
Hard and you got to chop it to profit

You act silly, hush, puppy on my bro
See, I already know we can't be trusted on the low
Can feel it in my bones when he stuck me on the show
That's why every time I callin' in me duck me on the phone
And what we ought to know, they keep me in the dark about
Knew the game was shady when I started out
Mama told me baby, just be smart about your biz'
Don't forget about your kid while you're carving out your needs
The part about that is the industry's offended
When I made your labels dusted by a fucking independent
Strange music, dude, fuck if you believe in it
Don't know what I have to do or what it took for me to get it
No matter what they believe, when they look
They see an image not the person underneath
They must took me for a gimmick, they push me to my limits
They coming out their faces, these motherfuckers
Run their mouths, I'm running out of patience
Now come about your pockets, I'm coming out the basement
I bet you don't know nothing about no hundred dollar payments
I'm slaving over grills, determined as ever
Cooking the books and in the same time burning my cheddar

I'm at the coin start, counting this cheddar, we better stretch
In the company of more wealthy people I never met
Fuck a check, return it to sender, we getting more slaps
Red headed bitches for mommy and daddy work ups

Fuck me over for money may be consider that I'm

Cooking up a meal for you, buddy, pay me for dinner
Plus the baby sitter don't work free, she needing chips
Everybody put their palm on my face for a piece of this, I'm saying

The car can need a Jeep, we need that bread
Committing suicide if they put a price on my head
I want every rap sin, I gotta have it like right now
Before the KCP and always cutting my lights out

I was on early gas come to put me out in the cold
So it's something I can see, touch, count and then hold
Hold me, matter no money, know that I've been told
But how the fuck this gone out of control?

[Hook: Godemis]