This for the block, there's no place like show business Hell naw nigga, I'm serious
I'm honored, I'm back
Take this muh'fucken rap money
And bring it back to the block nigga
Haha, fo' real, so if you gettin yo money
That drank money, you gettin it
You know, I'm just worried about me now
Got all the fuck boys from around me, hey fuck you niggas
Hey, now let's get it

After I do my concert, I bring that money to the block And nigga I don't half, cause I want the whole block Now whip it, now whip it, now whip it Now get it, whip it, ship it, and flip it

Ay I told you muh'fuckers I'ma bounce back With three million in cash, potna count that If I write you a check, nigga you can cash that And when I'm in Europe, I use my flatstack The black car get used fo' times a day My rims skinny, but my pockets overweight Go get yo tubes tied, cause you a bitch boy 800 grand, and now you think you rich boy You better step it up, my paper been straight And by the way my new chick go to Penn Stae I paid for her car, I paid for her books Okay I'm lyin, but don't that shit go with the hook I got money to blow, I oughta be ashamed I'm playin with some change, I want Travolta plane He got a couple of 'em, we always fuck with rubbers This ain't O.G. kush, I like to call it Bubble

Ay fuck boy, I'm the James Toney of rap Cause niggas hate me, but I still got it like that A brand new 'Vette, I'm a ladies man Plus my Bretlin cost me 80 grand Ay, money ain't a thang, you know where I hang And besides music, you know what I slang And you know what I claim, It's Clover Geez up And don't you hate it when yo potna smoke, all yo weed up? I had to roll my sleeves up (why?), cause of my bracelet And we ain't goin nowhere, so just face it I lace weed with the syrup cause it burn slow I make G's with my words cause it earn dough Who woulda known Lil' Flip 'll scan five mil' And then be forced to take a break for two years But the block got love for the God So you know it ain't shit for me to get a nigga robbed For the block niggas