

# Nothin' But Business

Slaine

And it go  
Goes like this  
Like a phone check, 1-2 what this is?  
Like a phone check, 1-2 what is this?  
Yeah  
I'm the stage crasher,  
high up my mind did the wave baster  
Despite by the mass-media  
call the gate passion  
every statement that I make stage for days after  
Internet pussies LOL with the brave laughter  
Some back pack and train battle me a slacker  
this is me .how it had to be, I mean it has to  
every minute I'm alive is an obscene disaster  
I'm like a doc to my high f\*ck a green.  
I'm withdrawn from all the fucking cheat em all,  
Living long, hear my agency, through every . song  
sleep on me, you're a sheet, you're a coward, I'm a creep  
hold the plate in that.than deep  
But records run in the streets  
.son of a bitch, pull on trick,  
Holy deal in the G's that's my stiz  
I'll make her .of the week,  
Dark pieces s\*ck me till I come in a trick,  
others the shits, comers can be they call it ignorance is money to me.  
Hook:  
Fuck the world dog, I'm staying with the cash on me  
I ain't hard to find got head and ask for me,  
Like a phone check, 1-2 what is this?  
You can take it personal, well is nothin' but business  
I love the weed smoke, get some liquor  
Throwin' motherf\*cking hands in the air  
We gotta eat palm and some bitches,  
Put your motherf\*cking hands in the air,  
Wow, lost in the high wave  
Amber Rose smelling shots tops with the high grave  
two hoes they top expose their low gray  
sees Ds and ass with a.  
you're playing a.locking it into the home  
I'm letting her live the palm way  
she locked to a bone, I'm Minaj in my home,  
you noise palm and grown,  
but your wife in the next room playing be your songs  
you're playing it all wrong, she can't pay it the Gucci salary  
can't be Micky and Malary no more,  
just pimpin in my hoe, just flatting .  
they fax my next floor, flip text with escro,  
so pass the exo, I'm drunk and it doesn't bother me  
since I ain't livin' in poverty no more,  
this dependent man in roof and the two tone flow,  
and I don't need to know shit, if I do not dough, so.  
Who's nastia, no one spit the news raspia,  
Two have for you, my cruise is .masacre,  
In the street making cake flit no. passenger,  
In the. with the after puff, laughing but  
ain't nothing funny but the money,  
I'm hungry give me count and you're taking from me,

I throw your ass off and fuck the bridge and cut the bungee,  
Sping the lunge from my tummy and you'll cut you're fucking dummy,  
If you look survive, you're looking like the mommy,  
The new Hefner turn your bitch into my bunny,  
plus a jet from me, Patron second round great duice, 80 proof  
mix it up, put it down.  
I throw your hands up, throw your grants up,  
get your man smack for trying to handcuff,  
get a damn suck to my glance buff then my man's trunk on the camera  
that's the plan, that's your man.