

No Favors

Snowgoons

Top notch players, rhyme sayers
Nigga we don't do favours, you gotta pay us
Ten thousand (more), twenty thousand (more)
Thumbing through hundreds, can't stop counting

Drug money (drugs), ho money (hos)
Whatever as long as it's your money
Get off my corner, this grow money
You can't sell around here, you get no money

Fuck a- ah
I was told to walk with Jesus, I spark with the heaters
I talk to the non-believers through the speakers
Either get in line or get low
I get in shorty's mind, turn a square into a ho
I fuck with real players that sniff blow and get dough
Turned from a rapper to a pimp, I'm a schizo
Superman without the krypto, you get no love
I tip toe let the fifth blow slugs
I put mink on the rug, 'chilla on my back
My hand around her throat till she deliver me a stack
Where my real niggas at?
I figure that my fanbase push Cadillacs, nothin but MACs
Weight holders and money folders surrounded by soldiers
I never sober cause I know I ain't living to be much older
I'm so colder, you're so over
My flow's nova, you're like the dirt on my shoulder
Brush it off

Sauce Money, mum's the word, I just come to serve
All of a hundred birds
You run with herbs, my thugs elite
Hold your block down, when I squeeze you hug the street
All that ride talk'll get you is homicide chalk
And candles when you kiss that sidewalk
I'm a don with a plan that disappears at night like Akon with a
tan
Stacks in the palm of my hand
Competition wishing they me
I did in one hour what took them till day three
Nigga my fan base is the AC
I taste lately, money make me feel like I'm 8'3"
Sitting on cash is how you pay me
There's no wonder that you feel that you ain't me