

Chucks to gators, great to greater
Quit the bullshit to make the paper
Who said a gangster can't be a banker
Ya gotta make ya money in large amounts
Shut ya mouth, you ain't spittin no dolla signs
You ain't talkin bout swallowin mine
When the mic turned on, Slink Capone for the job
'cuz you know I'm fully qualified
A lotta niggaz wanna know what it takes to make
The pretty bitches sell they bodies from state to state
You all caught up in the hype like Wayne Loc say
Try the shit again, 'cuz it ain't yo day
You wanna dive in head first, but you don't know the game
Now they got you for ya scratch and ya Rolex chain
Even if ya leakin out a hole in the brain
Motherfucker, you still better throw them thangs
Nationwide is the clique, and we supply the funk
Snatch a hatin ass punk and make him ride in the trunk
Ain't no denyin us, we the livest
And we never let the muthafuckin iron rust
Anybody wanna get served, line up
And if you ridin with us, get behind us
Slink Capone, Murda One, Playa Playa on that ass
Get the cash, see in platinum we trust, nigga what??
I put a punk bitch in a chokehold for trippin
Intervenin on my Crippin and we known for dippin
Don't try to clown and get caught up in the wrong position
Ya hard head, what you think you too grown to listen
Only GOD really knows how long we livin
Unforgiven, but our acts be hunger driven
Growin up in the city, made some wrong decisions
But \$hort plugged me in, now I'm on precision