

Sauce Money, What's That, Fuck That

Y'all muthafuckas is sadly mistaken
I think -
I don't really think y'all understand
What it is that I exactly do
I make joints for the radio
And all that, youknowsayin?
But this is my shit right here, yo
We can just get right to it
Hope they can fuck with it

(VERSE 1)

I can make joints all day, never touch a average
Sauce, hot shit, ain't nothin but a marriage
Skills that I possess, niggas die to have it
Hip-hop muthafucka, I rap like a savage
Automatics for faggots who brag about fabrics
Mad blood on your carriage, no love for you addict
I roast all y'all niggas, homicide closed, die most
It's suicide fuckin with me, try toast
Fuck cats talkin first class but fly coach
The laugh is over, Mr. Half-a-Soda
You're at your quota, I'm halfway to Minnesota
The seat 1a sippin a ice cold ??Momossa??
Never sober, when I awake I can make a wish
Head from the bitch servant or steak and fish
Arouse my meat till I'm sound asleep
Gettin brain surgery at 33'000 feet
A nigga knocked out till I hit the ground and creeped
Limo, five star hotel and a suite
Once earnin I come turnin for cunt squirmin
Bitches who front learnin, yearnin to keep the blunt burnin

(CHORUS)