

The Wreckshop Family

"Cash On"

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(*talking*)

It go down straight up, it go down in here
All night in the lab, bout 5 in the morning
Me and my nigga Craig, you know I'm tal'n bout
Ted Wheel in this motherfucker, that's how we do it
Know I'm saying feel this, huh

[Hook: Noke D - 2X]

Candy coated, wet up out Eddy's
So you know I'm, pulling out ready
Grind stay stead on, gotta keep on getting my feddy
Bitches bopping car hopping, ain't no stopping though
I'm on the gas yo, I gotta get my cash on

[Dirty \$]

Yeah, there ain't no stopping a G
When he got his mind, focused on his currency
It's that Dirty \$, but you can call me Jerry McGuire
We ain't swapping gay bout Deniro, fa sho I'm gon holla
At you much later playa, now I'm grinding to get this
paper
Trying to reep the benefits, from seven years of hard
labor
When I speak please believe, my speech ain't cheap
Spit for my health fuck that, I spit for the wealth
My well-being, comes from seeing my baby girl happy
My T looking sassy, in that new drop top Caddy
My pappy out there barely, but that only prepare me
Not to lean on no nigga, cause ain't no nigga can carry
me
Junior hustle to get it, whatever hustle I'm with it
Make mine whatever custom fitted, in too deep to quit
it
Went from ashy to classy, stay far from flashy
Got to make enough do', so the bread outlasts me

[Hook - 2X]

[Lil' Shay]

I'm candy coated out Eddy's, as I bounce rock steady
Sitting low with Noke D, got a nigga looking ready

We ain't tripping fa sho, in a candy Tahoe
Tag team on a hoe, how the fucking game go
Fa sho we looking good, in the hood gripping wood
On some other shit, plus we dropping off the goods
Here it is Shayzie baby, so don't front
Candy red looking blooded, like the first of the month
Pulling up iced up, chain glass on 4's
For me and will be, to go and fuck with some hoes
You know, I'm at the dackory bar
With a bad ass bitch, giving head in the car
Jump out brush off, cause it's money to make
Plus I got another Houpe, for that end of the pay
Young Shay, Chill Will and Noke holding the wheel
Pulling out on triple see, we rolling candy for real

[Hook - 2X]

[D-Reck]

I've been all about the feddy, since titty milk was fed to
me
To them days on the block, when crack rock was
leveling
My Matchbox was stocked, and the knot in my sock was
heavy
With dreams of a drop, and a new spot for betting
And a college degree, wasn't enough to feed me
Ain't no small bidness loans, for niggaz in these streets
Saw whipped that flipped that, fuck a job I skipped that
Start that dipped that, handed equipped gats
Young entrepre-nigga, with ways to get paid
Turned crumbs to bricks, Hoo-doo's to Escalades
From hot heat to shades, try to stop me you getting
sprayed
I'm on feet like J's, the streets paved the way
For a nigga to get the do', get the feddy get the cheese
Shot off showroom flo', in a new V
You gotta hand it to me, cause I'm demanding a G
And that's respect, cause D-Reck gon collect you see

[Hook - 2X]

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