

Slimm Cutta Calhoun**"It Ain't Easy"**

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Atlanta's hip hop music industry is bringing
In millions of dollars to the metro area, area

It's like bounce, rock, skate
Rock up, roll and get the papes
Slice the cakes and spread love through this Peach
State
Hit the first one like the sweepstakes
And we gon' all eat cheese steaks
Believe me it ain't easy to get cheesy, what, what

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Stakes high, my hands dirty
I'm a big lick drilla quick flip gorilla for scrilla
Blue chipper with more shine than the big dipper
Spit dinero game, fuck the hero fame
Went from wild to tame, just for change

Still a lustful brain for thangs like cold chains
Crush grapes and grain but the key is to maintain
Some dare to be different some dare to be dumber
Bleeps and blunders got you stuck in slumber
I'll a wake that ass like thunder

Thudding on the late night, on point like a steak knife
Keep the game tight, from the dirty, fuck a fair fight
'Cause of static my monetary status
Situations get tragic when I got to have it

Destructive like Turkish earthquakes
I'm selfish got to have the pie and the whole cake
Working non-stop no breaks for the house on the lake
All for the love of the Peach State, yeah nigga, ga, ga,
ga

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Stay working in the late, that's right, stay right
On a money making mission to the break of daylight
Swerve the ride, serve to survive
Everyday that be the forte

Lay in the cut, never take a shawt buck, believe that
Where the weed at roll up, see yeen got cha money
right
Partna gotta hold up, sho nuff see business is business
I gotta bend a corner in a minute

Smash the gas, stash the cash
Keep it to the flo
Gotta stay on they ass, can't give 'em no leeway
Smoked out on the freeway

Chevrolet wit the brains blowed, congaf and dro
Yeen know, so hence fro the
We gone ball y'all till the reign
Fall and when they reign, fall we gone ball y'all, a yes,
yes y'all

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Boy, I'm spit shine nickel clean
Dead serious 'bout this pickle green
Make moves
Then we shake the scene

Rule one is to know your team
To avoid infiltration of your cream
'Cause all sleepers get is a dream
And that's on everything in between

From the Remy X-O to the Monte Cristos
Rapped around crypto but never too good to blow
A fifty dollar O of Jam Toe, you know sucka boy, play
Rambo
Get sliced off the hambone its Slimm and Slick
Backbone
We get the track blown

For a dollar Calhoun scholar in a Caprice or Impala
Watch these hoes holler
See it take bread to make bread, we only count in
grands
I'm trying to stack like the Sultan of Sudan
For a 500 Sedan and a spot in the sands, goddamn

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