

Y&T

"Recession"

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Precise Game bitch

(Ya Boy)

Now baby I can take you to moss
But I ain't got no gas in the car
You can walk right nextdoor to the bar
You should just be happy to fuck with a star
Now baby we can go to Brazil
But it'd be cheaper if we sat here and chilled
I got a lot of problems and a whole lotta bills
Fuck what ya heard I'm just keepin it real

Seemed like yesterday I was in Malibu spendin back
and givin gifts like
Santa do
Now they ask me Ya Boy why the attitude?
I'm broke and I need some dollas bitch you gotta few?
My bitch tell me rap ain't gone work, I need to give it up
adn go put on a
Fed Ex shirt
What makes it worse, is I'm 5000 a verse
Without havin a curse I'm ten no one tryna spend
So I'm abck to ma mamma house, she gave my room to
ma sister... now I'm
Sleepin on the couch
And they ask what I find about, cause I'm the hottest on
the west and I'm
Down and out
Now tell me remember them diamonds on my wrist no
more yesterday I had to
Pawn that shit
I'm stressin, I got salad with no dressin
Was livin the life now I'm stuckin in the recession. shit
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They just cutt off the water in ma building
Bathing outta water bottles not a good feeling
No bitch I ain't got no sugar you can borrow

Let me get a candle cause my lights get cut out
tomorrow
No food in the refridgerator just Kool-Aid and some
KFC mashed potatoes
Cans omebody call an exterminator cause the
cockroach just stole my pack of
Nialators
Tattoos on the front back and side of me, now honestly
what job gone now
You need
Mann this rap shits fucked up it seem like everybody
havin tough luck, pull
Out the bicycles put the gas pumps up
The gasoline crisis baby that what's up
I need a good meal and I need a hair cut
My pockets inside out nigga and what, yeah

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Even chicken is expensive, it's six dollars just to egg a
niggas window
And drive bys cost too, so they on bicycles doin what
they gota do
Look
Ma bitch say she won't miss the childs, I turned around
and looked at her
Bitch how?
I caint even afford to wax your eyebrows, it's hotdogs
on the stove girl
Pipe down
I went from the green leaves to the blacka dn mile, and
I done went from
The iphones to the burn outs, polly seeds and corn nuts
got me turned out,
But anything goes when you in a paper drought
I'm tired of rap niggas talkin what they paper bout,
when they ain't got
Enough dough to start a bank account

Got money betta know it's a blessing, let's see how
long you can survive
This recession

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