

7 Mile

"Fill My Cup"

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Mack muthafuckin 10
Back up in ya witta'nother muthafuckin gangsta hit
But this time 1-0 Productions givin the muthafuckin
punch
Wit my niggas, my new niggas:
AllFrumThal
Run it, Squeak

(Verse 1 -Squeak Ru)
It's like 24/7, 365
How ot stack them dollars, that was on my mind
Gots to get this rap shit tight
That's why I write and fuck [up everything ?] on the mic
I wanna filthy rich and when I pitch
Game at a bitch, she couldn't rock my dick
Seven digit bank accounts and we bounce
Weed by the pound, fuck a ounce
I'm mashin petrol thru the ghetto
Fuck the metro, nigga got the bankroll and wouldn't
buy Benzo
Gettin paper is a habit, I want it lavish
Goddamn, if it's there I gots to grab it
So God, please, can you make me famous
I wanna stack a big head from earth to Uranus
Got to combine these rhymes for the grind
It's time, I can't keep the paper off my mind

Chorus:
I wanna fill my cup to tha rim
Tell me long will it take for me to stack my paper
I'm tryna stay down because I'm Inglewood swangin
AllFrumThal til I die, we hoo-bangin

(Verse 2 -Binky Mack)
Now tell me who can fade us
Breakin off from Inglewwood to Vegas
Rub ya [???) around my stack ,shakin up the crap
Game, really don't matter what the hustle
So my [shrink ?] get [???) again wit a little muscle
Tap on the do' to see if ya home
Better [ask ?] or me and my dogs is thru the window

Gots to fill my cup by any means
Necessary pullin my strap cuz you bustas is scary
Hustle and dreams, now is hustle at any means
Me and my nigga on some hustlin schemes
Got niggas hoes takin me shoppin, it's only poppin
And it won't be no stoppin, I'm droppin
Rhymes on that ass, hoes checks they cash
Cuz when it comes to a broke bitch
Nigga, I pass and when women wanna wine and dine
Mack 10's bought the Benz off the [lac] I'll be tellin
bitches it's mine

Chorus

(Verse 3 -Squeak Ru)

A nigga wanna stack him a million
Have a house away from the average civilian
[Fo' do ???], [???] entourage
20 muthafuckers when we mob
Live [in plusses ?] by his custom [get ?] that's the shit
Put the hood down, now my niggas got grip
Havin money is a scheme, American Dream
A nigga from the ghetto livin like a king
And at night my appetite is right
I like the big MD shine in the light--twisted
A hundred [???] make a nigga pow
I wish the homies in the pen could see me now
Westside!!!

Chorus

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