

## Ac Dc

# "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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