

## Activate

### "If"

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[Hook x2]

If it ain't about paper, it ain't about me  
Put too much work in my hustle to die broke on these  
streets

[Verse 1]

I took some money and invested in some hookers  
Coca-Cola cookers, dick breakers, purse snatchers  
Wallet takers, money makers, high-speed chaser cop  
shakers  
Anything to stop the chief from tracin' catchin' cases  
I'm cop racist, tired of seein' their faces  
Been in the back seat too many times with blackened  
bracelets  
Which I don't give a fuck, y'all wanna see me do bad  
Cause I get up, get out, get off my ass, stuff duffle  
bags  
Sweatin' the doo-rag, yay in the blue bag  
Jealousy soon as I get down with more than you had  
Take trips with a bitch a stuff a click up of coke  
Love y'all but hate cha' city bitches, ya arrogant and  
broke  
Quick to pick the jack up, call a crack and send me to  
Central  
Use bitches for sex, money, ID's and rentals  
One tried to claim the family jewels  
I told the bitch I'm bad news, this cash rules

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2]

I sleep with stars on the low  
Cause they my everyday hoes  
It's like I'm scared for em'  
Fuck around and laugh on em'  
But I ain't laugh when we lost all them grams though  
Cause they know they try to keep em' low but we  
sprang the door  
Cell bars can't stop ours  
Amateur broads is like movie stars and cinema screen  
Ol' shorty right there, I been fuckin' her since she was

seventeen  
She a mean twenty-four now  
Should I jam the broad raw now  
The dick say yes  
But the brain say stress  
If you put on that dress you make a thousand dollars  
easy  
Set chu' up with the rich Asians  
Wanna flash them big faces  
I wanna clean operation  
Like ferry ferry freak off  
Pay for play, pick the broad you wanna slay  
Do it your way, I'm wait in the doorway  
Yeah I'm sellin 4-A, doin' it  
Don't blow me up, don't ruin it  
If it ain't about money dick, the X ain't pursuin' it

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

Yo, let me speak some much all  
For now, we gon' kill the dumb talk  
Hold ya fort cause I ain't done  
And the struggle ain't fun  
I done sold crack, done that  
Sold pack, gotta run  
Yet I'm down for the coin, I need stacks bigger than Pun  
Ya understand my man, a nigga wanna see his nights  
Pop rubber bands if I have to pop rubber man  
Cause the chips I got can't take care of my mother and  
My immediate fam, so I scheme and scam to get some  
fetti in my hand  
It done been times when niggas look at Eddie like he  
petty  
But these niggas ain't my men  
Workin' with birds and can't throw the kid no grams  
But you wanna borrow toast when you caught in a jam  
Niggas'll scam, stay broke, nah I'ma bounce back  
Get a couple ounce stacks, take that and bounce that  
Now I got niggas givin' me eight off of g-packs  
And if it ain't about money, it ain't no need to believe  
that

[Hook repeated to fade]

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