

Allfrumtha-I "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 Inglewood 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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