

Boaz "Everything"

Visit "[Everything](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ordinary rapper ended up a superstar
Sitting in the ghetto, wishing on that shootin' star
Order bottle service, we ain't gotta do the bar
Let's go hard tonight, the same shit we gon do
tomorrow
Different city, different state
Hang out with real niggas
Every sponsor bigger state
You gotta feel niggas
Smashing out with the aston
Getting head, not crashin'
I've been brown bagged since '09
No spending bread, just stashin'
Still getting that cash nigga
Rap money, move fast nigga
Throwin' up that grass
Askin' smokin' joint to the ash with ya
But times change
And people too
I feel the same
How I seem to you?
I'm where the weather's nice and the trees is blue
Welcome to the life, this a dream come true
Got the city goin' hard cuz we all bubblin'
Got the fans talkin' 'bout me way out in belgrade
Who you signing with, hah?
When the album coming?
It's all a grind cousin
I knew my time is coming
Poetical justice in the usual fashion
Let's get this established
This music Â– my passion

You're risin' for the money and the fame
But for the love of the game
They expect you to change
But when you grind and chine it ain't a thing
But when you grind and chine it ain't a thing

Now I'm sitting at the party with pretty hoes
Fresh from my head to my toes
Poppin' bottles of rose

Don't want from nothing
I've got everything
Don't work from nothing, I've got everything

Humble beginnings, I was dreaming 'bout the super
start 'em
Money and women give a fuck about women my
problems
Always in my own head, started out with no bread
Kept my head u, got my bread up
Now I'm chilling still
I hit the gas station, passing jackson's to fiends
Gonna buy me a blunt that I packed with some weed
I remember all the days they were laughing, my
dreams
Now when they look at what I'm doing they just have to
believe
Rappin' with my cast on, broke my head in half
Still I rap like it's my last songs
Passing chef the hash
When they ask about the burger tell 'em listen to boaz
Because them stories go way deeper than just bitches
and hoes
Sticking to the program, always on my own 2
I always been my omen, there's nothing that I won't do
To get this money, tempted by materials
I always dreamed to have that b emblem on my
steering wheel
These rap motherfuckers funny though
Young and with success, tend to move 'em out their
comfort zone
Fuck these hoes, I'm thinking 'bout some better things
Forget about that bullshit, the music becomes
everything

You're risin' for the money and the fame
But for the love of the game
They expect you to change
But when you grind and chine it ain't a thing
But when you grind and chine it ain't a thing

Now I'm sitting at the party with pretty hoes
Fresh from my head to my toes
Poppin' bottles of rose
Don't want from nothing
I've got everything
Don't work from nothing, I've got everything

Now they see me, I'm bossed up
Bad hoes getting tossed up
Chauffeurs pull their cars up

Push a button, it starts up
I feel like I've just landed on a whole 'nother planet
This money changes everything
These niggas don't understand it
Got paintings on the wall, now my counter tops is
granite
I took it as a blessing though, never took it for granted
This just how god planned it
These haters can't stand it
Can't stop that if I wanted to
We ball out automatic hah
Everything top of the line
Shopping in boca raton
Eyes on both of my arms
Frames, versace designs
But those are just material things
Can we rise beyond that, to a spiritual plane? leggo
Can I make a million dollars without dealing cocaine?
Wanna die a happy death without feeling no pain
We hit the game like an asteroid, name of the tabloid
Now go and get your money on, little duffle bag boy

As I roll up the stink and pour me a drink
I'm laughing at niggas all the way to the bank
As I roll up the stink and pour me a drink
I'm laughing at bitches all the way to the bank

Visit [Boaz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.