

Abrams Rita**"Mailman"**

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(*talking*)

(*knocking on door*) who the fuck is it
(It's the mailman), about time you got here
(you got my money), yeah 250 dollas
(what the fuck is 250 dollas, say Fed-Ex
This Al-Ex, and I'm fin to execute your
Motherfucking ass, if you don't give me the
Rest of my god damn money)

(*screaming*)

[Hook]

I'm the mailman, I'm the mailman
I'm the mailman, sacks or stacks in my hand
I'm the mailman, I'm the mailman
I went from rags to riches, now you bitches can't
understand

[Al-D]

I wonder if a nigga, wasn't down with this rap shit
Would I get the love and hugs, and all this dap shit
Signing autographs, no strap no mask
Now my trash in the past, ain't gotta worry bout the task
I got up off my ass, and mashed for my cash
Now his and her jacks, or own glass in the grass
I stash and stash, until I stretch mark the vault
And the pain from the game, made me gain with my
chalk
I thought of this day, when the haters all knock
Now I'm getting props, from the same foul mouth
God damn, niggas ain't shit now-a-days
And bitches flock a nigga, when they see you getting
paid
But like I got mine, you gotta get your's
I'm on my grind in the studio, as if it was chores
Now you look shook, and you don't understand
I went from rags to riches, bitches call me the mailman

[Hook - 2x]

[Al-D]

First I'll fuck my foes, and these money hungry hoes

Two-face niggas and bitches, hating to see me on toes
From the hood to every state, city, town and block
I'm infesting the intersection, with this uncut knot
Watch what you can't stop, don't knock cause we the
shit
Third Coast smoke and toast, to this pimping G shit
Forever chasing cheddar, ass on leather
Dripping candy gripping wood, see we floss together
Living lavage with lavage, having straight to karats
Now we too damn established, in the eyes of the
savage
We gon ball till we fall, hanging placks on the wall
Sipping drank and smoking dank, passing up the
alcohol
Buy up the whole mall, invest and make mo'
G'd up head to toe, and keep our music playing slow
Third Coast my home, but I'm Southeast raised
Trying to increase my knot, and find a spot in the
shade

[Hook - 2x]

[Mr. 3-2]

The mailman bitch, but I'm here to collect
Take my respect, make sure I get the right ones to
check
You feeling me yet, I gotta get mine
Every nickel and dime, I stop niggas like stop signs
With glock 9's and barettas, it's whatever with me
The G-O-V, still throwing up S.U.C.
3-2 and Al-D, go and get it with no tussle
Working our muscle, living our life on the hustle
Wanting our albums, doing shows and features
When this deal go bad, I'ma have to delete ya
You wanna meet your up talk, with all the shedded
dealing
I'm bout cash in my hand, brother how a nigga feeling

[Hook - 2x]

I'm the mailman

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