

Burial

"We Out Chyea"

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Automatic!

Yo money, power, respect, I need all three!

Quite a room... Where we all eat

Fine stripper, just me, let me call flee

Take... I'll get you not for small fee

You gonna see plenty racks on my pocket

Let them know that I'm cocky

Sitting low on that concrete

Sipping more with that grinding...

I rap the streets that we slammed off

Pretty boy, I'm fly as fuck

We're all here, cardigans we all wear

... but we don't care

We think here like long...

I spit high, ball for ball like fist fight

That... Wheel I grip tight

My new Ferrari with big mike

My bitch nice

Every shoe she get twice

Like Peter shoe I live life

No primadonas, I hit light

Hope you get right so you get left

... till I'm with death

Chorus: (x2)

I'm on the ground, time is money (we out chyea)

I don't smile, ain't shit funny (we out chyea)

Lock the town, won't reach for me (we out chyea)

From sun down, till we get sunny (we out chyea)

I rhyme round, I'm getting it

2Chainz on, 2Chainz on

She turned off cause you ain't on

Hard as shot but you ain't on

Calm boy, straight wack

Never fucked, you ain't that

My niggas fucked and we raped that

Then gave a... like take that

Should have taked that, I pulled that bitch

I'll kill that ass shit

I get on that strip!

Who fly knowing I'm the shit?
I stay fresh, stay dressed till the day I'm made rest
I got them cheap like pay less
Drop more, I pay less
Can't ball, I'm hard to...
Two doors for...
Strap off my...
Her man is captain, I burn the scarf
I want it down when I fuck a broad
I let it roll in my entourage

Chorus: (x2)

I'm on the ground, time is money (we out chyea)
I don't smile, ain't shit funny (we out chyea)
Lock the town, won't reach for me (we out chyea)
From sun down, till we get sunny (we out chyea)

Yeah, watch your clap for me once I flash...
Get it months early, I don't pop tags late
Make that ass shake, break it down on the glass plate
Throw it up then I slam, duck on that fast break.
Straight to the whole
Left the platinum went to the gold
I said the train went to the...
... that shit was sold
This nigga cold, trust me, you can't touch me
From head to toe, I'll be rugby
... crack it down, no dandy!

Chorus: (x2)

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