

Mavis Staples

"Cake"

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Chorus:

You niggaz don't want me to shine, these niggaz don't
want me to grind

I'm, about my money nigga

These niggaz don't want me to live, these niggaz just
want me to bid

Bid, up in the prison system

Niggaz know I'm about to get rich, know I'm about rich

Uh, I'm 'bout to get cake

Yayo, got white, got blow

I've been coolin' niggas off like the AC, one minute
your hot

The next minute your not

Drop the album, nobody copped it, nobody believed in
the game

Without the boss don wave

Funny how, niggas turn funny style, I just let the money
pile

Bitches scream skeet it on my tummy oww

I was in the room seekin closure, smokin on the dosure

Cru juice get me and my dudes loose

Moon roof, seen my nigga head pop out

I need a lead back out, and about to head back out

OG, niggaz ain't know me, got 'em put down, left 'em
stinkin'

Shout to my niggas that's in Lincoln

Bezey on the arm like aqua

This niggaz a lame, my life is a saga

Oscars, niggaz tryna cop 'em off the runway

Bring the gunplay, fuck my bitches in one day

Some say, Bigga you the illest nigga yet to come

Get the vest for them, and I tango with the best of them

Left with them bitches that night at the China

Drove 'em to the diner, I like em finer

Owwwww

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want me to bid
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Niggaz know I'm about to get rich, they know I'm about
rich
Uh, I'm 'bout to get cake
Yayo, got white, got blow

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