

Psychopath

"Skrilla 4 Rilla"

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Come on, bring it, come on, come on...

Skrilla for rilla, money ain't a thang
Cables, links, ropes and chains
Skrilla for rilla, money ain't a thang
Suede, leather, getty's and cane
Skrilla for rilla, money ain't a thang
Superfly hoes with a nose for Gs
Skrilla for rilla, money ain't a thang
Black trucks, rollin' low, triple-0 keys

Rydas....for life....bitch

Skrillas for rilla, money's everythang
Smack you an yo' bitch for a dollar and some change
Lookin' strange
Mean-muggin' in the back of the club
I'm hangin' out gettin' drunk wit' my nigga Tom Dub
Hoes showin' mad love (yeah! yeah!)
'Cause the money be right
I'm outta sight
With the diamonds shinin' bright, fool
Slap a bitch in a minute for free
But believe that all the money's comin' with me
Wha?

I been spendin' cheddar since it jingled in my pocket
Program my mind, since birth, obtaining profit
Yeah I got it
One, fives, and tens
No high denominations, won't fly by the Feds
Still I got the flow safe
With mo' Benji's than the sugar in yo' cupcake ass, so
Tell a friend, wait
You can tell em', I stay green like Willy
Skrilla for rilla, my nigga, tell me can you feel me?

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Mothafucka never detest
But I'm heavy into stress
Pack a glock and a vest
And the skrilla's what I quest
In the passenger side of the Navi'er, right behind the
Black Caddy
Rollin' deep, all these bitches lookin' at me
Shinin'
Flossin' diamonds
Now that I'm in the mood to bump these sounds louder
Than the cops sirens
Movin' keys
>From overseas
Hawk assignment to the streets to these killas
To make the skrilla

I wanna bank the skrilly for rilly
What's the dealy?
It ain't silly
I'm tryin' to bank like 30 or 40 milly
And be the Big Willy
With the flake deal
Fuck mowin' lawns and servin' up Happy Meals
I fold my ones in a knot
And slap a fifty on top
And front the bitches like, "Oh, look what I dropped."
Bitch took it and broke, I had to laugh
And aimed at the back of her head and blew it in half

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I'm gettin' paid, cash, money, cheddar cheese
Just picked up eight pounds of weed
I'm gettin' skilla
That's a deala
Can you feel a...
True OG, neighborhood cap peela?
Underground drug deala
With the 15 rock

And another Bently parked outside
Fuck you bitch, you'll still get jacked
'Cause I always leave my mothafuckin' pistol packed

Skrilla for rilla
Fool, I'm a killa
Go off in your grillla
In your pockets for ya bills
Yeah, stackin' my change
Bag cheese, green and thangs
Lettin' my nuts hang
Jettin' down the line at Soul Train
Don Cornelius and Clip, we got money-plans
Me and my man
Put our hands
On no less than grands
Man!
Fuck this, I'm out to get paid
Clockin' two million for my piece and two chil, ya!

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One for you and five for me...one for you and ten for
Me...one for you, twenty for me....skrillas for rillas
Bitch, yeah, yeah....we rydas...inside us...we rydas,
Eatin' steak, you at home eatin'
Sliders....hahaha....BITCH!!!

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