

Soulja Boy

"No Pad No Pen"

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(Intro)

Soulja Boy on the beat
Givenchy this, Versace that
Iâ€™mma tell you some real shit boy
Gucci this and Polo that
Louie this, got racks and racks
Stacks on stacks, got tats and tats
King the movie, King Soulja the mixtape
King Soulja in this bitch
No pad, no pen
Soulja Boy on the beat
Iâ€™ve been getting money (money)

(Verse)

Diamonds on my neck, chain yea it glisten (letâ€™s go)
Bitch niggas be hatin and all these niggas trippin (fuck em)
Flexin through the club and you know I got my pistol
And that Rolex on my wrist and that shit is presidential
And that shit is so official and the stacks on deck
Money Gang
Takin over shit (damn), bitch boy Iâ€™ll bust yo brain
Young Soulja Boy, claimin Rich Gang
Swerve off in that Ferrari, or Rover runnin (that foreign)
Bitch boy, I get pounds, I get QPâ€™s (damn)
I get bricks, I got blocks, nigga oowee (turn up)
Hit the town, spray the hood, nigga who is he? (hah?)
Want beef with me â– get his ass RIP (what?)
Young Dre keep all this fuckin gun smoke (Soulja)
Young Soulja keep all these fuckin fresh clothes
Young Dre, got a whole lot of bad hoes (Dre)
Iâ€™ve been smoking kush, weed comin by the Oâ€™s
Pack touchdown, runnin through that quick (that right)
Everybody know that Iâ€™m Hood Rich (swing that)
Flex 10 chains, cost me 8 bricks (bands)
I done sold everything from neck to this
Soulja, Young Dre, bitch, straight out the trap
Brick Side, Zone 1, with that pistol in my lap
Iâ€™ve been getting money and Iâ€™ve been seeing cash
All this money in my pocket, Iâ€™m bout to make you splash

Jordans on my feet, Iâ€™m clean as I can be (Soulja)
Smoking on that kush and I think itâ€™s OG (damn)
Rest in peace to all my niggas dead and gone
Sippin on this lean, kush is my cologne
I be going HAM, I be going fair
Pull up in that lane (damn), candy paint red (Soulja)
Young Dre gotta fay, juice with the weight
Coming through the hood and they know a nigga paid
(20-13)
Paid in full, just look at my jewels (A-Town)
Pinky ring, ice chain, bullets & bands
See over SOD, flexin through that zone
Iâ€™m from PTE to zone 3, they fuck with me
Kickin shit the long way, double packin sacks, racks on
racks
Blow the strong way (juice up)
Young Dre, I fuck with SOD the long way (swing that)
We be getting cash all night and all damn day (gwap)

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