

Smoke DZA

"Focus"

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[Jeezy:]

You can call me young yea the boy stay focused last
year alone a quarter
Mil off in strokers frsh back in town lookin like a star
told clem bring my
Gt and my ar a strap in my car a chop in my bent g
behind the wheel you
Can't see behind the tint squad came crazy withthat
weight since the 80's
Fighting all the time with my crazy uncle grady a million
dollar man but
I'm still? baby plus I promised kb I wouldn't let a nigga
play me first I
Copped the cedez then I copped the shoes rap niggaz
talkin weight that was
Back in 98 I'm straight

[Hook: x2]

Don't nothing hate but a motherfucking hater don't
nothing spend but this
Motherfucking paper don't ask me what we lookin at
homie you know we got
Our eyes on that money! (Focus)

[Slick Pulla:]

Bobby drake I stay with a stallion the voice box I speak
for the slick
Jeezy raw 3 the hard way give the game straight to ya
nigga no foulplay
Came up from nothing from the block we rose got my
cleats tied up with my
Uniform on money in the matress I sleep on dough you
can shut the booth
Down watch sp flow fetti on my mind with thoughts of
more like bruce leroy
I got the glow lame niggas quick to call with they stash
and hos we the
Niggas in the trenches holdin it down fa sho

[Hook]

[Bloodraw:]

They the streets is talkin but the boy on the grind fuck
what they say I

Got money on my mind the real niggas love me them
ho niggas fear me fore I

Let em stop my shine a nigga have to kill me so many
haters the boy ain't

Studying em middle finger out the chevy I don't see
them motherfuckers

Don't nothing hate but a motherfucking hater can't
worry bout raw better

Try and get some paper speak the truth I'm a give a
nigga game either do

Anything I mean what I said usda still hungry nigga we
gon eat survive

Anywhere cause we came from the streets

[Hook: to end]

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