

Attitude

"1st Things 1st"

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[Verse 1]

I'm going to be paper chasing till the day I die
Strictly concentrating on making my money multiply
People be faking I aint waiting I want it now
motherfucker
Everyday I'm making paper, and what I got I'm trying to
double
Repeat the process till I bubble, keep it low stay out of
trouble
And if your conversation ain't bout money nigga fuck it
And all my life i've been a G, my momma raised me in
the slums
Hell I was packing guns when other kids my age was
having fun
Stacking funds, trying to get this money any way it
comes
All night I'm on the block grind till I see the sun shine
hard on them playas
Smoking 'dro dodging one time, show niggas I'm
serious bout my dough I gotta get mine
Can't trust these hoes cuz I know they out to get mine,
niggas be prepared and shit
I'm trying to do it big time ?????? be about your business
nigga

[Chorus]

1st things 1st when I wake up fire the grass up
Then I hit the block man I gotta get my cash up
1st things 1st fuck these hoes get your grind on
I'mma get my money right then I'mma get my shine on
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Then I hit the block man I gotta get my cash up
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[Verse 2]

I wanna be able to buy my baby girl what she want
Get her all the thing's she need and some thing's that
she dont
Man I'm trying to get my momma out this 2 bedroom

apartment
Buy my niece and nephew clothes help my sister get
her car fixed
And what's the use of having to hustle if your hustle
dont prophet
Nigga you got 20 gold teeth and not a dime in your
pocket
I'm a family man I got a wife so therefore
I'm at a point of my life where I got to prepare more
There's alot of money in these street's but you got to
becareful
Know who your friend's are and what reason's they're
there for
And you can think it's bout smoking swishers and
chasing these hoes
You might go get you a lick but you ain't making no
dough
In the code of the streets I trust man it's all that I know
If you further examine my life that's all that it show
If you going to do it dont bullshit bring it all to the door
And when your opportunity come's be ready to go

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I can't worry 'bout what a motherfucker say
niggas part time grind man I hustle everyday
I done struggled in everyway strees to the county blues
caught a case and made the news
Kept my faith and played it cool it's save to say
I break the rules when ever I can get away with it
Put the work in the trunk and hit the interstate with it
Trying to get a piece of the pie a slice of cake with it
keep it real till I die I'm never coming fake with it
I don't know no other way man I was raised on the hill
where your only 2 options was
Get paid or get killed I let em hang cuz I'm trill kept my
mind on a mil
I done bullshited enough this time I'm for real

[Chorus]

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