

Sir Michael Rocks

"Good Sushi"

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Yea, you don't mean what you say
I'm the king with the A's
If that box drop I'm makin' 17 in a day, not hundred
I'm talkin' 17 K, got my cellie goin' cray
Smokin' weed, watchin' Belly all day
You seen what I get from the cash machine
So reach for the gold, it's gon be more than an ass
whippin'
I keep pullin' your hoes, big meech with the phones
Niggas make 10 G's in a week where I'm from
(Banco) Banco (Banco) I'm on the scene with the squad
Livin' large, them ladies love it when you polo jeans
with the drawers
I'm getting calls, getting texts
Getting neck from a rich bitch who never seen the
projects
Drippin' Maserati, that garage lookin' gotti
Condo with the view, my bitch is waiting in the lobby
California sushi with the ginger and wasabi
Niggas know to knock before they enter on these beats

You don't know about the bucks, you don't know about
the lokes
When you see me at the spot, nigga you already know
I'm eatin' butterfly lobster, good sushi
Drink criss crissy, you're the bitch that's missin' it

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I hollar dollars & cents, my Guatemala connect
He got the hook up on the Lambos, hummers and Benz
20 thousand you Gucci, swag drip juicy
Fat black nigga like Biggie in the Cugi
We call him Big Paco he always ride wallabies
Rocco, he say "me never smoke no tobacco"
He only smoke his weed out a tight ass cone
Another week and I'm right back on like I ain't never

leave
A real nigga bounce back, baby just the G's
Pay the tab, what's the fee?
Live niggas fuckin' with me
And that bag been jukin' for a day straight
Stay in 5 star hotel for a great race
5 star jefe on fire, El Diablo
That chased every car with the black car Bucko
Getting it, it ain't no limit when I slice
Baby rocks on top, is it lemonade and Sprite?

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