

Young Roddy

"Cookin Up"

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Good Sense
Good Sense

That Money all on my Mind.... Bitch that Money all on my Mind.
I'm scheming on my plot.. They say My first words was Grind.

I'm Highed up I can't hear shit when I'm puffing on that loud...
I'm repping that south side with all them gold's up in my Mouth..

Nothing but Lean up in my cup.. a couple of Guns in my couch... Been on my Grind mode for a while. On this paper chase for miles.

You can find me in the cut where they cookin up uh
You can find me in the cut where they uh.

If all else fails it's back to hustling... Us ghetto kids ain't no stranger to the struggle.. A educated brother who flowing Dummy.. I stay Blunted you can smell it on my rugby. Like jeezy I don't owe them Niggas Nothing.. not a dime not a Penny If it's FUCK ME then FUCK YA!
Chasing this paper tryna dodge them under covers.. she such a lady but a freak in them covers. I'm staring at the World through my Rollie (rolex) I come along way from flipping Yola.

Got them rap niggas nervous I'm focused.. shit Im a Spartan a Trojan a Soldier.. I'm better safe then sorry roll with my toaster. I like my Kool-Aid sweet and My bread Toasted. A HOOD nigga if you ever seen one A street Nigga for life yeah I be one OWWWW.

Yeah But what THat IS X 4 Two

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