

Chase N Cashe

"Dope Dealer"

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(Intro)

CNC

Heir Waves

F A T E

Welcome to the motherfuckin Midwest

Commission in this bitch

All work mo pay dot com

(Hook1 x2)

You would think I was a dope dealer

How my name hold weight when I roam state to state

But just label me a dope nigga

Getting dollars over pussy every day, what you know
nigga?

(Hook2 x2)

I ain't with the bullshit, just with the business

Tell you 2 times if you didn't hear it

I ain't with the bullshit, just with the business

If you bout that money like me maybe we can get it

(Verse)

Young black man, life long, missin it

Be one of the best but I strive to do it different

And fuck the expectations, I was told expect that hatred

Niggas gon talk about you, that don't mean that you
can't make it

Women gon pillow talk, that don't mean you gotta listen

My plan is to stay at the top, not plan to visit

I done did so much in my life, I can list it

Been around the world and back and the trip made me
exquisite

If you talkin shit, whisper we gon get you nigga

New Jack City approach, we'll strip a nigga

Broad day, pad you down at a picnic nigga

Punch out any clown that we think is snitchin

Niggas ain't worth bullets but they get the gift of
stitches

Former rap office, actin wild and shit

Get adopted, now you think you got style and shit

Got left abandoned with the sharks by the big homie

Once and twice over now you lookin real lonely
New niggas to the spot that you never had
Your records never in the club, man yo shit is bad
Bitches don't never play your shit 'cause your shit is trash
You used to be the man in the duo but it didn't last
And now you wanna take shots, man this shit is sad
Once a fan now we talkin to you like a dad
Once a fan of you, now I'm changing my ways
Niggas never did it full, man I'm blaming their ways
Rapping bout the same old shit but it just don't feel the same
Guess that's cuz he know he couldn't get high with a new cut
New fame, new place, so he just crew jump
My blessings get delayed, maybe I don't pray enough
Bills coming my way, I'm just hoping I make enough
Down on my money but ain't down on my luck
And niggas got their hatred up but I don't give a fuck
My family facing time for his freedom, yea we gave that paper up
Lawyer fees and time serves, I'm feeling like he paid enough
Tryna hold on to my mind, dealing with crazy stuff
And asking God for some time, praying he gave enough
They never care bout what you say until opinions sway
I guess that's why these niggas interview me every day
My way was to rap fix, it's like I'm dealing with the yag
Tell the niggas keep it trill from NO out the bay
Ain't no limits around, going you pivot every day
Suck on that old shit, that we ain't living anyway
Hustling and legal a corporate, I could get it anyway
Go to war for my dogs, any place, any day
International, rich flare, that heir swagger
I don't know Dapper Dam but I know Mick Jagger
My passport got me trippin like the triple stat
Bon voyage, I'm full away like Nickelback
If you owe me money I need double what I lend you back
Short of stack? See the nigga nut like it's pencil crap

(Hook1 x2)

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