

Push Play "Everything"

Visit "[Everything](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Bitches going now, the top is coming down,
I'm just showing out, the money's coming in.
Bitches going now, the top is coming down,
I'm just showing out
Who's ordinary is, in the open really is,
I feel sorry for you, niggers, a problem he really is.
A kilo, yeah, he did, fast came, yeah, he slip,
Many think I'm crazy, 'cause I talk the shit I really did.
It's not imaginary, I'm no illusionist,
These are the ones that you look up to who influence
this.
I crashed the hottest cars, flew in the newest bitch,
Who showed the village how to fish through all this
foolishness?
Get your money, 'cause the folks are coming ruining
this,
When the block is red hot, who the fuck is cool as this?
Cool as two fans steering with two hands,
Exotic queen jaba, I'm purch'd like a two king.

We get 'em in and get 'em off,
It's hard now, it was soft,
Drop it in your park, watch it bubble,
Think it's all, now watch it double.
Cocaine, real game, in the fast lane for my wrist gain,
Champagne, campaign, this hippie, man, we got air
time.

More than a hustler, more than a team boy,
I push it, unavail, say I'm on steroids,
These diamonds stood heavy, giving me killoids.
Money follow pricks in the u hall, is a decoy.
I sold d-rugs to all these t-hugs,
These pony hair lubitons feel like beach fuzz,
Support every bad bitch that you could think of,
With something special with you all when we make love.
And big girls don't cry, they just stick their hand out
and see what I'm about.
She know I'm like casino, money to the sky,
Sell a bitch a dream, even the pillow is a lie.

We get 'em in and get 'em off,
It's hard now, it was soft,
Drop it in your park, watch it bubble,
Think it's all, now watch it double.
Cocaine, real game, in the fast lane for my wrist gain,
Champagne, campaign, this hippie, man, we got air
time.

The money's coming in, the bitch is going out,
The top is coming down, I'm just showing out,
'Cause I'm a show-off, this rap shit is a throw off,
I can't concentrate, 'cause I'm getting all this blow off.
Take all off, the sun let it roll on
My back, 'cause my neck stay cool and get a call off
That's just when the go off, see, I'm on my go-in,
My drop cold fresh selling base like the low in
What's the scenario? Like it's ready, go
Horses roll tide under the hood like a pair of gloves.
Live fast, die young, nigger, ready- go
Wear your suit tight so you're dressed for your burial.

We get 'em in and get 'em off,
It's hard now, it was soft,
Drop it in your park, watch it bubble,
Think it's all, now watch it double.
Cocaine, real game, in the fast lane for my wrist gain,
Champagne, campaign, this hippie, man, we got air
time

Visit [Push Play](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.