

Joey Benjamins**"On The Edge"**

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(Chorus)

One day Iâ'mma get my money right
Iâ'mma buy foreign cars, Iâ'mma see if they could fly
yea
Iâ'm a better of universe I
Iâ'mma beam on these bitches like the Star Trek guy
yea
This time Iâ'm standin on the e ey ey ey edge
My dreams are hanging for a gray ey e yea
What goes up must come down
Itâ's such a lonely road
Deep and over, dreamin up ahead

(Verse)

New coupe, no roof, I keep a hundred proof
Clockin dollars ever since I move that product from the
stoo
Oh Lord hustle hard, we ballin cross the bull
Instead of handcuffs on our wrists we rockin Audemars
Blue dream, my team on
That joke club my lean on
That high life my sing on
That spotlight we deep up
Let chick, right coupe
Homey Iâ'm living proof
I out a dollar and dream on a 62
Money on my mind and my team on that grind
I done came up from ground up, my life on that line
Yea sports cars athletic, kill em and get a medic
Prada, Gucci, fetish moving money Â- telekinetic
High chick in my whip globe
Diamonds on that scratch cobe
Real life, we puff oh
Jesus piece, that Rolls gold
On the edge we livin, supercharged my engine
Ballin out we get it
Countin up these digits

(Chorus)

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(Verse)

Pull that tap in my pockets
True religion all in my closet
What yall talkin bout we got it
Poppin gold champagne bottles
Iâ'm on the edge, my team on
A million racks I dream for
No spot like C4
A hundred stacks but I need more
I need Lambos, fresh clothes
Bad bitch, kush rolled
Benzel on my top back
Chain on and my snap back
Yall lie, these numbers roll
Hustle hard and Iâ'm far from broke
Hold it down to my cash man
Yall lookin like last year
High life, nightlife
My chain on when the timeâ's right
Jewels on me like crushed ice
Iâ'm sippin on Ciroc and Sprite
Know me, Kove
Movin time, weâ've something to see
Ace of Spade of Don P
Iâ'm Prada Gucci, my army
Hustling til Iâ'm 90 right
Haters mad, my shorty fly
Killin em, thatâ's homicide
Loud top but that volume high
White bands that cocaine
Red bottles that Rose
Swerving in, Iâ'm profane
My chick high, she propane

(Chorus)

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When I think about the money, all the money I can have
Think about the money, all this money in my head
Think about the money, all these stacks up in my pants
Think about the money, all the money I can have

Iâ€™m dreamin, dreamin
I just wanna make me a mill
Yea, Iâ€™m dreamin, dreamin
Dream so hard I just canâ€™t be still

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