

Mayalino

"No Service"

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It's early in the morning, I'm cookin on the stove
Choppa fully loaded, crack is getting sold
Baby mama trippin, bitch I'm bout the toes
Bitch shut the fuck up, the plug is on the phone
I got million dollar flow, where the fuck is sposed to go
I got 3 more coming man, they knockin on my door
50 birds coming, man they blowing up my phone
50 birds coming, now let's get the shit going

I ain't ate in 3 days, I just wanna go home
I ain't showered all day, I just wanna go home
I don't wanna count shit, I just wanna go home
I don't wanna wait shit, I just wanna go home
Kiss my baby on the forehead, your daddy ain't dead
Kiss my baby on the forehead, I ain't see the feds
You know I'm getting money
When they face turning ugly,
Tell the jacker to his face,
You ain't taking shit from me
I got 20 chains on, audemar on
Rolex on, play clothes on
You know I leave a dream,
What the fuck do you want me
I got all this shit without jimmy ivy
I got cars, and them hoes ain't lease
I got the house, and that bitch ain't lease
When the strippers get to talking
Now the haters get to talking
When the people start talking
Now the people start watching
I'ma keep on balling, judgement day coming
Jesus pay for my sins, so I'ma spend more money
Tell the da to his face, you ain't shit on me
Tell these broke ass rappers, y'all ain't got nothing
on me
20 thousand for the kilo, they wanna buy some more
600 for the con, they wanna buy some more
60 for the china, 40 for the tub
Million dollars all hunned, can't fit in one car
Some people gonna live it, some people gonna talk it
Givenchi and louie and the gucci in the closet

Fredie sb's belinciagos in the closet
Choppas in the closet, pistol's in the couches
I don't need rain nigga, we ain't got no roaches
I did it with the cane, I made it with the cane
Cocaine body, call these bitches key chained
Know the feds listenin
Say it by the code
Price is so high, we just sell it by the o
V coupe pedal, 40 point bezel
Diamonds on the Jesus face, I ain't no devil
Hereditary curses got me looking out the curtains
Limousine to churches, homies in the hearses
The phone got me nervous
I ain't got no service
Don't answer that bitch man, I ain't got no service
Decline that shit man, I ain't got no service

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