

## Sauce Money "Against The Grain"

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"watch out for your friends"

Aiyo, aiyo, you you you got that thing for me, huh?  
You thought I was layin it? no no I ain't layin it, I'm takin  
it  
You don't understand? you confused?  
How bout if I stuck your fuckin head thru that window  
That would unconfuse you right?  
Thought I was layin it, give me the fuckin money, come  
on

I'm blamin lame ass rappers frontin for famin  
I should open up a casino for all the games you playin  
I'm sayin, everyday in a different namin  
Plus they homos now, big black niggas flamin  
We stressin, that you don't be stressin us  
And if you gs and gs then don't be b-s'n us  
Just be b-s'n logicly, not like that we be guessin  
Because the truth need no modesty  
Cristal to spring water, bacardi whatever  
What it is is what it is, we can party together  
You know how the game goes when your name grows  
But still love is love, fuckin the same hoes  
Against the grain goes the souped-up rapper, he spittin  
venom  
So now we gotta get wit him  
And do the ten thing, frightenin, while his mens cling  
Then watch blood extract out his ass like ginseng  
It all ends with all of his mens hit  
And now our future friendship, strictly forensic  
But that's the life we livin, drivin, that's how we driven  
Strivin, you must be robbin, cos I ain't giving, shoot ya  
guns

Now when we bless this, with precise shit  
That we suffice with, we keep your mentals lit  
Now when we bless this.....  
"watch out..."

I see ya overly concernin, ya insides burnin  
Mad at the fact sauce is earnin, with more niggas than  
mark furman

Ya never learnin learnin, never been so determined  
Not to be concerned with ya sermon, wheels of fortune  
still turnin  
Still street caviar remains untouched  
For sauce money cheeseburger deluxe  
Screamin what's the croc's fienin, dough we rake off  
While you hailin for cabs we, taxi for take-off  
Fake crews and units is dubbin  
Get ya whole clan wiped out, no scrubbin  
For the description given, chapstick flappin  
Pistol-whippin nigga rappin, sell arms to keep em  
clappin  
Gungho chicks squeeze for me, crazy g's for me  
To see cheese come easily for me  
In the same arenas, ain't gotta state his name, you  
seen us  
Few bundles of dope never came between us  
Sippin on bay breeze's, now we higher than venus  
Comparin thumbs, tryin to see who's the greenest  
High strung, no relief pitcher off my tounge  
Ace of the staff, sauce back-to-back cy young

Now when we bless this, with precise shit  
That we suffice with, we keep your mentals lit  
\*repeat x3\*

In the club lit, listen to all my niggas hit  
Bitches love me for this disrespectful shit  
Fuck em, the only thing I'm with is large amounts, clear  
Money the only thing that counts here  
By any means like malcolm  
X marks the spot, you know the outcome  
Income, never outdone  
Rap star, hit the stage dipped in tar  
Other crews muerto, can't fuck with this concierto  
Too fecicous so I drop new releases til your crew  
deceases  
Screw your pieces, fuck your thesis  
Fuck your speeches and fuck your beef  
Cos when my crew aim, do more than brush your teeth  
It'll split your shit, when it hit your shit  
If you don't want your shit hit, don't forget your shit  
We don't spar, we aimin all niggas to allah  
When it's spent and to the nazarine if ya 85 percent  
Do what I gotta, straight shot of jack  
Amareddo colada for my bitch in the back  
Never bluffin, never rap for nothin  
Rap flow, don't love it, sincerely yours, sauce  
motherfuck it

