

Sauce Money "Orientation"

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Watch out for your friends

Ayo ayo you you you got that thing for me huh?
You thought I was layin? no no I aint layin Im takin
You dont understand? You confused?
How bout if I stuff your fuckin head through that
window
That would unconfuse you right?
Thought I was layin give me the fuckin money come on

Verse 1:

Im blamin
lame ass rappers frontin for famin
I should open up a casino for all the games you playin
Im 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 than dont 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 whateva
What it is, is what it is
We can party together
You know how the game goes
Whenever 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 men cling
Then watch blood extract out his ass like ginsing
It all ends with, all of his mens hit
And now our future friends shit
Strictly forensic
But thats the life we livin'
Drivin', thats how we driven
Strivin, you must be robin
Cause I aint given

Shoot ya guns

Chorus:

Now when we bless this with precise shit
That we suffice with
We keep your mentals lit
Now when we bless this
(echo: bless this, bless this, bless this, bless this)

verse 2:

I see ya overly concernin
Ya insides burnin
Mad at the fact Sauce is earin
With more niggas than Mark Furman
Ya never 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 the ***** (crooks?) feenin
Dough we rake off
While you hailin cabs
We, taxi for take off
Fake crews and units is dubbin
Get ya whole clan wiped out, no scrubbin
For the decription givin, chapstick flappin
Pistol whipin, nigga rappin
Sell arms to keep 'em clappin
Gung ho chicks spueeze for me
Crazy g's for me, to see cheese come easily for me
In the same arenas
Aint gotta state his name, you seen us
Sippin on Bay Breeze's
Now we higher than Venus
Comparin thumbs, tryin to see whos the greenest
High strung
No relief pitcher off my tounge
Ace of the staff, Sauce back to back Cy Young

Chorus X4

Verse 3:

In the club lit
Listen to all my niggas hit
Bitches love me for this disrespectfull shit
Fuck em, the only thing I'm with is large amounts,
clear
Money the only thing that counts here

By any means like Malcom
X marks the spot you know the outcome
Income, never outdone
Rap star, hit the stage dipped in tar
Other crews muerto
Cant fuck with this concierto
Too fecicious
So I drop new releases
Till your crew deceases
Screw your pieces, fuck you thesis
Fuck your speeches, and fuck your beef
Cause when my crew aim, do more than brush ya teeth
It'll split your shit, when it hit your shit
If you dont want yo' shit hit
Dont forget yo' shit
We dont spar
We aimin all niggas to Allah
When its spent
And to the nazarine if ya 85 percent
Do what I gotta
Straight shot of Jack
Ameretta, colada for my bitch in the back
Never bluffin
Never rap for nothin
Rap flow, dont love it
Sincerly yours
Sause motherfucka

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