

Shampagne

"Coming From The Bottom"

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Coming from the bottom,
Stick to the plan, best understand
This for my 'fam you know I got 'em
It ain't no problem, hear what I'm sayin'
It ain't no game no we don't play we here to solve 'em.

[Shampagne]

Oh pardon me, am I doin' something that I ain't
supposed to be?
When it come to this money I got OCD, and I'm gettin'
more bread than a toaster, see?
I ain't seein' these ho's, they notice me
Oh shit, that's your girl? Wasn't known to me
She phonin' me, ahh it ain't no problem I'll send her
home around quarter three
Now I don't need another nigga tell me that I'm real,
And I could give a fuck about how any nigga feel,
I ain't big, but I'm heavy with the steel
Fine, get in line, I'll take another nigga meal
You can't sleep in the street boy you got a gwop
First you get to work, then you get a shop
You can get it soft, or you can get it rock
Then it's up to you, go get it off
Times tough but with dope people get a spot
Come on cash up, that's a better top
Go on the road, go get a block
Treat it like a dread, we gon' get a lot
Dome outta control, I guess I got a lot
Now I gotta lay low fo it gettin' hot
Things going good, I don't wanna stop
Boy it's so hard, when you're gettin' knocks
Just know I don't ever forget,
It is what it is I don't ever regret
I go get mine, I ain't living a debt
Time to put it on the line, yeah I'm living a bet
Huh, it's a firm go getter for set
It don't matter what it is, yeah my nigga's will rep
So I'm doing it for them, I ain't taking a rest
And I ain't gon stop till they lay me to rest

[Pre-Hook]

[Scotch Butta]

It's all good, what's up block?
You nigga's talkin' shit, then you might get shot
It's how we get down, how we get down
It's how we get down, how we get down

[Hook]

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[Tiny]

E-pills beaters, nine millimeters
Got these bitches, catchin' seizures
Got these haters, pissed off
Oh well, get my bricks off
And when I say bricks, I mean dope G
And nobody ever owe me
You's a loser, stay a broke B
Wishin' you was like me
Probably wanna fight me, oh well
I don't fight see?
Lose your life easy, ha ha hee hee
Tiny, not an MC
Matter fact, I don't like rap
Rather be out pitchin' crack
Big gun by my nutsack
Stack the money where's the funds at?
Haaa, where's ya funds at? Ha

[Pre-Hook]

[Hook]

[Champagne]

I know I'm sick, I'm patient though
Like a red light, I gotta wait to go
I'm a tickin' time bomb while I wait to blow
Hmm, the boy hot got a Cajun flow
Waitin' for the deal, ain't the show
But now I gotta eat so my paper grow
I ain't frying dumpling but I'm making dough
I stay around white but it ain't the snow
What you waitin' fo? Or wanna discuss?
Summer Hill Firm Grip, they don't run it with us
I know the whole game don't want us to bust but
It don't matter what they want, it's a must
The beat crack so the high is a rush
My ten stacks, so they cry and they fuss

We crazy, I ain't lyin' we nuts
We that shit that they dyin' to flush
Trust, stay in the dust we above the grave
On top of that list that you love to hate
Fans stay fiendin' like a drug to take
And I stay dropping bombs like I'm from Kuwait
Once I'mma eat, I'mma done the plate
No bite, no taste not a crumb to take
I'mma count money till my thumbs will ache,
And then I'll count more till they numb or break

[Pre-Hook]

[Hook]

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