

## **Slimm Calhoun**

### **"It Ain't Easy"**

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Atlanta's hip hop music industry is bringing  
In millions of dollars to the metro area, area

It's like bounce, rock, skate  
Rock up, roll and get the papes  
Slice the cakes and spread love through this Peach  
State  
Hit the first one like the sweepstakes  
And we gon' all eat cheese steaks  
Believe me it ain't easy to get cheesy, what, what

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Stakes high, my hands dirty  
I'm a big lick drilla quick flip gorilla for scrilla  
Blue chipper with more shine than the big dipper  
Spit dinero game, fuck the hero fame  
Went from wild to tame, just for change

Still a lustful brain for thangs like cold chains  
Crush grapes and grain but the key is to maintain  
Some dare to be different some dare to be dumber  
Bleeps and blunders got you stuck in slumber  
I'll a wake that ass like thunder

Thudding on the late night, on point like a steak knife  
Keep the game tight, from the dirty, fuck a fair fight  
'Cause of static my monetary status  
Situations get tragic when I got to have it

Destructive like Turkish earthquakes  
I'm selfish got to have the pie and the whole cake  
Working non-stop no breaks for the house on the lake  
All for the love of the Peach State, yeah nigga, ga, ga,  
ga

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Stay working in the late, that's right, stay right  
On a money making mission to the break of daylight  
Swerve the ride, serve to survive  
Everyday that be the forte

Lay in the cut, never take a shawt buck, believe that  
Where the weed at roll up, see yeen got cha money  
right  
Partna gotta hold up, sho nuff see business is business  
I gotta bend a corner in a minute

Smash the gas, stash the cash  
Keep it to the flo  
Gotta stay on they ass, can't give 'em no leeway  
Smoked out on the freeway

Chevrolet wit the brains blowed, congol and dro  
Yeen know, so hence fro the  
We gone ball y'all till the reign  
Fall and when they reign, fall we gone ball y'all, a yes,  
yes y'all

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Boy, I'm spit shine nickel clean  
Dead serious 'bout this pickle green  
Make moves  
Then we shake the scene

Rule one is to know your team  
To avoid infiltration of your cream  
'Cause all sleepers get is a dream  
And that's on everything in between

From the Remy X-O to the Monte Cristos  
Rapped around crypto but never too good to blow  
A fifty dollar O of Jam Toe, you know sucka boy, play  
Rambo  
Get sliced off the hambone its Slimm and Slick  
Backbone  
We get the track blown

For a dollar Calhoun scholar in a Caprice or Impala  
Watch these hoes holler  
See it take bread to make bread, we only count in  
grands  
I'm trying to stack like the Sultan of Sudan  
For a 500 Sedan and a spot in the sands, goddamn

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