

Wem

"No Title"

Visit "[No Title](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Faithful to the green, call me Doc Rivers
Got the heat on me so you know I stop shivers
Broke bitches, might get that frostbite
Hand full of fucking money and I spend it all night
I'm choosing money over females and I let them other
dudes decide
The chain on my neck will make em go and suicide
It's do or die, imma do me like the spell is dry
On top of the building, that makes me extra high
I'm eating over here you other dudes is fasting
Thing haven't been the same since I fucked Kim
Kardashian (really)
I lied, that sounded pretty cool
Give me about a year bet that shit will come true
I already fuck models cause it's only a profession
When I fuck I fuck good so there's never any questions
Oh, look at me now take a look at you
Okay now tell me who is jealous of who bitch

Yeah just keep it rolling
I tell em

Music was my one nightstand but now we've just
eloped
And it's the reason that Wem will never go broke
Leather jacket on, neck full of diamonds
You can't walk in like I can so I guess the lines here
Thick dark Brazilian chick, we speak the same
language
But I be talking money so them hoes don't understand
it
And her ass thick, and her hair too
I've seen how you living, it isn't fair dude
But, I'm the reason yall admire
I'm a different kinda rapper and they want my Oscar
Myers
And by they I mean girls, and by girls I mean yo bitch
You living tryna scratch out a life just like a bad itch
When the money's there the ride is easy I should know
it
Them girls be on that clarinet, they love to blow it

They said that I was whack but now they on my ball
sack
They wanna be a part of fame I tell them bitches fall
back

Just keep me punched in... yeah
I'm really feeling the simplicity of this... it's me
Just let me catch the beat again
What up Jai B

Green bottom raiders hat I rock it to the left side
Let them worry bout theirs while I go get mine
I give you more than counting paper and fucking dimes
I give you music motivation get you on a grind
Drop a four in it, it got me feeling higher
Rappers stealing flows like people steal lighters
My condo in Brazil is one floor of the building
With a private elevator you don't know the feeling
Money comes and goes it's a 360 cycle
I am in love with trees so let me climb em like Michael
Do you climb trees? Well the answer is of course not
And I can barely see maybe cuz I am on top
Drugs be beating me up they know that I am punching
back
I hope the quantity and quality don't lead me to a heart
attack
Dudes copy swag and they copy how I'm talking
And if I go broke you can put me in a coffin

I just really like cyphers
My name is not important
This is, The Unexpected
It don't need no title, it's a mixtape

Visit [Wem](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.