

Frost f/ Baby Beesh , Jay Tee, Philly Blunt

"Milk and Honey"

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[Frost] Yeah Ha ha Frost (Frost) Jay Tee (Jay Tee) Baby Beesh (Baby Beesh) Philly Blunt (Philly Blunt) Yeah {*inhale*} It's for all them players {*exhale*} Hustlers Ballers And thugsters [Verse 1: Frost] As a youngster, I never knew nada Smoking on cheeba, and workin' on my pop's old school Impala Not a scholar, even though I should of hit the books Heart of a savage stone crook with a gangsta look On my face All about the paper chase I was laced as a teen with a triple beam Trump tight I gambled all day and night Pitbull, cock fights And shootin' dice I had to hustle til I pulled a muscle out my body Looked up to Tony Montana and John Gotti As times changed, Bigg Frost had to move with 'em Big bread, bad bitches, I had to groove with 'em Six suits, well dressed And now I press CDs for them locos and them little G's And if you locked in the struggle when you feelin' this Get your grind on, dawg, all I'm sayin' is Chorus: Philly Blunt Hustlin' Ballers Keep on makin' money Players Shotcallers Get your milk and honey Repeat Chorus [Verse 2: Jay Tee] In the game, tryin' to win it Represent it Squattin' tough Windows tinted With two H.K.'s I just rented I'm all up in it Nathin' but riders roll around with me They sell a pound with me, even break it down with me (Ya know) I heavy hustle For everything I'm earnin' (Earnin') It ain't no refunds, there's no return to keep my tires Burnin' I hit the gas, break a yolk with ya But I can't smoke with ya, I ain't goin' broke with ya I be's a grinder Never get behind the Punk police (Fuck 'em) Cause man, they might find her What I been makin', there's no mistakin' I got the fiends shakin' It's big bread that they breakin' (That's right) I took a ten, turned it into twenty (Into twenty) Stay out the pen and started stackin' plenty down for me Gente (Gente) So holla if you feel me (If you feel me) Player Jay Tee, yo man, I'm in this til they kill me Repeat Chorus Twice [Verse 3: Baby Bash] Well now, there's twenty-eight grams in a zip of cocaine So player, don't trip, if I grip, the whole thang And flip it once (What) And flip it once (Oooh) I split the blunts (What) I shoot the dices (Yeah) Now I can holla on the dollar when it come to scrill And can you feel See

seven, nine to ten players ain't real They wanna ride,
but they slippin' like a transmission Squares got the
rules missin' (Squares) Now why they bullshittin' Mob
shit, player (Mob shit) That's what I does (I smoke) Two
phat bacons and I'm half way buzzed I sport Lugz and
Jordans, see I'm affordin' cause my money's long And
one love to my folks who got the hustle on Range
Rove's sportin' super bad Kangols Since '89, stackin'
paper, never save hoes Some don't understand How I
pop my P's I throw it up To them players if you stack
your cheese Repeat Chours Til Fade

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