

Jam % Spoon F/ Plavka

"Think Smart"

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[Verse 1]

You niggas is half pipes, get zero and a half mics
I'm on red eyed flights, tryin' to get shit right
Partners gettin' killed by each other it makes no dollars
It makes no sense that we can't holler
Like to test game, yeah niggas is pawns
Just pieces to the puzzle that'll never respond
We blow Bom by the pound
Seventeen reasons to have seventeen rounds
Might have to down some clowns
Try to get around the shit
If I gotta sell dope nigga, I'm tryin' to flip a thousand
bricks
So I can stop the bullshit, we can count some chips
Try to buy our way out this shit

[Hook]

Think smart not hard, don't drop ya guard
Think smart not hard, don't drop ya guard
Think smart not hard, don't drop ya guard
You can have cars, bitches, houses, women
Think smart not hard, never drop ya guard
Think smart not hard, never drop ya guard
Think smart not hard, never drop ya guard
You can have cars, bitches, houses, women

[Verse 2]

Every day I sit and think how I'ma make things better
Constantly flip and zip a stack of dope, gettin' my
cheddar
You know the basics, tryin' to be mobbed out and
famous
And I'm already livin' a life that's dangerous, fresh hall-
of-famers
That's why a nigga don't fuck with strangers, I stay G'd
up
And I'm serious about my fetti, don't make me go an
and kill sweeper
Them niggas don't wanna see us, that's what them
haters holler
But I'm tell ya boy this neighborhood something like Mr.

Rogers

Niggas wanna be hard and niggas wanna have riches
Niggas wanna have cars and niggas wanna have
bitches

That's why I stick to the script, I stand tall and do a lot
Make smurk play my part and ain't gon' let my guard
fall, nigga

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Nothin' to laugh about, something to smash about
You won't make it to the top if you have doubts
A half bounce, get wins takin' losses
Snakes come across us
I slice they necks with di-a-lect
Ride for self, that's out M-O
In the M-O-E where we trip on something little
Niggas losin' they mind, goin' broke losin' they grind
Goin' soft and square and combine
Behind the times, nigga you need to catch up
Stackin' paper to the ceiling is how you rep up
Creep up from the bottom tryin' to reach the top
Fuck the hate, ya squares need to learn a lot
You can get ya face cracked and ya can't replace that
I was on the wrong path, made it to the straight track
Tryin' to ride something fat like sweater
G-O-P, C-D-P no one can do it better

[Hook]

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