

## Torch

### "I Got It Made"

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I ain't a buyer, I'm a supplier, numero uno  
My rims match the Porsche, my car plan uno  
Now I understand I got to give this speech  
My old click mayonnaise, real quick to squeeze  
No leeches or maggots, them specialist niggas running

Far spitting bar for far, I'd like to speak to these  
youngsters  
Most of them soft, all the robbing and killing ain't close  
to fam  
Talking ' them niggas known for that  
20 gram mule with a leather strap, you rob me, enough  
of that  
Think if I win at least you know what I got  
She get away then bring your arms back holding my  
watch  
Talented, gifted ain't the word, ex jack boys still in the  
shop lifting birds  
An ideal verb, Spielberg, how I paint a portrait  
I don't stunt on my fam, I stunt on who can't afford it  
Make 'em taste it, never settle for basics  
Yeah, I made it, but compared to Gates, I ain't got it  
major  
My major finance is in the school of hard knocks  
Limbo, is balling till my heart stops  
Benz buy your balling and they hard top  
Oh, I got the tart drop, haters wanna call the cops  
Bad bitches see me, they just wanna ride  
I be cool with it, baby, I just wanna slide  
Pulling panties to the side, change the whole  
perspective  
Make it hard for whoever you're having sex with  
You ain't old, man nothing in life ain't free  
Death by suffocation, tough, no AC  
Torch, turning the heat on you suckers  
Yeah, I got it made, bitch

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