

## Nashawn

### "A Huned"

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[Nashawn]

Yo, I got request for the yayo, shooters on the payroll  
Pocket's full of Pecos, Nash he's the best like  
Watch dog, stay froze, clap friends and foes  
Your eyes, she close, they close, my dawgs stay close  
I'm gunning for a white rose, driving in a white Rove  
I'm liver then and hotter then, live on the white gold  
See I should go for President; them hoes will hit the  
pole  
You see me in that strip club; them hoes fall of the pole  
My whole team glittery, stunning in rose gold  
Them niggas looking shity and know we won't fold  
Nash, Nashawn was my mothafucking name, base  
Stay calm, here's two to your fucking face  
Money Machine, them hoes call me love place  
See I'm a hood nigga on mad drug space  
You wish you was like me without a damn case  
I leave dawgs unsolved without a damn trace  
You see that .44 long it's just a man fate  
It ain't no reason to show up to that man's wake  
Cash by the abundance, murder by the hundreds  
'99 niggas dunn got it, now who want it huh?  
This my year it feels like '95  
That's when I realized the world was mine  
I'm doing fine, just a lil' more wine and dine  
And crack crab and fuck your hoes at the same time  
A lil' more lab, chopping more slabs  
Now I'm jumping in the Lincoln, no more calling cabs  
Nashbroham Lincoln, I got a quarter of stash  
That's a quarter of a million, y'all niggas can't add  
  
Yeah, it's the future, I'm the nicest  
Nashbroham Lincoln, Jungle George Washington  
Nasir Jones, Money Machine Records, the movement  
Let's get it, let's get it

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