

Big Pokey, Cash

(*talking*)

Yeah (yeah), H-A-dub-K (H-A-dub-K)

The Hardest Pit in the Litter, they been waiting on this here

Broke niggaz, get somewhere, cash rules

Everything around us, understand me, what

[Big Pokey]

Cash rules everything around me, I'm a grimy nigga

Patience is a virtue, I call it timing nigga

I get 4 G's around me, 14 for criming

On the phone my dope is ice, I'm 14 and diming

I'm on ladder stairs climbing, fatigue ain't nothing but army clothes

I know my win right, I gotta keep grinding

As long as my figgas is climbing, I'm bout my pay-day

I get mine wrapped, either the yay-way or the AK-way dog

I'm a hood nigga, I'm getting it how I live and

Pay my ties, so I get it back how I give

Now they wanna hound me, majors wanna sign me

Niggaz say they love me, but I think they wanna down me

Y'all know where to find me, swimming in money

Cinnamon honey 600's, linen and honeys

I got mo' raps than mummies, I'm trying to get a car bar

I got mines for sale, who wanna bar raw

[Hook - 2x]

Cash rules everything around me

Deep in the slums of the South, is where you'll find me

Use to try to clown me, didn't hang around me

Now that I'm rich, all these hoes wanna hound me

[H.A.W.K.]

Cash rule everything, from lump sums to petty change

From who-do's with bang, to big rims on a Range

I'm true to this game, like Michael Jordan is the hangs

I will do anything, to satisfy my hunger pain

Now way back in the game, nobody gave H.A.W.K. props

Rolled around in drop tops, and pass me up at the bus stop

Now thanks to hip-hop, I'm in a drop top playing hop scotch

I hit a switch and the trunk pops, and bleed y'all day block

For Fat Pat I won't stop, until the world body rocks

And retail shops and mom and pop's, all H.A.W.K. is sold out

For all those who had doubts, look how I turned out

On Yokohamas I burn out, know what I'm tal'n bout

Getting cash is in me, I'm trying to get that Bentley

I want quarters nickels dimes, and I'll even take pennies

Now they green with envy, and I want 'em all to know

Money over everything, even that busted hoe

[Hook - 2x]

[Lyrical 187]

Strapped with heat, to knock the dragon off his feet

Take his iron, burn my name up in the streets

90 days 3-65, the grind don't never stop

Niggaz still out here hustling, niggaz still bleed the block

Can't quit we stay paid, kids gotta eat daily

Circle through big figgas, skeet me up the highways

Y'all said I'd never make it, I stay put it on your grave

Till I die I'm making feddy, trying to fill up a plate

With a home on the range, in the hills of Spain

Naked hoes rolling doja, while I'm holding a range

Never change, I remain to stay ready for whatever

Got a brand on my chest, that's gon be with me forever

Get paid, that's how I was brought up

Never knew how to do nothing else, so I guess I'm just stuck
In the slums in the Dirty South, trying to be a ghetto superstar
Want the big macs and Bentley cars, still in the hood
Still put it down, still don't bar

[Hook - 2x]