

Easy Bake (feat. Kendrick Lamar & SZA)

Jay Rock

This is WTOP Radio and I'm your host DJ Turn-Up
I don't turn down nuttin' but my collar I ain't turnin' down no money
And I ain't turnin' down no mothafuckin' fade
Now bitch if you're pushin' up the freak with your orangutan-lookin' ass, take some
advice and bang SZA ya flat-foot bitch
Itchin' for a climax lasting past 11: 30
Do you got it like that, do you really got it like that?
Itchin' for a purpose, I can't seem to scratch the surface
I ain't got it like that, do I really got it like that?
You keep talkin' 'bout time, I got none
You can find me where
The sun don't never end and the waves don't part
You don't pay enough of my rent, don't start
I got big dreams and you got quick scheme to get rich quickly
And I don't wanna waste another hour
Really need to take another shower
Dirty for you
Big business, big booty bitches
Black on black Benz's
Backing out the back to back my engine
Backpack with gats in it
Backflip my dollars and bend Impalas, my arm whistling Palm flipping, middle finger
Fuck y'all, I let it linger
Plush wall and marble floor
Ghetto commodore singing
Tours for my whores swinging
On my heart swore I pour plenty more semen
Or explore cunnilingus
Dummy tore through that boy for pointing fingers
Honey you're a PS4, my game change seizes And my name explain visas
I defame your name easy
We aim and keep squeezing
Bitch my lane say no treason
My chains say no cubic, all y'all look stupid
Big dog, three phone call log stupid
I'm Chris Paul, West Coast, All-Star stupid
The mantra, the holy trinity, baby your sponsor
My concert and your facility
Via del Compton, and Watt's finest
Now this that big shell fishscale BMX on the ramp with the fishtail
Pegs on the front, we gon' get there
We 4 deep at a swapmeet, don't need a 5th wheel This bitch steal whoever if situations get real

This that fresh out the bounty, bustin' knuckles
Get buckled if you ever try to knock the hustle
Show your hands, watch how I shuffle (No cuts)
And show you why they hate more niggas than Uncle Ruckus
Rollin' up that boondock, some call it moon rock
Gotta keep that bass in my step, dope in a tube sock
Gotta do what I do to remain on
So all a nigga need is good love when I come home
Cause the baby's gotta eat, baby the rent's been due lately
And I just caught a hot one, I ain't tryna go too crazy
Fugazi, not me, me and my niggas not sweet
Give you thug passion, how you walkin' around knock-kneed
I'm the silver bullet movin' at top speed
Show you how to get it and get away with it scott free
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>