

Anyway

Spodee

[Intro: Bandit Gang Marco]

Anyway, anyway, anyway

Anyway, anyway, bandit! [Verse 1: Bandit Gang Marco]

Huh, I don't love none of these broads

Nah, don't hit my line lil nigga, fronted all of them calls

Bitch I don't give a fuck what you wearing, man, you bout to take all of that off

Nah, bitch, you ain't done suckin' this dick, man, I gotta get all of these hard

Nigga still countin' this cash, fuck is you sayin'? Fuck is you sayin'?

MCM in my bag full of them bands, full of them bands

Huh, [?] standin', [?] pressure

Balmain jeans, gotta do a little extra, nigga I ain't stressin', huh

Sellin' hella drugs, thinkin' bout runnin' my spot

Lil nigga gon' get ya ass plugged, huh, anyway (anyway), anyway

Anyway, anyway, been catchin' plays, had to pick and play

Hahahah, ya dig?!

[Hook: Zuse]

Yeah, a nine for a nine and a toot for a toot

Money is the root of all evil, are you

Born to win but built to lose

Let these muhfuckas know I'm gonna get it anyway, anyway

Washin' down my sins wit' my fuckin' Hennessy

I'm gonna get it anyway, anyway

Always gotta ride on my fuckin' enemy

I'm gonna get it anyway [Verse 2: Spodee]

Uh, fuck the enemies on mine

Got ya ho wit' me ridin' party, next door, she a party to a crime

MAC-11, not a nine, you will not be doing fine

Cut off his eyelids to send a message to the muthafuckas that's blind

Every summer, I'mma shine, Ferragamo wit' the sign

California for the gas, Arizona for the pine

Mamacita wit' the eye, margarita wit' the lime

I know they say that beauty skin deep but I just wanna get inside

I remember pimp didn't have a pot to piss in

Now my opposition just a box of fishes

Now they coppin' tickets just to watch and listen

Now my awesome vision to the boss and bitches

Gotta watch for snitches, it's a cold game

Fuck a piece, I want the whole thing

Got my nigga wit' me on the private jet

Call that mothafucka Soul Plane

[Hook] [Verse 3: Zuse]

Anyway, let these niggas know I'm a fuckin' renegade

If you take a shot, boy, you gon' fade away
Yeah, my head hot and I don't want no lemonade
Catch you on the block--brrr!--wit' that pepper spray
And my bomb detonate, pussy nigga, you ain't safe
Catch a body, not a case, me and Spodee in the race
While ya ho give me the face, blowin' best by the 8[Extended Hook: Zuse]
Yeah, a nine for a nine and a toot for a toot
Money is the root of all evil, are you
Born to win but built to lose
Let these muhfuckas know I'm gonna get it anyway, anyway
Washin' down my sins wit' my fuckin' Hennessy
I'm gonna get it anyway, anyway
Always gotta ride on my fuckin' enemy
I'm gonna get it anyway, anyway
I'm gonna get it anyway, anyway
Always gotta ride on my fuckin' enemy

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