

# Interlude

## Belly

Yeah, look  
Straight out the holy land to holding grams  
Tra-tra-trappin' out stolen vans with goals and plans  
Lonely man, remember being my only fan  
I'm down and up, the Midas touch, the golden hand  
Blood in the soil is over oil  
Cold-hearted, my blood boils  
The spoils of war are used to take the drugs out the foil  
Man these arms can't reach you, AR's won't recoil  
Goddamn, I might marry a heiress and move to Paris  
Fuck the carriage baby, let's go disappear and just perish  
Thirty karats in the gold  
I wear it to cherish the kings from which we inherit  
My chariot is McLaren  
It's all numeric  
Talking numbers, you incoherent  
Don't be embarrassed, I blame your parents for even caring  
Or not aborting, ah fuck it, it's not important  
My vital organs can't even tell if it's night or morning  
Final warning, final warning, final warning  
Every morning you'll awake and await mourning  
We earn it then we burn it to ash  
I call it urn money  
My dog called 40 before he turned 20  
Money is earned, the rest is inherited  
Hashish come from Marrakech, all my kush is American  
Man I feel like a therapist, pistol on me like Maravich  
I careless, I'm so perilous with all of this arrogance, goddamn  
Money, hoes, that's something that you can't chase  
I ain't shit but let you eat from the same plate  
If you ungrateful then you ain't great  
Me and Khaled come from the same place  
Huh, holy land, holy land  
Back when I was holding grams just to haul a Benz  
Yeah, holy land, holy land  
My father never was a holy man

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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