

a lot

21 Savage

I love you
Turn my headphone down a little bit, yeah
For so many reasons
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (I do)
Yeah, yeah yeah yeah
Yeah, yeah, ah, ah, whoa, whoa, whoa, yeah How much money you got? (Straight up)
How much money you got? (Straight up)
How much money you got? (Straight up)
How much money you got? (A lot)
How much money you got? (A lot)
How many problems you got? (A lot)
How many people done doubted you? (A lot)
Left you out to rot? (A lot)
How many pray that you flop? (A lot)
How many lawyers you got? (A lot)
How many times you got shot? (A lot)
How many niggas you shot? (A lot)
How many times did you ride? (A lot)
How many niggas done died? (A lot)
How many times did you cheat? (A lot)
How many times did you lie? (A lot)
How many times did she leave? (A lot)
How many times did she cry? (A lot)
How many chances she done gave you?
Fuck around with these thots (A lot)
Every day that I'm alive, I'ma ride with the stick
I'd rather be broke in jail than be dead and rich
Told my brothers take my breath if I turn to a snitch
But I'm 21 4L, ain't no way I'ma switch Break it down, I break it down
I break it down, I break it down
I break it down, I break it down
I break it down, I break it down Penitentiary chances just to make a couple bucks
My heart so cold I could put it in my cup
Gang vs. the world, me and my dawg, it was us
Then you went and wrote a statement
And that really fucked me up
My brother lost his life and it turned me to a beast
My brother got life and it turned me to the streets
I been through the storm and it turned me to a G
But the other side was sunny, I get paid to rap on beats How much money you got? (A lot)
How many problems you got? (A lot)
How many people done doubted you? (A lot)

Left you out to rot? (A lot)
How many pray that you flop? (A lot)
How many lawyers you got? (A lot)
How many times you got shot? (A lot)
How many niggas you shot? (A lot)
How many times did you ride? (A lot)
How many niggas done died? (A lot)
How many times did you cheat? (A lot)
How many times did you lie? (A lot)
How many times did she leave? (A lot)
How many times did she cry? (A lot)
How many chances she done gave you?
Fuck around with these thots (A lot) Break it on down, I break it on down
I break it on down, I break it on down
Yeah, I just came from the A
I drove back home, six hour drive, six and a half
Before I left I stopped by to
See my nigga 21 in the studio
Yeah, two of his kids with him
Right in the studio, that's when I knew
You a stand up nigga, I love seein' shit like that Question
How many faking they streams? (A lot)
Getting they plays from machines (A lot)
I can see behind the smoke and mirrors
Niggas ain't really big as they seem (Hmm)
I never say anything (Nah)
Everybody got they thing (True)
Some niggas make millions
Other niggas make memes (Hmm)
I'm on a money routine
I don't want smoke, I want cream
I don't want no more comparisons
This is a marathon and I'm aware
I been playing it back from a lack of promotions
I was never one for the bragging and boasting
I guess I was hoping the music would speak
For itself, but the people want everything else
Ok, no problem, I'll show up on everyone album
You know what the outcome will be
I'm batting a thousand
It's got to the point that these
Rappers don't even like rappin' with me
Fuck it 'cause my nigga 21 Savage just hit me
And told me he sent me a spot on a new record he got
He call it "a lot," I open my book and I jot
Pray for Tekashi, they want him to rot
I picture him inside a cell on a cot
'Flectin' on how he made it to the top
Wondering if it was worth it or not

I pray for Markelle 'cause they fucked up his shot
Just want you to know that you got it, my nigga
Though I never met you, I know that you special
And that the Lord blessed you, don't doubt it, my nigga
Dennis Smith Jr., stay solid, my nigga
I'm on a tangent, not how I planned it
I had some fans that hopped and abandoned ship
When they thought that
I wasn't gone pan out, I got a plan
They say that success is
The greatest revenge, tell all your friends
Cole on a mission
Cementin' the spot as the greatest who did it
Before it all ends, niggaHow much money you got? (A lot)
How many problems you got? (A lot)
How many people done doubted you? (A lot)
Left you out to rot? (A lot)
How many pray that you flop? (A lot)
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I break it down, I break it down
I break it down, I break it down, I br-

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