

Door Swangin

2 Chainz

I wouldn't even...
I wouldn't even be here without that mothafuckin' door
We doing numbers, holmes
5540, we doing numbers, holmes
You can look that shit up, you can research that shit
Another day we gotta get it, 'notha day we
gotta get it
I say 'notha day we gotta get it, 'notha day we gotta get it
Can't forget how I fucking had the door swinging
Can't forget how I fucking had the door swinging
No doorbell, we had the cameras included
No hibachi, all we had is some tuna fish
Moved up a level, then I stepped up my grind
Got to the top, ain't nobody around
When I look down, all I see is some sucka shit
And I'ma run shit, I put that on my bucket list
Adidas streetball, all the foreigners with the straps
Before the dreadlocks, I had the cornrows to the back
Used to sit on a broke down Camaro with packs
Told her, "Turn around," even though she had his name tatted
That's the way that it was, had a way with the girls
Had a felony before you knew what a felony was
You was taking the shots, you was feeling the buzz
Got so much in the stash spot, I could fill up a bus
Got gorillas with us, got chinchillas with us
No pretenders with us, got the winners with us, yeah
Another day we gotta get it, 'notha day we gotta get it
I say 'notha day we gotta get it, 'notha day we gotta get it
Can't forget how I fucking had the door swinging
Can't forget how I fucking had the door swinging
Another day we gotta get it, 'notha day we gotta get it
I say 'notha day we gotta get it, 'notha day we gotta get it
Can't forget how I fucking had the door swinging
Can't forget how I fucking had the door swinging
Somebody watching the front door
Yeah I went to college and sold dope
Sold narcotics, a boat load
And all us felons and can't vote
Yeah I'm from the cut, I'm cutthroat
All up in the crowd, Frank Lucas fur coat
Yeah, sipping muddy like a mothafuckin' Merlot
Under the influence, I stayed on the first floor, first floor
Wait, first 48, hard to see my face, diamonds in the way

This is MMA, I just beat the case
In and out the nail salon, she got her nails polished
Turn up in tennis shoes, turn up in red bottoms
Turn up in red bottoms, turn up, turn up in red bottoms
She turn up in red bottoms, yeah what?
A nigga a hustler, now the feds got him
You bring the rubber bands, I bring the money counter
Another day we gotta get it, 'notha day we gotta get it
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