What They Want

Russ

Yeah, ooh, yeah

They let us in the rap gameI swear they let me in this motherfucking rap game

Got a chick, I call her Lola

She feel like the ocean

Likes to drink and smoke some doja

And I feel like smokin'

Plus she good at charmin' cobras

I feel like I'm chosen

But she ain't the only one, no

Got a chick. I call her Katia

She be actin bougie

The she came through

And topped me off

Now she just a groupie

Got the aura of the mafiaHer friends wish they knew me

But they ain't the only ones, no no

What they want, what they want? Dollar signs, yeah, I know its what they want What they want, what they want, what they want? Yall ain't foolin' me at all

I been at this shit for 9 years,

Now they startin' to call

Im a DIY pioneer, they tryna get involved

Yippee kiyay, aw yeah, 'bout to set it off

I'm probably the only one, yeah

Come correct when you approach me, I can size you up

Takin all the shots like Kobe, almost 81

Guess I gotta play the goalie

And go and save me some

I'm proabably the only one, yeah

What they want, what they want, what they want?

Dollar signs, yeah, I know its what they want

What they want, what they want? Yall ain't foolin me at allWho wants my money, I'll tell you who I don't fuck with

Who's pullin' strings, I'm just pointing out all the puppets

What I'm demanding is fucking up all the budgets

I'm smart as fuck, they be talkin like I'm the dumbestBut I know what they want from me

Dollars, lotta stock in me

It ain't nothin personal

It's business and I'm a commodity

But honestly, Pop Pop would be turnin' in his grave

The day I let someone else become the boss of me

When there's a boss in me, I'll be damned

What they want, what they want, what they want?

Dollar signs, yeah, I know its what they want What they want, what they want, what they want? Yall ain't foolin me at all Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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