

Fakaza (feat. Joejo)

Tipcee

If it was do or die
Take a shot of the Henny
I heard there's money on the streets
And it better be plenty
I want the black one, the red on
Man I want any
We got so much to give
I don't think y'all ready Y'all ready?
Five foot some'n not quite a six
My bitch ride full time that's not a bitch
I'm on some other shit
Might say thank you but
But you not givin' I'm snatching it
Scot-free Travis it's a travesty
Niggas claiming majesty
Taking shots from afar, R.I.P Dr King
Fools had a dream but woke up to discover me
Standing in the same spot
I'm with Sugarsmax and the? was in
A genuine article like a plug your magazine
The rest of you vultures just smelling like some culture thieves
You niggas won't kill, I am Stogie in the driver's seat
We know your story, you a phony, you ain't got it B
And LES call me like a medic for the body
I told him let's talk and give me time place and topic
I'm in the stu like Nigella where my fellas
Still ain't taken a loss son
You eating sour black panther
la la la (oh oh)
la la la (oh oh)
la la la (oh oh)hookMoney make the world go round
Money make your girl go down
That's why you never see me
I'm breezing by you so fast
Got you spinning like chicken like?
Whoo, Maggie why you leave us behind
Ntwana please you tryna try who
You outta your mind
Check the speed my niggas move with
Super cool shit
Takin' over city to city tryna recruit shit
For all the times we invested in the booth with

See my verses are like murders in acoustics
Add a tooth flow, sounded like a root bitch
Fuck off nigga unless it's the exclusives
Renegade, still on top, still I delegate
I always kept it on the low, still I elevate
Idolise even in my rivals' eyes, I'm revitalised
A different wave I'm a tidal rise
la la la (oh oh)
la la la (oh oh)
la la la (oh oh)hook Watch how I charter the jet for a radio run
We popping eights on the plane
Let it spray like a gun
Guess I'm hard with the sex, she shake like a drum
'Cause it's the greatest of all time
It's what you say to your son
I got the soul for our recipe, power for pain
All you lil ass niggas soundin' the same
This that grown man shit, nigga stay in your lane
Or put two-fifty on your wrist before you speak of my name
I'm throeing racks at ace of diamonds
Man that's nothing to me
'Cause all my niggas stay shining
Yeah that's something to see
Yo Khuli Chana, tell them what we done seen
I'm at my Maftown height, I knock the life out your jeans
Ey yo you died at sample stage like a? sneaker
You don't fuck with me, well I don't fuck with you either
I see the evil in your eyes when it comes to this feature
But I'm with my angel in disguise
'Cause I decided to keep herla la la (oh oh)
la la la (oh oh)
la la la (oh oh)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>