

# 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 her la la la (oh oh)  
la la la (oh oh)  
la la la (oh oh)

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