

We can turn two into four, four in to eight, eight into sixteen  
The money make 'em sick... we flip  
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We flip

I can eyeball the product and give an estimate (estimate)  
Before I cop the narcotics, I let a fiend test it  
Pockets pregnant looking like some saggy titties (saggy titties)  
Pistol in my waist, back there by my kidneys (by my kidneys)  
Nickels and pennies I used to chase, used to be piss poor (piss poor)  
The laughing stock but not no mothafuckin more (not no more)  
Bought a Bentley from Los Gatos got the best prices  
No more drunk classes, finally gave me back my license (your license?)  
I'm a goon with the spoon I make it do what it do  
The dude that taught me how to cook, (what's his name?) his name was Raul  
Raul was my ese, love me to death  
Raul is the neighborhood chef  
Six times two don't have a clue on how I move and I wiggle, see (move and I wiggle see)  
One thing about me, I ain't bootsie  
They'll break in your whip and steal your backpack and dip (backpack and dip )  
They plottin' and plannin' on how to make the money flip (make the money flip)

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It's Cousin Fik  
Look, I turned a deuce into a quarter man I know you can count  
What you mean what I want for 'em? You know the amount  
You say my prices high, that's fine, you know you can bounce  
If you my mans and I know you solid, I might throw you an ounce  
But you ain't gonna get it off or get no dough on the couch  
You gotta network on the phone get dressed and get out the house  
If you get pressed by them people, tell 'em "figure it out"  
Keep what you know in your brain, don't let that shit out your mouth  
'Cause this a serious game we playin', so you better wear your cletes  
The rollers more street smart than the niggas in the streets  
That's why my game stays sharp like a permanent marker  
Creepin' like a spider man, but I'm not Peter Parker  
My bubble came from struggle, you niggas don't know the half  
Greenhouse got me ballin' in Dallas just like the Mavs  
When haters say "I'm trippin'" my nigga I just laugh  
We can get some money my nigga, I did the math

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Dropped twenty-five K on a wristwatch

I be playin' with them birds, Alfred Hitchcock  
And you know I got that rocket, no Rick Rock  
Creepin' on a milly, hundred K is a pitstop  
Hundred racks, ten belts, do the math ho  
I'm a hustla from the womb to a tagged toe  
I swear, I can get you anything you ask for  
Burned ten bands without fuckin' up my cashflow  
Flip work, count stacks like the BandGang  
Choose Up Cheese state to state, like a campaign  
Thirty for the brick, seventeen for the half thang  
All I talk is money nigga, all I spit is cash game  
Make it double, make it triple, make it last forever  
Every day that I wake up, I'm on a cash endeavor  
Brand new elevens, black and red, patent leathers  
They call me Cheese, 'cause a nigga known for stackin' cheddar

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