

# Fork

## 2 Chainz

Mama, MAMA!

(Wha, What!)

You get that money out my pants last night?

(Boy! Naw I ain't get no money out yo pants! And quit yellin' at me!!)

Ain't nobody hollin' at you! I had a dream that rap wouldn't work

I woke up on the block, had to hit it with the fork

Skrrr, skrrr, skrrr, skrrr, skrrr: hit it with the fork

Skrrr, skrrr, skrrr, skrrr, skrrr: hit it with the fork

Rap don't work, records ain't bein' sold

So much money on me, it won't even fold

So much money on me, it won't even fold

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So much money on me, it won't even fold

So much money on me, it won't even fold

I got Medusa on my sneakers

My dick up like "nice to meet ya"

100K for a feature, hundred K's at my leisure

Then we aim at your people

I be higher than a eagle

When I'm sipping on that codeine

Free my nigga Sigel

Ridin' on a jet, headin' to that Costa

Soon as I land I be in that Testarossa

If I die tonight, you gon' see some flexin' ghostas

I'm the man in my city, same thing in South Dakota

Man I'm running up that check, show you how I do it

I drink red bitches, I don't drink Red Bulls

Man they tried to give me wings, but I already had some

I'm all that and then some, my trap house is my income

And it's booming

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I'm ballin' like Mr. Clean

I gotta keep my kitchen clean

God bless me like I'm finna sneeze

Doctor weigh me on a triple beam

D-boy in parenthesis  
All gold in my amenities  
2 Chainz, two pinky rings  
My trigger finger's like a lemon squeeze (Baow!)  
Climax! Make your main ho my side-chick  
I'm so high, your whore get hijacked  
And my vision is Pyrex  
I do it big like a 5X  
Killed they ass with the eyepatch  
I got bad bitches on my side  
I done fucked around and got sidetracked  
My first night, I spent five stacks  
Next night I forgot to count  
I'm so hot; who gon' put the fire out?  
I'm the fireman, I put fire out  
Got a pole in my basement  
Tipped your girl like Maliah now  
Ridin' on these motherfucka's until they blow my tires out, uhMy wrist deserve a shout-out, I'm  
like "What up, wrist?"  
My stove deserve a shout-out, I'm like "What up, stove?"All this jewelry on then I'm out cold  
So much money on me, it won't even fold!I had a dream, rap wouldn't work  
Woke up on the block, hit it with the fork  
Skrrr, skrrr, skrrr: hit it with the fork  
Skrrr, skrrr, skrrr: hit it with the fork  
Rap don't work, records ain't bein' sold  
So much money on me, it won't even fold

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>