

# One Goal

## Joey Fatts

[Phone call intro]

You've reached Fatts, hit me back

Hey there Joey, It's your uncle, You know man call me back. Take your dick out that girl's mouth and call me. I need twenty dollars

[Hook: Joey Fatts]

All we got is one goal, to get more dough  
Got a foreign bitch bring that ho to the condo  
While we count chips, she make sure she keep a blunt rolled  
Never get enough, nigga I need more dough  
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[Verse 1: Joey Fatts]

All a nigga need is more dough  
Front row blowing hella' blunt smoke  
Ain't supposed to do this shit but we don't give a fuck though  
Cutthroat, man I swear all my niggas cutthroats  
If you want that drama bring that bullshit to his front door  
You ain't really 'bout it, what you acting tough for?  
All these bitches 'bout it, they tryna' get fucked though  
I be really outchea', try me you'll get bust on  
Boy I'm really crippling, really with the business on a mission, Had no pot to piss in, so I had to  
grind and make a difference  
Now I'm counting digits, in a condo with foreign bitches  
And they all with it, they gon' let all my partners hit it  
Thumbing through them Benjies while another blunt is bein' twisted

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