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 cripping, 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

[Hook: Joey Fatts]

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[Verse 2: Joey Fatts]

Remember days I ain't have shit
Now I'm stuffing bands up in my mattress
Fucking on an actress, a nigga living lavish
Started from the bottom so we hustle with a passion
I show no compassion, my momma raised a savage
I been grinding all day, tryna' get this money
Making sure me and my dogs straight

Thuggin' since the pee-wee now my money stack the long way
When you making money you should know these niggas gon' hate, give a fuck 'bout what these
hoes say

Its all about the dough, I'm all about the dough Spilling liquor on my floor, lil' bitch you've gotta go Niggas hating from a distance so I got a scope And I ain't gotta' say I'm 'bout it, they already know

[Hook: Joey Fatts]

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