

I'm around the bullshit like a matador  
I'm used to the bullshit, it don't matter, boy  
Corporate acquisitions, accumulations of wealth  
Build with the gods and double knowledge of self  
Entrepreneur visions, Moulin Rouge religion  
That pussy make a weak nigga break down  
So what you want, the cheese or the chicks?  
You want the chicks but you want the cheese  
A bitch gotta eat  
I'm havin' the epiphany you niggas ain't shit to me  
Worse than the scum in the slum I'm from  
I'm a southside nigga, yeah I'm 'bout mine  
You be that next nigga coroners come and outline  
You ain't made of what I'm made of  
You a bum nigga with a bum bitch  
Your shoes come from Vegas  
Counterfeit, fraudulent fakers  
What kind of rich nigga bitch look like that?

You all know when we pullin' off the lot  
Brake, hit the button, then we pullin' down the top  
Shine's on stuntin' and I'm pullin' out a knot  
Strapped with the glock, won't pull it out a lot  
But front, I'll make it pop  
Y'all don't do it how we do  
Niggas ain't on the shit we on  
Everything new  
Spikes on the Louis Vuittons  
We up, nigga!

Eat pussy for dinner, bomb kush for breakfast  
Deep-colored VS stones around my neck, bitch  
Coupe a four-door, jeep a Convoy  
Bulletproof front flash, shinin', Armor All  
It feels like a nigga dreamin'  
Seat back, music bumpin', niggas leanin'  
Bulls eye, that's what we came for  
The bread, now a nigga run the game, boy  
I should've sent the broad to report what's in the yard  
Aloof livin', I came up so hard  
No pain, no gain, it's embedded in the brain  
I'm in it for the grip, motherf\*\*k the fame

'Round the world tourin', the city got borin'  
Bury Mike with cash, no life insurance  
Coupe foreign, top peeled like an orange  
Need a ranch, got too many horses