Gonna break it down break it down break it down And I break it down break it down break it down

Microphone check 2 mic check one Gotta clique of real niggas in my section A silent girl with no baggage I still ain't met one I see all of you rappers as my stepsons I called my last girl and told her be my next one She said pull up on her, touch up on her wet one And I had a pack of condoms... but fucked around and forgot'em Gotta stop at 7-11 and get some fuck All I knew was ball till I fall hoe Walk around ten bands in my cargo You niggas still stressed bout your car note I'm a fuck around and buy wells fargo I Walk up in this thing 100deep I gotta get it ain't no sleep Cause I gotta son to feed, some for her and some for me That's a simple summary they talk behind my back because They know they ain't in front of me Me fall is what they wanna see

My mama said pray for them niggas that hate They just wanna be in your place But them niggas ain't true cause them niggas ain't real Wild on them niggas put on all them chains Shine on shine on them niggas Shine on them niggas (what it ain't what it is) Shine on them niggas (what it ain't what it is) Shine on them niggas (what it ain't what it is) Shine on shine on shine on them niggas Shine on them niggas (what it ain't what it is) Shine on them niggas (what it ain't what it is) Shine on them niggas (what it ain't what it is) Shine on shine on shine on Bad bitches do you need that? I'll give it to you if you need that I got it for you if you need that I'll put it down if you need that Tell me do you need that Bad bitches do you need that? I got it for you if you need that Let me know if you need that

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Aye Wassup with you in that chicken head Ohh man! She said she look like Janet Jackson You lucky

I'm watching the sun rise in New York
And you just now leavin the club out in cali
Wondering if this three hour difference
Gonna be the reason why you chose up...
While you out there in the Valley
Cause we all know boy these hoes be choosing
And if the money right then you won't be Boogie

Why you at the studio you don't do music
I'm telling you I love you and you telling me to prove it
Listen these niggas hating on me your girlfriends want me
And bad decisions always make for the best stories
And I don't know what you want from me because
You the one I'm trying to wake up to every damn morning
And the people bout to know they all bout to see us
So valet the cars far away from the prius rap game didn't know it but it nee
d us
If we told you what we did last summer wouldn't believe us but...

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