

I got a six four Sting with the 302, bought it out
In the rap game, got fame, when I bought this house
Big seven thots swingin' when I barely bought it out
Seven three kellys, that's a college rally thought abouts
Six nine seven, O'Malley, that shit's not around
Six eight merril seven hunnid horses to the ground
Skinny's on sticks in the back could cruise around
Used to drive around cars like that while we movin' yayo
You ain't have to do like that, then who is you fo' real?
Dope boy thang, Pyrex when they lose the wheel
Stackin', young Bern, Tyrone how I used to feel
Follow connects to their cribs and then we moved on them
Ya don't want them outta the shark, ya betta cool again
Riders with Beretta, we sharp, don't wanna lose no man
Lose yo live from a sniper's blast, got the wildest niggas
Treat my block like a diaper bag, I do it powderin' it

Doin' about 30 in a fly ass whip
Windows up, got it cloudy and shit
Rollin' up another joint, shotgun a bad bitch
And all she wanna do is smoke you and smoke weed
And got me feelin' like damn, I gotta be the man
I gotta be the man, she swear that I'm the man
Got me feelin' like damn, I gotta be the man
I gotta be the man, she swear that I'm the man
I'm feelin' like damn...

Paper licence plates on the Golden Gate
Interstate, grace playin' high stakes
Dice roll, winner takes all, tryna ball all, catch me if I fall
Risky business, stand on two feet, plant em in the quicksand
Can't sink a man, cause I'm way quicker
Every night tryna fall asleep, 20 grand richer
Paint lyrics, though some niggas'll never get the picture
Standin' on the planet, an artist with the canvas
Caravans and Lamborghinis and Ferraris Princeton
Nigga please, you couldn't see me if you imagined
Wall Street Wolf got caught in the bear trap
Snap em, and half em, shit'll get critical, Captain
Whisperin' about what happened, get yo show cancelled
More gas than you can handle, I done ran through
Gas like the station, ample to sample
I sent your bitch back with a handful

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They smell the tatter on my big face, bills when I break em out
Used to call purple bounce lakers settin' 80 out
Sixty on my watch, might turn yo old lady out

No clouds in my eyes, two stones cost me 80.000
Dope boys love everything that I speak about
Wrap em up right over night, yeah, they leavin' town
Dacks is callin' me; daddy why ya trick on my main bitches?
I be buyin' change, and yo main, wanna play pimpin'
Why so fresh? Yeah, it's stuck to my fingertips
This right here, only real playas read on this
Exotic weed, fast cars, few handle bars
Paper bag, money buried deep in my family yard
Few mill out the streets, still trafficking
Oh nah, swore I'd never touch a pack again
Half a ticket, hand, count it in my cookie duffle
Smoke out the turkey bag, throw uncle Snoop a couple

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