

I blow three blunts before lunch and turn a rapper into dinner  
Serve the east side taught me Bel-Air Shopping Center  
The west side, these niggas call me Green Field Plaza  
You ain't got no connect nigga, you coppin' from El Blaga  
Continue on the saga  
Your mouth is Fierce as Sasha  
Makin' millions off the girls, I'm Beyonce's father  
I'm sittin' in the Charger  
You niggas Lady Gaga  
Left my car charger, CD changer no Carter  
Dwayne or Shawn, Sean Price mixed with Lil' Jon  
Off the fifth of rum  
Piff in my lungs  
Fuckin' two Asian bitches till they couldn't cum  
And when them hoes squirt it's like Hong Kong Wonton  
They said, "Oh my, biggest dick I've seen."  
Showed her on the webcam, she start lickin' the screen  
Next week we party puttin' coke all up in her nose  
Just me, my nigga Luke and a house full of hoes

And it's coke on the corner  
Guns in the closet  
Pills on the table  
Blowin' on exotics  
Money on the mantle  
Fuck direct deposit  
Old school Chevy next year we roll exotics

That cutty steering wheel all wood like a beaver bed  
Your bitch neck move faster than cheetah legs  
Nike 6.0's look like Zebra heads  
Wack MC's, I eat 'em like pita bread  
Rappers  
I voicemail your best bitch  
In the hood, hoes give me more throat than neck strength  
All I want is money  
Cash no checks  
I swear the sight of kushy makes her pussy so wet  
(I say)  
My flow cold as the walls in the precinct  
I'm a monster  
Eat pussy like Wheat Thins  
I'm a rock star  
Without a guitar  
My chocolate melts in your girl mouth, Mr. Goodbar  
(And its)  
Weed on the corner  
Guns on the target  
Shawty goin' crazy, sniffin' coke in the closet  
While I'm sittin' on the toilet puffin' on exotics  
Bitch busts in the bathroom and fuckin' vomits