

# Kemosabe

## Hustle Gang

[Intro]

Woa Kemosabe, woa, woa  
Woa Kemosabe, woa, woa  
I said woa Kemosabe, woa, woa  
Woa Kemosabe, woa, woa

[Verse 1: Doe B]

I blow the check in Follies  
I coulda bought a 'Rari  
Pull up in the big body  
Valet had to double park it  
I'm covered in Versace  
I'm Fresh prince, these niggas Carlton  
Flexin' through the projects  
Them bitches think I'm 'luminati  
My nigga say fuck a Bugatti  
Buy him a Box Chevy on 30's  
Straight out the dutty, drink muddy, bitches slutty  
Get head so long, she fuck around, caught a concussion

[Bridge: Doe B]

Top off on a foreign  
Ballin' like Amar'e  
2 bitches and they barbies  
1 on lean and 1 on mollies

[Hook: Doe B]

50 hoes in the lobby  
Chain gold and it's Versace  
I'm like woa Kemosabe  
Big ballin' is my hobby

[Verse 2: Young Dro]

Top off on that foreign, G4 Jet that boring  
Pass me the ball I'm scorin'  
Fuck yo bitch she horny  
Got 23 bitches on the T-Bird  
3 plus 3, that's 6 birds  
24 cups, 21 that's 4-5  
That's what I keep on my side  
If a nigga tryna run up in my house  
I'mma blow his ass back outside  
And even if the fuck nigga look wrong  
I'mma knock the pussy nigga cock eye  
Me and Doe B show 'em how to rock out  
This verse so hot I'm finna hop out  
Ain't ball, man I'm finna go beast mode  
Dominating here, getting knocked out  
I'mma stop now slow it up  
Rolled on on my 30's  
Ask that bitch, I fucked all her buddies  
That ho be lookin' dusty  
I bet her pussy musty

[Hook: Doe B]

[Verse 3: Birdman]

I'm like "whoah Kemosabe"  
I started this shit cos that's my hobby  
Big Tymer that's my name ho  
Versaces on my frame ho  
All gold everything  
I put that shit on everything  
Got a ring on every finger nigga  
Diamonds flooded in this bitch like it's raining nigga  
Bitch on my arm like a singer nigga  
Hah, she might just be a singer nigga  
I do what the fuck I want  
And I buy what the fuck I want

[Hook: Doe B]

[Verse 4: B.o.B]

Got em poppin with my possey, we ballin like the Cosbys  
Ballin's in my bloodline, casa de mi patri  
Young god is the prophet, young playas stackin profit  
I made a quarter million and I never went to college  
Say the flow out here is solid, smoking hydrofonics  
Even in Japan boy, I get plenty sake  
I'm all about the dollar, bitches wanna holler  
Bet yo girl got more inside her mouth than just in gossips  
And this life is all that I know  
Ain't after that, I didn't miss it  
And we go hard, these niggas lip but them ventriloquists whisper  
From band hitters on 6, niggas would kill to get rich  
And this Doe B, B.o.B, G.D.O.D, we rich nigga

[Bridge: Doe B]

Top off on a foreign  
Ballin like Amar'e  
2 bitches and they barbies  
1 on lean and 1 on mollies

[Hook: Doe B]

[Verse 5: T.I.]

I got foreign whips in my garage  
Top down in that SB  
I got plane gas and I see yall  
And I match a clique in my ashy  
And Hustle Gang we about that action  
And all them other pussy niggas just actin  
And yo gang play, cocaine pay  
For everything I got like 30K  
I'm still a drug dealer, how you love that?  
Love a real nigga, den you love me!  
We're out there in the spot, where they selling drugs at  
I'mma beat the 60, you can get you 2 or 3  
50 corners and Ferrari Californias  
Fuckin with a bitch, you California  
Smokin shit, you did fo California  
Bitch get wrong she gon' get left in California

[Hook: Doe B]