

Ima Dog

2 Chainz

Okay you know that I'm illy, my home is worth a milli'
My flow is bout money, and I still ain't got no ceiling
If I get a deally, it's no big deally
Cause I'ma ride your bitch and I'ma pop a fucking wheelie
Yeah I got flavor, I'm about paper
Doing me daily, that's a mothafucking favor
And I got acres, I never met my neighbors
Got her on the D and I ain't talking 'bout Decatur
This that yellow paper, yeah I'm talking murder
From the South side, where all my niggas server
All my niggas workers, they know how to get it
See I'ma dog, come in your yard and take a shit

First I fuck her, then I feed her
I'ma dog her, then I leave her
Off the chain, I'm off the leash
I do my thang, it ain't no secret
I'm the man
Would you believe it?
I do my thang
It ain't no secret

I'ma dog, I'ma dog, I'ma, I'ma dog
I'ma dog, I'ma dog, I'ma, I'ma ball
I'ma dog, I'ma dog, I'ma, I'ma dog
I'ma dog, I'ma ball, I'ma, I'ma ball

Dreads underneath my skully, name brand on my skully
Two bad bitches riding with me, still tryna fight, they buddies
Still sipping on that muddy, still tryna get this money
Niggas start tryna fuck with me, niggas gon leave here dirty
Niggas gon leave here buried, niggas gon leave in a hurry
A nigga start tryna fuck with me, a nigga gon leave here early
I put the work out like recess, big feet on my car, T-Rex
I pull a titty out like eject, my shirt, nigga right in a v-neck
You know that I rock with the DJ's and me and your ho and my ho
is on 3-way
I'm killing these niggas like over and over and over, instant r
eplay
My dog just caught a 30, I dug a hole out in public
Got 30 rounds in my 223, when I ride with my dog, we thuggin'