Silly motherfuckers wanna doubt me Well, that's cool with me I never let them haters talk around me Save the bullshit for your USB How you mad at mad decent, fuck is you meanin'? Commitment ain't no joke, that shit ain't got leases Decisions, decisions whether it pull up or whether it miss 'em Fuck it Deuces I'm tuckin' All of them niggas, they bitches, they bluffin' Suc-cess, I part seas like I'm Moses And when it come to talent, yes I do possess (They don't lie) I really am, a motherfuckin' killer better get it on cam Jealous of your friends so you act like you friendly Even if you in Vegas you never see the envy Ethiop king, mama she said Every solo man got a little highlid Word, my pussy's better you need to center Hate it when they talk about themselves to feel better Concealed, come see the pros Never mention cons 'cause you hate 'em on the low She bomb.com, but she probably a hoe But then again I'd probably hatin' Let's get to singin' uh You think I'm crazy I don't deserve ya And that I'm lazy I'm such a monster You probably will never get around To let me defend myself, so when I'm singing to you now like Yeye, yeye, oh-alright girl Yeye, yeye, oh-okay girl Yeye, yeye, oh-alright When ya all up in my ear I'm singin' yeye all night (Like) Respect, get my feet wet If a nigga got a problem hit him with a reflex, bitch I'm Fly like a sea jet So I don't joke around, bitch No, I ain't Heath Ledger, look I'm a fiend to the rap, but the rap make a fiend If your flow too dry, I'll prescribe vaseline I'm the newest motherfucker on the motherfuckin' scene He said no way, way I said yeyeye It's west side 'til I die Can I flex out in my ride? It's west side It's west side It's west side 'til I die

Bitch, it's west side 'til I die Can I flex out in my ride? It's west side It's west side It's west side 'til I die Rep

Do you D.I.E if you R.I.P?
The questions I ask when I'm in too deep
The moment you laugh is the moment I leave
There's no time for jokes, man
I call what I see

Concealed, come see the pros

Never mention cons 'cause you hate 'em on the low

She bomb.com, but she probably a hoe

But then again I'd probably hatin'

Let's get to singin' uh

You think I'm crazy
I don't deserve ya
And that I'm lazy
I'm such a monster
You probably will never get around
To let me defend myself, so when I'm singing to you now like
Yeye, yeye, alright girl
Yeye, yeye, okay girl
Yeye, yeye, alright
When ya all up in my ear
I'm singin' yeye all night
(Like)

Wawawawopwop
Wawawawopwop
Wawawa
Wawawawopwop
Wawawawopwop
Wawawawopwop
Wawawawop