

I'm on the way
Beatboy taught me

Look, I'm hot right now, I don't feel like no function
I'm tryna smoke up, chill out, and hit something
I just got paid, wait, that's every day shit
I say come through, no hesitation
She say she on the way
She on the way [x8]

Look, I don't hit the club if I don't want to
Ay now call up some broads man, tell em come through
Ain't no kicking it when they get here, nigga this ain't kung fu
And tell her friend if she act right, then she can come too
I remember when them women told me
They gon make me work for it
So I hit the studio, and I worked for it
Now I hit the club with all my bros, and she twerk for it
Probably cause a young nigga been working boy
Got to get it, can a nigga preach?
I hop out that pulpit
You date a lame nigga girl, stop with that bullshit
Your girls knew it, you sound stupid, it's that new shit
Pass me a doobie, you be acting up and ain't in no movies
But the best thing a woman can have is her shit together
And if she does baby that's perfect, let's get together
And I sound like the recipe, upgrade her if she next to me
I break her back and smack it just for testing me girl, look

Alright, now point me to a thick bad bitch
That ain't heard of price
I'm smoking weed and losing weight, I call that herbal life
Hit the homies on the text like what's the word tonight
Where the [?] in the burbs tonight
Where the hoes that's tryna get served tonight
Don't stop, get it ho
Second street pimp bitch, call me Deuce Bigalow
And if I said I love you, I was probably playing
Till I come through and baby pull up like she potty training
I'm an IE nigga, got a bitch in Pomona
Come through and bust it open any time that I want it
She hit me like you need something babe
I'm right round the corner
Said girl, pick me up some blunts and a cold Arizona
I'll throw that ass in a coma, kush blunts my aroma
I don't fuck with the club, I be at home, I'm a loner
Best believe if you hear me, I been burning down something
Real west side nigga, I ain't turning down nigga

I was 17 years old when we made the world do a dance
But if I don't fuck with you now then I never knew you
Man you beat your chance, you hear these raps?
Whoa, too advanced, mister execute a plan
Hold your gat, move your hand
I don't fuck with fake real niggas

Do a crime, snitch, and probably take a deal nigga
Sit your ass down, nah you can't blaze and chill with us
West sides to the sky, let me keep it real with ya
I'm higher than the tip top of a roller coaster
The coast supposed to take over the game
You know it's over
And then I see your girl, she yawning
Then I know she want it
The world knowing bout them young niggas from California
Brobro keep it going

If they ain't know, it be the boy
The boy, the youngin, be the kid
This shit feeling like chronic 2000 and 26
I'm the nigga you can hit, any time or any day boy
If you talking bout that pay then you know bitch up on the way
Let's go, you know I do this shit for the town, you understand
The family the only people around, you understand
I keep it G like it's at least 1000 on the man
Y'all boys just hundreds, we up in the CLS
500, we was riding nigga, bumping this
Price said, Oktane do not know who they fucking with
If I ain't know the hand it's coming from then I ain't trust it
Spent my last on this gold chain, and I ain't tucking shit
I'm finna shine on em, watch a nigga shine on em
Gator boot, pimped out suit, I big time on em
Word to DJ Sour Milk, I go 909 on em
If they ain't talking money I don't waste my time on em
On the way