

Transit

Chevy Woods

This beat is fucking crazy
Turn the music up a little bit more
Cool

All these bitches, they love it
All these niggas, they hate it
They be sick to their stomach, look at the look on their faces
Me and my niggas just ballin', we make something from nothing
We just fuckin' the money, she screamin' baby, I'm cumin'

All these niggas, they love it
All these bitches, they hate it
They be sick to their stomach, look at the look on their faces
Me and my bitches just ballin', we make something from nothing
I ride this hustle for good, the money never stop comin'

That new piece that was sick, you probly talk when you pinch
Only had time for that combo for niggas scorin' them bricks
No, I ain't lyin' at all, ask your friends cause they know it
My niggas empty them clips, then fill 'em up, that's reloadin'
Got a thing for that money, fast cars and that dough
I was actin' a fool, now sellin' 20's a soul
Like anything for a dollar but I was foolin' myself
You gotta fight for your hustle, what would you do for the belt?
Even the bitches would shoot, blow a kiss from that pistol
Couple of hot magazines so you can come get your issue
All of them Taylor's a show and what you heard was a whistle
What's really stripes over here cause all that niggas official

All these bitches, they love it
All these niggas, they hate it
They be sick to their stomach, look at the look on their faces
Me and my niggas just ballin', we make something from nothing
We just fuckin' the money, she screamin' baby, I'm cumin'

All these niggas, they love it
All these bitches, they hate it
They be sick to their stomach, look at the look on their faces
Me and my bitches just ballin', we make something from nothing
I ride this hustle for good, the money never stop comin'

Oh shit, Chevy, they gon make me grind on the Chevy
Hoke it, ready, bitch 'bout to go down like confetti
I push harder than pussies giving birth, I say
Now these dry ass bitches sending first my way
Got the whole city on my shoulder, my driver ain't never been chauffeured
And the motherfuckers tell me when to go, when to stay
What to do, how to play, I'm a chose 'er
He know opposing arrows, I be exposing your hoes
Like how you fuck and you suck, to be exposed to bin those
Until you grind like me I make it in to miss the struggle
Shut the fuck up, our lion's in to miss the jungles
I'm closing curtains, so you can throw the towel in
Versace linens, my style been in dowry ten

All these bitches, they love it
All these niggas, they hate it

They be sick to their stomach, look at the look on their faces
Me and my niggas just ballin', we make something from nothing
We just fuckin' the money, she screamin' baby, I'm cumin'

All these niggas, they love it
All these bitches, they hate it
They be sick to their stomach, look at the look on their faces
Me and my bitches just ballin', we make something from nothing
I ride this hustle for good, the money never stop comin'