

GG sports, it's in the game  
Ain't no pillow talkers in the game  
He's a dork, he's a lame  
No you can't hang with the gang if you ain't gang  
Boy, I know it, know it, know it  
You ain't down like a fuckin' doormat  
I'm ridin' 'round lookin' for the money  
I hop out, I be gloin', gloin', gloin'

Ring, ring, what's on my line?  
Girl, it's that, money, I swear it call all the time  
Bang, bang! What's that? - My gun  
I up this muthafuckin' blow it boy, better make it, run  
Ding ding, what's that? A pizza pie?  
If it's an enemy then I won't be surprised  
Ding, ding, it's a friend in a disguise  
Nigga act like they with you, they out to get you - aahhh

Smokin' on this chimney  
God, look at what you did to me  
I'm high these bitches be feelin' me  
Aye, aye

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Take a picture, it'll last longer  
That lil lady got an ass on her  
Chief Sosa, he got that cash on him  
Call me Chief YC I got them racks, on racks, on racks on me  
Cloth, I be cuttin' 'em  
I just fronted you some money and you fuck it up  
Goons with me, money with me, take it, fuck you up  
Boy, you say that you's a gangsta, gotta look you up

Buda, look at what you did to me  
Walked in the True Religion store, you know that I got plenty jeans  
Johnny Dang, look at what you did to me  
Walked up in the jewelry store, walk out like a damn mini freezer

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