

## 500 Wayz

Chris Brown

Niggas wanna bang in the squad, don't wanna put the work in  
Say you want my money, scared of fame, better murder then  
See the chopper, bullets too big, you can see the doctor surgery  
Mask, can't identify the burglaries  
But we know you givin' up the confidential information  
Say you got the cheese, you a rat, that's a perfect fit  
Niggas wanna hate on a slick money makin' mitch  
Love takin' pussy niggas hoes and givie 'em the D  
OHB, it ain't nothin' for me to buy a bitch  
Real paper, I ain't never gotta lie to bitches  
Even niggas with them killers know my ma religious  
All my bitches lickin' pussy with good intentions  
Roll the dice, yeah 3, they my fuckin' triplets  
I ain't fuckin' with them lame hoes that look suspicious  
But I'm fuckin' with the main hoe that look delicious  
Nigga, they get sticky sticky, give that bitch the business

Rollin' up the bud, yeah that bitch a dog  
Yeah, we know the plug, smokin' all the drugs, 'bout to buy the club  
Killin' all the pussy, nigga, get your bodies up  
All this ice up on my body, we the Mighty Ducks  
Who got the bud? Who givin' it up?  
Got them shooters in the cut, say the word, we fuck the party up  
Throw that money up, yeah, that bitch a dog  
Fuckin' with the plug, goin' up, we gon' fuck the party up

I'm turnt up and they know that, poked up like Funk Flex  
45 in that 12 back and I'm posted up in that 4 hat  
See this nigga, this gold rap, kill a nigga then go rap  
Talkin' 'bout that Draco, one phone call, that's a snatch  
Give it to a nigga if you really want it  
Bitch coppin' and appeals, hit me in the mornin'  
Ha, a nigga lyin' by theyself  
I'm talkin' 'bout niggas who killin', dyin' by theyself  
You say we from the same hood, well I see your hat  
And I ain't never seen movin' in a hoover hat  
Ha, switchin' sides, you confused 'cause I'm famous  
We all OG nigga, tell me what his name is  
Get your weight up lil nigga, I'm pushin' 4 place  
It's still puttin' big drugs on the interstate  
No name, that's knock out, pea brains wanna Glock out  
Niggas need a pass the light niggas, this my house

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Yeah, my whole team supreme, grew up in the crack 80's  
Still got the plug on it, get your 4 in the baby  
Out the mud, bustin' drugs with my nigga Hoody Baby  
Drop the ice in the pot, now it's back to back 'cedes  
See I'm all about the check, still reppin' Tex

Still rep the sex, mile high, smoke Luigi on the jet  
50 in these Balmain's, this a young'n from the lanes  
Yeah, I'm geeked up, mixin' up the molls with the Xans  
And I'm stingy with the Act, keep the red from my bitches  
We gon' pop a half a Perc, I'm on that, even on a Skittle  
And the tongue gon' work, play that pussy like a fiddle  
Bet you I can make you squirt, have your face all in the pillow

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