

Yeah

Get up in the morning, slip kicks on
Hop up in the whip and drop last nights bitch off
Hot spitta, nigga I return it like a kick-off
Right back to you fool, I never stick with broads
Beep the horn two times, then dip off
I'm heading by Melissa's
Said she got the hook up on some Wal-Mart gift cards
Another day in the life of Spitta, happy to share it with ya
My life is an unequaled experience to the listner
Society of flyness, only a few may enter
You are not a member, if you were I would remember
When I met you, I am not impressed so son you got me twisted
Two strikes, already swung for some bum pitches
Next time I'm a send it for the fences
Music on mute, I'm just riding to my engine
Got my business on my mind, mind on my business (and automobiles)

No tint when I ride, I wan' be seen bitch
And I ain't got nothing to hide, my interior clean
You know I'm a factor [x4]
If you in the club, and you looking for me
I'm with the players blowing weed
Right in front of the security
They know I'm a factor
They know we a factor
We know we a factor [x2]

Club night, xenon headlights
Z06 'vette, I'm getting bread right?
Shorty on the monthly, I call it the red light
But I just be like, "I can still get some head right?"
I cop two V.I.P sections
Rearrange the velvet rope, put them bitches together
Got a swag and a flow, I'm so together
Got your girl and you swore ya'll were so together
Wear what I want, fuck what you say go together
No stylist can ever take credit for dressin'
Curren\$y the Hot Spitta niggas spittin' Wessons
Stay high so the game don't have me stressin'
My city show me love when I roll through sections
I feed off that, and I keep on reppin'
That's the energy I need for me to keep on steppin'
Till I get to the top, cause that's where I'm headin'