

No Choice

David Banner

I got no trouble to be fresh, no choice but to be fresh
I got no choice but to be fresh, no choice but to be fresh
Bitch my closet full, bitch bitch bitch my closet full
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I got no choice but to be fresh, no choice but to be fresh
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Bitch my closet full (it's full), bitch bitch bitch my closet full (it's full)
Bitch my closet full (it's full), bitch bitch bitch my closet full (okay)

I feel just like 10 T-Bows, best to be so fresh
I bought a pair of Gucci socks, your bitch she bought the rest
I had a hundred thousand on me, didn't spend a dime
If I want it then it's mine, your bitch put it on the credit line
Lyin' lyin' (bitch I ain't lyin')
All this shit I'm buyin' keeps a motherfucker flyin'
I just let it on that island, that home I'm on that pilin'
Boy I'm sippin' out some diamonds, wipe my ass with seven thousand

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I wake up and I scream, thank God that I'm blessed
Open up my closet, no trouble to be fresh
Bitch my closet full, shoes on shoes on shoes
Don't compare our wardrobes, I get your boy to choose
Dollars in my pocket won't offend a copy
I walk up to foreign girl, I took my top of the jacket
On my way to Paris, that's where I do my shoppin'
Parle vous francais, bitch my French is poppin'

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Be minutes on my money, they ain't go no money
Bitch brokes me money brig, she ain't get enough from me
I got the shit that you dream about
I drop a thousand, don't think about it

I'm fly boy, don't need a pilot
I fashion high, don't need a stylist
Louie got it, Gucci got it
I'm past that shit, you still talk about it
I rack my billi and walk up out it
You need a cab, I need a pie
My kicks is exclusive but what I do to these niggas is abusive
And I'm the best when it comes to this music and when they ask me why I do it

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