

Interstate 10

DJ Mustard

Your bitch, she breaking a nigga heart (Breaking, yeah)
Yeah
The person they want a nigga to be (Where does she go?)
This shit breaking my heart (The game)
This shit never sleep (10 summers)
Mustard on the beat, ho

Yeah, skinny jeans on me with extendo
Hanging with them young niggas, flocking pulling kinkos
Yeah, we was hanging at the bando
Fully loaded clip, went and stashed up a benzo
Flew the dracos out at LA on a pj
And we taking off no delay
No delay, we taking off the murder rate
Everything from chinchos to parquet

Audemar baguette, have it tinted, better relay
Money coming through, blue hundreds on impact
Married to the game, caught new pinkstones
No new friends, caught five new foes
Extend money, need to be the right one
Double up my cup, ooh-ooh pop one
Copped new drops, upper echelon
Hustlers made it look lavish
In the middle of the night, go to saturn
Two toned Patek, go spazzing
Ten brand new whips in traffic
No evidence, no lacking
Bentley routine, go re-up
Fully loaded magazine when you see us
It's a full time job tryna stay on point
Glock four-zero, hollow points

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Game chose me, ain't choose this
Empty out the clip before you lose this
If your city on your back and your shoulder
You gotta rally, you gotta spray like a soldier
Vultures, they come with the territory
V12, your motor is mandatory
Whipping the soda, be cool through the speed
Make it on Interstate 10 and achieve
This is not regular town, you gon' bleed
Came from the game, ain't no trust, pushing keys
From the cook up to the tour bus
You see how far our ambition took us
We bring all the hood niggas with us
They non-believers, we made 'em believe us
From my block to your block, they love homicide

Looking like a foreign dealership outside

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We risked it all to get it in
And we would risk it again
It's breaking my heart, this currency
Knowing it's breaking me heart
It's tearing me up, what you're doing to me
It's tearing me apart
This greed and this envy, I don't know where to go
Don't know where to start