

# No Reason

DJ Mustard

100 bottles in the club for no reason  
Niggas start trippin' boom bow, dope fiendin'  
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I'm in that smokin' like a Marley  
so loud soundin' like a Harley  
in my hand but it ain't a phony  
Nobody get shot then it ain't a party  
Versace on my feet, Versace on my belt  
I'm at the road dealer, I don't need help  
And the shit that I'm packin' make the seat melt  
ridin' shotgun on the seatbelt  
My doors open up backwards, no way  
No use talkin' like you still fuck with Jose  
got some bad bitches fuckin' with my Fungsway  
So much rose gold, got thorns on it  
Half a million dollar car for no reason  
And we keep the clubs full like the Four Seasons

I'mma ball on you niggas, I'm takin' all of they bitches  
Now they see they can't be us, try to fly with us nigga  
No facade my nigga, I'm zero tolerance nigga  
Over two things, my folks and economy nigga  
Niggas gotta be kiddin', don't ever challenge me nigga  
Got a fucked up ass temper, I'd prolly kill 'em  
And I ain't the one to start it but I'd prolly finish  
If I don't send him to the grave then it's probably the dentist  
Look ya'll niggas should prolly listen  
All I'm speakin' is real shit, I should start a religion  
Ya'll lookin' like ya'll all on your feelin's  
When you see us in the club, all these bottles and bitches  
Fuck it, I got money for the case, I got money for the ace  
I got money for an eighth, I got money in the safe  
'Bout to pull it out and drop money on the

They call me R motherfucker  
If you with your broad you should cuff her  
I saw my momma I'mma need three feet  
Cause these bitches want pictures, niggas want somethin' free  
Still got a lil raw in my draws lowkey  
Slow poke, Joe Clark, nigga lean on me  
Crushin' only codeine, I be flirtin' with the fuego  
100 bottles, can't even see the table  
Dope fiend, a nigga screamin' out the label  
Put you on the set or I can put you on the payroll  
Hanging off the roof like what's up with that bitch  
Suckin' me and niggas you in love with that bitch  
Niggas die for a lick, shots till we equal  
I made it out the sand but it's still Pedro  
I'm