

My neck and wrist be shinin' in the sun
All big faces, ain't none of these ones
Out here getting it in the California slums
Because ballin' is fun

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Protect yourself at all times
'Cause niggas be on Belucci and snort lines
Real life, not a movie, hard times
Gotta be aware, pay attention to your warning signs
That's why I live to the end, cause you never know when it's gon' end
Er'yday my birthday, don't worry out what I spend
Everything this hustler got, this hustler earned it
Monster, but my first name ain't Herman
Came in the game with nothin', got out the game with somethin'
In the traffic out there rushin', in the ghetto out there hustlin'
Stacking my cho, getting my bread, strapped with the lead
They want me dead
Knocking a ho, getting some head, on a Sealy mattress bed
Took a left over from my bundle after I copped and bought a drop
Ballin' is fun, I bought it with ones, drove it up off of the lot
Went and got me some slap, and wrapped it matte black
Tinted window front and back, pint of 'gnac and the 20 sack
BIATCH!

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Your life is hard, times are tough
Looking for money and can't find enough
You tried rapping, but nobody signed you up
Got some cocaine, tried to grind and stuff
Went to jail, now your time is up
Can't get it all together 'cause your mind is fucked
Mad at the world 'cause you ride the bus
Looking out the window, wanna' ride like us
I'm a tell you something that's good for your health
Never give up on yourself (on yourself)
You never know when it's your turn to get rich
Brand new whip with a bad lil' bitch
Hun'ed thousand dollars on your first car
Shit can really happen when you work hard
I'm a do it till I'm dead and gone
Short Dog (What you doing?) I'm having hella fun

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16 zippers in a one pound bag
16 strippers getting down like that
Move around like that, B-La doing great
I remember out of state paying eight for grape
I remember how to stake in that DV8
Just touched back down so I'm extra straight
Got a date with an Asian, she be raisin' the bar
On half downtown and wanna fuck my car
I'm a real rap star, got the felony flow
Like to rob the bassline and fuck the melody slow
Let the melody know, oh, we gon' get rich
Bitch, listen to a pimp when he talking that shit
I put the wood in the whip, kush in the swish'
You never seen a black nigga ball like this
In every magazine I be all like this
With the 40K Roley on the wrist
Mob shit, bitch (Biatch!)

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