The liquor, the girls, the money, the trees The liquor, the girls (I can't explain how I'm feeling right now!)

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I'm on this AK47 I ain't talking bout the gun Rolled up in a slit bix with the bubble pound Fat bank roll man my money can't fold I been getting bread since I was 12 years old Pull up to the trap with the boom blam blap Stapler in my lap case I gotta make em scat Sitting in my Louge with the neck full of gold On the phone with the homie with my bitch on hold I'm so high, I'm so bent I'm so zapped, I'm so hent I'm so me'd out, me me me Ooh me, I'm in love with me State to state, internationally I get cake they can't fuck with me I just ate but I'm still hun-gray I'm a ape not no mon-kay BITCH!

Uhh!

The money, the trees, the liquor, the girls My city, my state, my country, my world The hustle, the shrime, I want it, it's mine The dollar, the quarter, the nickel, the dime In the parking lot throw it up already on my seventh cup Drop me fore I pulled up, tonight I'm finna live it up I'm feeling like don't talk to me, I'm feeling like don't touch me I'm feeling like don't look at me, I'm feeling like don't bug me No I'm not I'm trippin' sweetie I'm just bullshittin' Tell me what you want to drink I'll buy it what'chu sippin? The Vodka or this Landy no mistaking for no trickin' Hella batches in this muthafucka wanna get with pimpin Na I'm a take it, so listen while I put'chu up on game Walk around this muthafucka ask about my name Brisk Vallejo California what I claim Solid as rocks keep it funky like dooky slang BITCH!

Where am I?
I don't know
I don't know
I don't know
Where am I?
I don't know
I don't know
I don't know