

Got— Got it on Smash  
OG Parker, ayy

Pack dope, what it's hittin' for?  
Been through hell and back, broke only place I didn't go  
Niggas still hatin', tell me somethin' that I didn't know  
Look, I get it, bro, I'm still gon' be that nigga, though  
And I'm still poppin' big shit like I been before  
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Been havin' bread, been havin' dough, been havin' cho  
Been coulda pulled your broad a long time ago  
Been bendin' corners, been movin' mean, AR-15s  
Been stuffin' turkey bags with greens and playin' with triple beams  
Been there, done it, been a factor, trapper 'fore a rapper  
Been one hundred from day one, quick thinker, fast reactor  
Been the best in the west, I must confess  
Been havin' more gold than a broken-down, sunken ship treasure chest  
Big head hundreds, Benjamin Franklin  
We'll all be rich if you're thinkin' what I'm thinkin'  
Let's put our money together, like Asians  
Stop tryna compete with each other, stop the hatin'  
When I'm in the writer's block and my pen is my enemy  
I roll up some exotic to enhance my creativity (What you got?)  
I got my heat under the seat, beneath me  
In the studio with my MP5, not no MP3 (Ayy, not no MP3)

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I'm still gon' be him, though  
Woofin' on the internet, but won't drop the pin, though  
Shit is pitiful, I became a true menace, though  
Roll bounce on my neck, it's a blizzard, though  
I walked up in the Diamond District, told 'em gimme more  
He survived the first shot, I'ma give him four  
Why my name up in your mouth if money ain't involved?  
Niggas swore up on their life I wouldn't beat them charges  
I see all the hate, the jealousy and fakes  
Snakes and jakes, I'll put 'em in they place  
Mr. Mosely, I'm California's greatest  
Scratch that, I'm California's most hated  
Most innovative, blast at niggas that fake it  
Want what I got, you gotta take it, I ain't playin'  
Mr. Mosely, I'm California's greatest  
A street nigga, but I'm just a little famous (Ayy)

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