

Dnyc3

Michelin Star restaurants, Cohiba cigar blunts
Front row seats at the UFC fights, first class flights
Homeowners Association fees and property taxes
Earthquake insurance just in case something collapses
Wholesale license and DBA's
Selling alcohol by the truckload, selling liquor by the case
Record labels and streams, billion plays
One day I'ma own a baseball team, the Giants or Oakland A's
Growing up in the struggle, you gotta be wired right
Can't be snitchin' and tellin' on fellas like a vice
Gotta be made for hustlin', know your weaknesses and strengths
Gotta go with your heart and your gut, trust your instincts
When I was growing up they taught me all the rules
Never put your right foot in your left shoe
I was a quiet dude, I never gave a clue
Gotta watch this dude 'cause I'll do somethin' to you, bitch!

I pull up with the music poundin'
Both pockets full, lookin' astoundin' (Astoundin')
Check all my mirrors, they be clownin'
Gotta watch your surroundings (Your surroundings)
I pull up with the music poundin'
Both pockets full, lookin' astoundin' (Astoundin')
Check all my mirrors, they be clownin' (Clowinin')
Gotta watch your surroundings

Kudos to my inmates in them fire camps
Programmin' and doin' their time like some champs
Reading books and eating healthy with no pork
Cardio, push-ups and bar work
My uncle used to always tell me, 'Nephew, go for it
Don't be tryna buy it if you know you can't afford it
If the good Lord bless you when you come across a check
Say 'Thank you, Jesus,' show some respect'
Keep quiet as it can be, careful, don't flamboast
They'll run through your pockets, take off your clothes
They'll mix you, they'll kick when you out cold
No matter the age, young or old
Livin' out here in the sludge where they hold a grudge and they bust
7-point-6-2's and double eye bucks
I'm from Vallejo, California, the Yay
Startup company, Seed A, bitch!

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Check all my mirrors, they be clownin' (Clownin')
Gotta watch your surroundings

So many catastrophes, so much stress
Where elementary teachers get paid less
Watch your surroundings, stay ready and pack a gat

When you're washing your clothes at the laundromat
The closest ones to you will set you up
Give you up for a couple of bucks
Break bread with the enemies, split the worth
Then go to Neiman's and purchase a man purse
Life is too short, so one don't plan to live long
Sorrow and hurt, the mamas cry on the phone
Face on a shirt, they can't afford a tombstone
Ain't nobody home when you ask for a loan
Gotta watch 'em 'cause they quick
Go in the gas station and get bipped
Break your car window, take your belongings
Your backpack, your laptop, and all your earnings, BIATCH!

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