Too Loud

G-Eazy

Yeah

My license plate is rattling and my trunk go boom (Boom)
Bay to the universe and back to the moon (To the moon)
Fixture, I'm a factor, I'm a boss tycoon (Yee)
My dick smelled like two chicks before noon (Before noon?)
Where were you in '06, was you there? (Were you there?)
You were staying inside being good, you a square
Since kindergarten, swear I kept it all player
Google my prom picture, I was hyphy with braids in my hair
Long before I ever went on tour
Used to cop white tees from the liquor store
But I always knew that I was destined for more
And now my socks are Gucci and my drawers Tom Ford
Nah, nah, don't make me go back
To that black hoodie with a Turf beanie flipped back (What's that?)
Nah, nah, you wasn't really there (You wasn't really there)
It was somethin' in the water, it was somethin' in the air (Ayy)

I can't hear you, my bass too loud
I can't hear you, my trunk too loud
I can't hear you, my slap too loud
Hold up, shut the fuck up, hell no, I can't turn it down
I can't hear you, my bass too loud
I can't hear you, my trunk too loud
I can't hear you, my slap too loud
Hold up, that's five-o, real quick, go turn it down

Some heem in a scraper and some purple in the air
I'm all in her ear, I'm a California bear
The times were different, folks like me is rare (Like me is rare)
I don't know, man, I mean you had to be there
It was a time, oh, can we start from the top?
A ripper is a runner and a runner is a bop
And if she's bop-ular, she gon' give you good top
Man, the game is thick, I mean this thing don't stop
I can't blap this if it's not loud
I'm tryna make Droop-E and Rick Rock proud
I'm tryna climb up, I'm to the tip-top now
And I still tell a beezy go and kick rocks now
You ain't grow up on Mac Dre, you ain't grow up on Keak
You ain't grow up on Turf Talk, you ain't grow up on Team
You ain't grow up on Water, them styles is hecka unique
You ain't grow up on Fab, well then we can't even speak

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Big Nef, I could buy the Bay if I spend a check
Bitches say I sound like Dre, that just mean I'm blessed
Young Gerald, that's my brother, no paternity test

Next nigga hit the yay without tapping in gettin' stretched
Twenty-four, and my rims taller than my son, he four
How you shooting for my spot and never had the ball before?
I'll bop out my car, open up my doors
Walking like a dog, my paint job is gorgeous
Girbauds on, long tee, Air Forces
Gang fuck around and jump a man, Air Jordan
I been on many a-tours, you nerds never left apartments
We thizz dance in the Bay and leave the shakin' to Harlem
Chang Chang and G-Eazy, we need freaks
It's somethin' in the water where I'm from, we pop P's
Rippers, runners, scrapers on twenty-threes
When we see our partners, you might hear a, "Yee"

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This is a slumper
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