

# 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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