

I'm Grown

G-Unit

Yeah, I got my own business, I make my own deals
Niggas ain't on it like I'm on it, I own shit
I got my own Bentley, I got my own Rolls
I'm a pimp, bitch, I own hoes
I got my own diamonds around my own Cubans
I own Rolexes and Frank Muellers
I do what the fuck I want to
I'm grown, I own lots of shit, proper shit
I bought a couple before the dealership got the shit
Rich nigga, six figures
I double up every flip, my stash bigger
Plane hoppin', globetrottin'
A nigga blow a little paper when it's time to move
Fuck old money for the new money
No tellin' what a real nigga gon' do

I do what the fuck I want to, I'm grown
I got my own money
I just do what the fuck I want to, I'm grown
I got my own house
I do what the fuck I want to, I'm grown
I got my own car
I just do what the fuck I want to, I'm grown, I'm grown

I'm on straight Remy, no chaser
Wanna smoke, but I'm still on paper
I mix purp' and yellow like a Laker
Headed to the moon and I just might take ya
Split my blunt with a little bitty razor
While this thick bitch just twerk on the table
I talk big nips, look like Fantasia
She ready, willin' and able
Just got a piercing in her navel
Walking nine to five and she staying
She say she flying down to my city
Cause she got a birthday coming in April
We ain't got no kind of commitment
Why you worried 'bout if I'm hitting it?
Don't worry about how I'm getting it
Stay the fuck up out of my business

No more stressin', I'm VVS'in', ballin' lessons on DVD
Pay per view shit, making moves since 2'03, can't see me free
That love gon' get you like BDP, PSA: I'mma be okay, I'm the iron G
Fix flash and I'm a fly emcee, I put a duffle on all of y'all
Trouble can't ignore me, I was born to ball
Fuck is up? I'm one of one, I need a custom cut
Hear the summer come, I want the number one
Bitch, walk in with a freak behind me
Shades damn near to the sticks, Gianni
Too nights and no repeating, mami
I'm guttered up, my streets define me
I drop your ass to the floor, here to be more
Rob me I'll make a detour, robbery how I get to her
Probably want out like I knew her, I done got colder
Chip on my shoulder, head when I sit in the Rover

Brought me a zipper to odor, phone numbers slid in the folder
Bullshitting how? Show you my pimping diploma

Brought an Audemar for when times was hard
Nine calls for the nine walls
Mardi Gras, take your top off
I'm a nasty nigga, might slide and roll
Fly your girl out to Miami
Sent her back home like they done LeBron
I ain't tripping if you ain't tripping, party hard 'till he calls the law
Got my own house so I can throw you out
I got my own blood so I ain't putting it out
This is my car and I can smoke it out
Got my own money and like four accounts
Bought my own bottles so I can pour it out
Got my own shooters and they scoping out
Bought my bitch an ass, now it's poking out
If she throw it back then I'mma throw her out
My condo money don't fold out, wild all out
Hoes out, let's roll out, funeral when I go south
Girl, your mouth got the kind of brain I don't know about
I never changed, I'm so South, big chains and a gold mouth
I'm rollin out