

My Vanity

IDK

I look up to the sky then I pray the lord
That one day I'll pop these bottles just because I'm bored
I pray I have a kid and a good wife
But if I'm stuck with a dyke I'll be alright

She poppin Molly - shorty shot a white girl
(Damn!)
She poppin Molly - shorty shot a white girl
(Damn!)
If I could have one wish I would buy the world
If I could have one wish I would buy the world

I'll pull up in a whip you've never seen before
The rims look like my job was triple beaming, ho
But its never that
Since similac I never used to pack a gat
Matter fact, only thing I ever packed in my backpack was a four pack of bubble gum (quote that)
I used to sell it in the hallways
Just to buy a north face and a shirt from all daz
Bitch nigga that was all day
I used to grind like a mutherfucking roller blade
In elementary, I used to sell lemonade
In ninth grade, little nigga had to upgrade
To the Purr Haze
But selling drugs ain't for everyone - it only lasted four days
So I prayed
Dear God
I need a new car
Preferably a six
Twin Turbo
Super Charged
I need a couple hundreds just to throw it on some broads
And I promise to come to church
Right after this ménage

Today the sun was in my face
(La da da da da)
So I bought versace shades
(La da da da da)
I know I need to change
(La da da da da)
But I'd much rather stay the same

She poppin Molly - shorty shot a white girl
(Damn!)
She poppin Molly - shorty shot a white girl
(Damn!)
If I could have one wish I would buy the world
If I could have one wish I would buy the world

Man, niggas ain't had a wish since Brandy's brother
I wish a nigga with my shit tighter than any other
Your bitches don't really be dykin they be panty rubbers
I got a black on black benz I call that bitch Danny Glover
Or Whoopi
You whoop me it will feel like ya granny hung ya

Put arms around a nigga let his family touch ya
I be sonning these niggas they need family structure
You know family matters
I demand these suckers to fuck up
But what the fuck can I say, but fuck you butt fucks, have a fuckin nice day
Did your fuckin eyes play, tricks on you
Naw nigga
This a fuckin ice tray, on my wrist shittin on you
Ain't hard paint job, on the whip was a grip
It was something in ya bitch mouth, wait it was a dick
It was mine
Get the sign
Get his picture
Get it signed
When she said hit rewind, motherfucker its my time
Turn up

Today the sun was in my face
(La da da da da)
So I bought versace shades

Fuck you, we be ballin' like shit
TRiBE be the clique
Ballin' like shit
How it sound
Swish
Ballin' like shit
TRiBE be the clique
Ballin' like shit how it sound

Ho nigga Ho nigga
(Turn Up!)
Bitch Nigga Bitch Nigga
(Turn Up!)
Ho nigga Ho nigga
(Turn Up!)
Bitch Nigga Bitch Nigga
(Turn Up!)
Ho nigga Ho nigga
(Turn Up!)
Bitch Nigga Bitch Nigga
(Turn Up!)
Ho nigga Ho nigga
(Turn Up!)
Bitch Nigga Bitch Nigga
(Turn Up!)

Throw ya mother fuckin' hands up!
Throw ya mother fuckin' hands up!
Throw ya mother fuckin' hands up!
Throw ya mother fuckin' hands up!