Ohh!

The top feel so much better than the bottom So much better

Nigga, you's a window shopper
Mad at me, I think I know why
Nigga, you's a window shopper
In the jewelry store lookin' at shit you can't buy
Nigga, you's a window shopper
In the dealership tryin' to get a test drive
Nigga, you's a window shopper
Mad as fuck when you see me ride by

Summertime, white Porsche Carrera is milky I'm on the grind, let my paper stack but I'm filthy It's funny how niggas get to screw-facin' at me Anyhow they ain't got the heart to get at me I'll get down, Southside's the hood that I come from So I don't cruise through nobody hood without my gun They know the kid ain't gon' fall for all that bullshit Try and stick me, I'ma let off a full clip It ain't my fault you done fucked up your re-up At the dice game, who told you put a G up? Everybody mad when they paper don't stack right But when I come around y'all niggas better act right When we got the tops down, you can hear the systems thump Nigga, when we rollin', rollin', rollin' Shut your block down, quick to put a hole in a chump Nigga, when we rollin', rollin', rollin'

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Niggas love me in L.A. as soon as I pop in They come to scoop me up at LAX and I hop in Now when it comes to bad bitches you know I got them Some from Long Beach, some from Watts and from Compton You know a nigga wanna see how Cali girls freak off After that five hour flight from New York I start spittin' G at a bitch like a pimp, mane Tell her, "Meet me at the Mondrian so we can do our thang" She can bring the lingerie with her, I sup-pose Then we can go from fully dressed to just havin' no clothes Then she can run and tell her best friend 'bout my sex game Then her best friend could potentially be next, mane Listen mane, shit changed, I came up, I'm doin' my thang Homie, I'm holdin', holdin', holdin' Oh shit, mane, the store owner watchin' you Before somethin' get stolen, stolen, stolen

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