

MEMPHIS TO LA

Juicy J

You were in the street, motherfuck a bum, a deadbeat
(What Juicy say? He be like, "Shut the fuck up")
You were in the street, motherfuck a bum, a deadbeat
You were in the street, motherfuck a bum, a deadbeat
You were in the street, [?] hollow points

I got options, one thing that's for sure I can't be locked in
I get blocks and I be makin' bitches clock in
Hoes flockin' when they know a nigga poppin'
Can't convince me you ain't with the shit, I know you flaugin'
I can't add you to the squad, add to my deposit
Can't let a bitch tell me how to get it who ain't got shit
Plus I got the keys to the street, I'm like a locksmith
I drop shit 'cause I'm hands on like I'm boxin'
Pull up in that drop-in, ain't no talkin', hop in
What's your other option? That don't even stop shit
I be on some hot shit, I know that you ain't got shit
We can go and cop, I know you tired of window-shoppin'

When it come to them things, I got options (I got options)
I got Nina, she gon' bang on some hot shit (On some hot shit)
I got cola by the block on some thot shit (On some thot shit)
Mary Jane for the brain, that's my top bitch (That's my top bitch)
When it come to them things, I got options (I got options)
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I was that east side nigga with a pistol in my pocket
Used to move around in projects, nigga, I ain't have no options
I had insufficient funds, wishin' bitches give me somethin'
Now my hookers know the deal, I just make my pick and run
Get a bag, blow it fast, get it back though (Though)
Big chain, try to snatch, you get smacked, ho (Ho)
'Cause I got paper and plastic, I can put it on your head
I got shottas with a shotty that'll put one up in your head, yeah
Got my meal ticket, time to strategize my moves
Got these haters hot, tryna stabilize my cool
Used to whip buckets, now it's German engineering
It just amplify my pimpin' when I swerve up on them bitches, yeah
Went from rags to riches on 'em (Yeah)
Went from coast to first-class tickets on 'em (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
East Side Johnny, I got options, options
Why straight to Memphis? Bitch, we locked in, locked in

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I might put some bread on your head like a stripper bitch
I know that's your bae, came my way, I had to flip the bitch
In the hood, brand new foreign, no Ls, that's that nigga shit

Plug came through, we robbed him for them bails, that's that Memphis shit
She got income taxes so a nigga had to tax that bitch
Just like Nipsey Hussle on my hustle, Victory Slap that bitch
All them fake ass niggas hate the real, but I ain't counterfeit
Four-five to your acorn ass head, crack that bitch
Boy, you better duck from the Draco out the top, ho
When my hitters pull up on your ass, they come to rob, ho
More faces, money train, welcome to the mob, ho
Glossin' foreign Rafs, foreign clothes, that's the job, ho