

Whole Thang

Juicy J

My palace is taller scrapers cuz all is paper
So much green these solid acres can call it neighbors
I'm copping two of everything like Noah's Ark
I'm copping two of everything cuz I'm going hard
Spending money with no regards, pulling up with my top back
Can't find the shit that I want no more, don't have a need cuz I got that
These niggas talking millions dog but they don't see them often
I'm fresh to death, I killed the club, my section needs some coffins
My hotel we going after this club close
My hotel, you get high and ya come close
Rolling that weed up and Mike Will work that beat up
Getting drunk, getting stoned, if ya want you can meet us

No talk, no discussion
Pull up to the club, 911 now that's stunting
And I ball so hard, I should play the whole game
Won the power of respect, get the cheque, spend the whole thang
Spend the whole thang
We ain't smoking on no hash, smoke the whole thang
Pull up to the club, 911 now that's stunting
Won the power of respect, get the cheque, spend the whole thang

Spend it, hol' up, spend it, spend it, spend it, hol' up, hol' up, spend it
Spend it, spend it, spend it, spinach, lot of dinner dishin'
Take a cruise to Costa Rica, with my chica, let's go fishing, hol' up
50 on Venus, and Serena don't watch tennis, hol' up
That's the business, half naked models twerking in my kitchen
Fixing dinner, dinner and I'm finna, finna jump up in her
Bout the time, the time she finish sweatin, she gon' be, she gon' be thinner
Whats her, whats her name, name I don't remember, remember
Fuck it, it don't really matter, no way
We ain't got much to say, in her mouth like Colgate
Ho I'm repping Taylor Gang, bitch I smell like money
Plus marijuana, peep the aroma

Damn it I'm stunting, bitch I got money
Car ain't got no key, I just press the button
Juicy the name, all these hoes love me
My bitch got plenty ass, and got no stomach
Feed the bitch dick, she say I taste yummy
Bitch call me broke, she just being funny
So much cash can't fit in my trunk
I'm rich I can have any bitch that I want
These haters got Three 6 all in the Ipod
Filled up the club, bitch you gon' need a lifeguard
Brand new Bugatti, 280 on the dash
In the strip club break dance on that ass
All you broke niggas put your pockets in the cash
Throwing us a hunnid, broke bitch take a cab
Ain't getting money my nigga that's sad
Jack boy run up on me, I'm gonna blast
I got more game than EA Sports
Getting money all to be a sport
Disappear me and yo bitch in the back seat of my 4 on 4 Porsche
Dressed like I'm stepping in a photo shoot
You niggas all squared like a photo booth
Show y'all niggas how to get this bread

Cuz some of y'all niggas ain't got no clue