

I'ma make it worse if you wanna act up  
So, what you playing for? I can make you jealous  
First, I'ma back it up, rub it in your face

Niggas that won't fold up  
I could really use some  
Whoop that trick, get 'em  
I could really use some  
Teeth that ain't fucked up  
I could really use some  
Money in a duffel bag  
I could really use some  
Love that the 90's had  
I could really use some  
Weed heavy, make me choke  
I could really use some  
Shit, I might me outta hope  
I could really use some  
Shawty wanna grip my rope, but  
I could really use some

Dame todo mami  
Dame todo mami  
Dame todo mami  
Tu encima, yo pa' bajo

Dame todo mami  
Dame todo mami  
Dame todo mami  
Tu encima, yo pa' bajo

I don't penny pinch, I spend bread on all my hoes  
Treat 'em equally, if not, they get in that mode  
She ain't wanna chill back then, now she ask to come to shows  
She got a man but she with me, she play a game, she'll get exposed  
If I was selling dick, she couldn't afford it  
My ho just like the car from out the country, she imported  
Style me, myself and I, I don't need help, look good in Jordan's  
I don't politic with hoes, no back 'n forth, it ain't important  
Know what I mean  
Out in the hills, I'm drunk as hell like Charlie Sheen  
Get to L.A., she wanna fuck, get in the room, take off my jeans  
Said that I love her but I love her friend, some things ain't what it seem  
Do what I want, I'm racked up, Dri, been having my way since a teen

Niggas that won't fold up  
I could really use some  
Whoop that trick, get 'em  
I could really use some  
Teeth that ain't fucked up  
I could really use some  
Money in a duffel bag  
I could really use some  
Love that the 90's had  
I could really use some  
Weed heavy, make me choke  
I could really use some

Shit, I might me outta hope  
I could really use some  
Shawty wanna grip my rope, but  
I could really use some

I don't like sharing myself  
I don't like sharing myself  
I don't wanna share myself  
I only wanna share my bitch, huh  
I don't like sharing myself  
I don't like sharing myself  
I don't wanna share myself  
I only wanna share my bitch, huh

Nigga, you share that bitch, ain't sharing no bitch to resent my gifts  
I couldn't even make no list, taste that, uh, take that bitch  
I want the head, the neck, the face, little baby, that straight Kurt Angle  
You like feds, my jit, don't buy what ya selling, can't work with ya angles  
I'm off a Perc' and a Addy, he dropping the lo', we pull up in the Caddy  
I need a bitch with no daddy, that ho better get in that ring with no paddin  
g  
She throwing that shit like a Manning, I'm catching like Randy when bullets  
come at him  
The kick on the switched be manic, we busting yo' bitch while you bust down  
a Patek  
You got a brush with death, Bobby Ross with the stick, put ya head on a canv  
as  
I want the head, the neck, the face, little baby, that straight Kurt Angle  
You like feds, my jit, don't buy what ya selling, can't work with ya angles  
I want the head, the neck, the face, little baby, that straight Kurt Angle

The only thing I've ever really wanted was a pistol  
My only true regret is every shot where I missed them  
Crackas wanna lynch me but I'm back with a vengeance  
On Yellowstone side where it's bloody in the trenches  
Babies in the trashcan, money for the white folks  
They just wanna see 'em bleed, baby, what you mad for?  
Only thing I wanted was some blades on a candy slab  
I could really use some  
Swimming in the syrup, talk to God while I'm smoking loud  
I could really use some  
Flyer than a feather, you won't ever see me touch the ground  
I could really use some  
They don't wanna hear me, but I bet them niggas see me now  
Flowers from the asphalt, birds made of concrete  
I could really use some  
Flames from the muzzle break, send 'em to that long sleep  
I could really use some  
Use, Use  
I could really use some