

Everybody wanna be that man, everybody want a hundred grand
Wanna ride in the Benz, fuck bitches, get money, that's the trend
Till the feds hit the door and that nigga on that stand
Where's your mans?

Everybody wanna have drow, everybody wanna get fresh
Wanna fuck all these hoes till somebody let 'em know
That that bitch got that thang that she done went up the road

I pray them rollies never turn into no hand cuffs
I was raised by a house full o' women, I had to man-up
I'm from the city so I barely pulled my pants up
And I don't rust the niggas 'cause they be fuckin' the bands up

Learn how to fight before you shoot, that's how they raised us
Bad-ass shorties out the city how they made us
When we made a play, all the dope boys paid us
Church every Sunday but the pastor couldn't save us

Had a lot of friends back then, but that didn't change none
Niggas turn flaky, you can't keep a snake caged down
Never trust a nigga if he talkin' to you face down
Funny how the ones I barley know really stay down

I can't put my trust in nobody, that's what I learned
They gon' need some help out their water when bridges burn
Money is the root of all green shit and fake shit
I just wanna speak my mind, I wasn't gon' say shit but

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Never put your trust in these bitches, you better listen
Only thing these hoes good for is fuckin' wit' your feelin's
If you fall in love, you better make sure it's real
'Cause I'm tried of seein' these flaky-ass hoes gettin' killed

Is she gon' fuck the whole crew, and later on that night come and hold?
You don't let these hoes control you, body rockin', knockin' the boost
She a bad, little bitch but she ain't never tell the truth (No)
All she want is bags and a quick dick, and you better wear a rubber
'Fore you walk around this bitch on some sick shit

Hoes come and go and them feelin's do too
She gon' pull up, suck you like she like a Yoo Hoo
I can't write no Shawn (No, no, no, no, no, no), eh, yeah
You better leave them hoes alone
(You better leave them hoes alone)

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