

Constantly breaking down trees just to lift 'em up
Might keep a main bitch or a plethora of different sluts
So cocky that I think I'll probably never be rich enough
So pay me bitch and send fucking helicopters to pick us up
And bitches know I'm not the man to dodge
And we spray AK's, sans camouflage
And my Warriors are Rad, and your reign is just a fad
So I'm cutting up they ass and stuffing them into bags
With no holes in 'em, flow is vicious as Doberman's
Wolf territory starts when you pass Slauson and Overland
But fuck, OF, that's fam, nah dawg them ain't my homies
Even my own gang jealous, I got all these bitches on me
Now I got 'em saying oh man
I'm down for red eye flights, Chafferer's flag me down when I'm in Japan
And that'll be some shit that we know well
Making bitches Scream in a Tokio Hotel

I don't know why they don't like me
When everybody else screaming "Go Mike G"
I don't see why you don't like me
When everybody else screaming "Go Mike G"

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I love Christina Milian but I don't love no bitch
And if Love Don't Cost a Thing then I ain't paying for shit
And everyone running their mouth should pay attention to their race
And you shouldn't deal with hoes that be all up in your face
Got a main bitch but I keep her in her place
Even my next girl know she could be easily replaced
And it could be soon, this is my space so there is no room
I'm Doom, my Dark Reign made the whole town sad
Cause the King's back, stuffing bodies into Brown Bags
And I'm taxing now but you can get the right price
Bitches lean on me cause I mix well with ice
She was thinking money too, we must have the same mind
Shine, rhyme, pull fine dimes, all at the same time
Can't copy my swag, that's yours that ain't mine
And I don't claim colors, this middle finger's my gang sign

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I'll take them 21 and over, my stores are saying we card
And I'll flash the garage just to show them that we hard
Keep them clips loaded, I'm shooting cause we're stars
And strike like snakes on them, them Vipers are saying we Dodge

Coming up fast, my connection doesn't lag
You can holla at me if you see me on the Ave
If you got a problem with me you should leave it in the past
Sometimes I feel like I'm drowning, all this God damn swag
Tell them that I'm on, G said get the scale
Odd is so amazing, they can't be for real
Ain't even got a video, but I'm still pulling hoes
Used to carry Biscuits, parents wonder what the Hell?
I'm from the West nigga, we ain't after no L's
Tryna get paid by any means, wasn't thinking just sales
My album ain't got to sell out, cop fast our tickets do
Ain't got to go Gold, nigga Gold is what I'm giving you