

## Hotel Room Music

Nipsey Hussle

All I do is rap about the fast life  
You can't relate  
You need to get your cash right  
I must have been a flashlight in my last life  
Because all I do is shine  
So blow me like a bagpipe  
Woodgrain and gold chains  
I'm shutting down traffic I'm switching four lanes  
I'm hanging out the window every which way  
Every nigga not a pimp but every bitch pay  
I'm hard on these hoes like every single day  
Now I gotta lot of bitches in a lot of different states  
I get a lot of pussy but I never got to pay  
All money in is all a nigga got to say  
Ugh, now one time for my young grind  
I spend hundreds I smoke quarters and I fuck dimes  
Got no love for broke bitches with no drive  
I dropped out but I done fine  
Right, I know you heard about them stages I've been murdering  
Lighting my swisha's up as they roll in my room servicing  
Them shopping spree's all the fly shit I'm purchasing  
Tattoo's on my face because now I know I'll never work again  
Them pretty bitches that know what their sole purpose is  
For them emotions they be working with  
The Kush I'm blowing inside of the coupe that I'm swerving in  
Nigga, ugh, Slauson Av  
Ugh, South Central State of Mind nigga  
Uh, it's the leak volume 1  
And this is where I'm coming from nigga