Dickie shorts, Bally belt, boxer briefs Bitch of course this marathon is where you ought to be Shopping sprees spending thousands on designer jeans Exotic women Mercedes Benzes with bucket seats Pretty feet, pretty hair that blow in the breeze It's pretty rare that she meet a nigga as real as me Especially when she fishing in this music industry But luckily she fucked around and fucked with me Surround myself with the finer things I guess I'm Hollywood cuz I'm enjoying what my grinding bring I'm All Money In, dot I-N-C Minus the major record label time to rise to feet On every stage I'm giving everything inside of me But she gon' give it back after the show in the suite My nigga Rimpee's got a big freak Down the bottle get cracking over this beat We smoking good, y'all smell the weed We finally made it to the plane then we fell asleep The morning came, the night leave A little of a work a holic shit I might be Up at 6 in the morning like I'm Ice T Spent a grip on the Malcolm X, Spike Lee Them other rappers never think they like me On any given day 60 thousand on my white tee Ain't nothing much but what them dollars bring Addicted to the rush of money wires and depositing So no I can't fall asleep at the driver's seat That's why I wake up to a kush blunt and a Ralo beat Hard top push the button yo turn the key Bullet proof cuz I know niggas wanna murder me I never heard of you I know you heard of me And that's the part that make your head hurt

It's 5 in the morning And I'm talking this thug shit to you Got it and I want it Let me run this marathon with you Cuz I got it on deck baby I put that on the set baby I'm kissing on yo neck Yo pussy get wet And then we have sex baby Cuz I got it on deck baby I put that on the set baby I get to kissing yo neck Yo pussy get wet And then we have sex baby You know the hotel get turnt up if we in it Smell the kush soon as You exit the elevators You hear the music