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It ain't nothin' to a boss (Mm)
The fellas you be with, they got you huffin' the exhaust (Mm)
Wonder how we do it, man, it's somethin' in the sauce (Mm)
Butterflies in my stomach when she touchin' on my drawers (Mm)
All my brothers dressin' like they comin' out the closet (Mm)
Prolly why we starin' at discussion when we flossin' (Mm)
Quite the contrary, though, we bussin' on your bros (Mm)
We don't ever cuff 'em, no, we fuck 'em in the car, like some (Mm)
(Yeah) Like some other fuckin' dawgs (Hey)
That's just how I'm livin', it ain't nothin' we was taught (Oh)
My baby, Shady was, I guess I'm gon' go get some thot (Oh)
I need to cash in the bank until it's busting' out the vault (Mm)
They don't wanna see me ball (Uh)
Came up out the city, had 'em cussin' at the walls (Mm)
I'm just a youngin' with some flaws
I got people takin' pictures while I'm struttin' through the mall
What? What?
They ain't pasta with the sauce (What?)
That's why they got robbed, repercussions when they floss (Right)
Get your mind right, disconnect from all those orbs (On God)
Friend or foe, you hear me? That's selection with your heart, boy (Yeah)
Yeah, pray we never take another loss (Never)
Never had to pay for no protection from the park (Never)
Why, you the type that's scared of your reflection in the dark
You got any misconceptions, let's address it from the start, nigga
Baby hopin' that I plug (Ooh)
If I hit her with it, better act like she in love (Ooh)
These niggas in their feelings, bro, I blame it on the drugs
Come to California, get to knuckin' if you buck, bruh (Knuck if you buck, bo
Diamond Lane, throw it, boy (What?)
Grindin' with precision, keep the gang goin' up
GRAMMYs or the 'Grams, we ain't stuntin' for no flick shit
But we still do it for the cam, shoutout Dipset (What?)
Stop playin'
It ain't nothin' to a boss (Mm)
The fellas you be with, they got you huffin' the exhaust (Mm)
Wonder how we do it, man, it's somethin' in the sauce (Mm)
Butterflies in my stomach when she touchin' on my drawers (Mm)
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I'm just a youngin' with some flaws
I got people takin' pictures while I'm struttin' through the mall
I'm 'bout to heavy bag this shit
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Lock a nigga state to state with a bag of bricks, he know

Possible he could get cracked with this

But I'm on my midnight train, on my Gladys shit
He thought get it brackin' for my establishment
Under full court pressure, fade back and swish
B-roll, keep a redbone stallion for sport
Keep a lawyer on retainer, so I'm smilin' in court
He will be suprised what a hunnid bill dollar'll do
Meet your demands, pull up, talkin' to community property
If you got all the lottery and you bought all the property
It's a pussy monopoly, you better wake up
Better recognize what time is today
Whole time gotta survive, that's the play
It seems like I'm only two bars away
Eastside, five star like I'm on GTA