

Up Next

REASON

Wait, wait, wait
Wait, wait, wait
Shit was gon' happen sooner
REASON, nigga, uh

Nigga, I been workin' way too hard for the bullshit, ha (Ha)
Ha, while these niggas makin' bullshit (Skrt)
I can't confuse it when I'm loaded, that's a full clip (Wha?)
A solid nigga got my stripes on some pool shit, ha (Ha)
Ha, I'm spitin' flames but I still be on some cool shit (On some cool shit)
My cool shit probably better than your best song (Than yo best song)
I been feelin' like a fucked up mattress, uh
A nigga way too hard to be slept on
If you thought I wasn't nice then you guessed wrong (Guessed wrong)
Fly nigga, catch me chillin' with the Jetsons
Baby say she wifey, please learn a lesson
I'm a pimp nigga, I treat these women like a restroom (What that mean?)
That mean I use them for shit
Gainin' more fans, I'm as cool as it gets
They say life is a bitch, I'm abusin' her clit
And I'm makin' her cum, fuck it, I'm young
Man I sear these fake niggas is actin' too hard (Too hard)
Nigga, why you tryna prove somethin'?
Just remember that your card is like a muscle, my nigga (Fuck)
And it's going to hurt you if I pull one, ha
Nigga I know the real you (Real you)
My nigga look at everything that we done been through
They say, "REASON, you been through out the blizzard and you still you" (Wha?)
'Cause I was built for the cold like an igloo, oh
I swear I'm starin' my nigga (Nigga), I swear I'm starin', my nigga
Don't got me no choice, must go harder my nigga
I was built to be fresh like a garden, my nigga
Look, starvin' nigga need a gut check
And you can better your bottom dollar that we up next
Hungry nigga need a gut check
And you can bet your bottom dollar, ha

Up next, see these other rappers blew it
ESPN ballin', RIP that nigga Stuart
Scott, take your box, I been drink on the fluid (What?)
Startin' at tax time, fuck a Jackson Hewitt (Ha!)
Without the H&R I was posted on the block
Won't be no Mike Brown, I'ma shot it out with cops (Cops)
Headed to the top while these other nigga flop (Ah)
They told me time is money, put some diamonds on my watch
Watch, don't believe me, I ain't Trinidad (No)
No meth, fuck breakin', I was living bad (Ha)
Same niggas used to hate me, know they prison fags
See the movin' around their cycles like a ceiling fan
President and I don't see the change nigga
Obama, Osama, I see the same nigga
Cops poppin' kids and they tell you be tame nigga
Live blind, you gon' die by the flame nigga
(Bop, bop, bop, bop, bop, bop, bop)

Look, bop, bop, bop

Middle finger to the pigs, fuck all these cops
From a block, nigga sellin' rocks just to make a dollar
Bitch sellin' twat to somebody's father
Oh shit, cold shit, all I hear is, "go bitch, go bitch"
Froze wrist, oh shit, coppers come around me, don't snitch
Del Amo takin' head shots, niggas won't miss, Eazii

Theses niggas be lyin' I swear to my God that I'm done with the bullshit
I can't afford to be goin' to court on a capitol sentence
Del Amo the city, I die for my city, the gun I unloaded
She sellin' that powder and sellin' that pussy, that's PP, no urine
If it wasn't for the haters I'd be ballin' like I'm Drake or somethin'
[?] steady cookin' like I'm makin' somethin'
They want to steal my gold but I doubt they ever take it from me (Never)
Bum-ass niggas always hate it when you make it
Hardest nigga out but they will not give me credit (Credit)
Eazii never been a noodle, I don't like spaghetti ('Ghetti)
I fly and dressin' well, the gang is always prevyed
And there is only one I so don't tell me about Feddy Wop
All my niggas strapped they be ready for the apocalypse (Yeah, yeah)
Couple bitches with they'll suck you till you out of it (Yeah, yeah)
Credit cards, dollar bills, they searchin' where you wallet is (Yeah, yeah)
Check 'em all, [?] and bring it back to poppa bear
Somebody tell Cassidy and tell him I'ma-, I'ma hustler
[?], always ready for my customers
She loyal, got money and a freak then I'll fuck with her
Can't cook, no money, no weed, I ain't touchin' her
Lookin' like a million fuckin' dollars when I pull up
You lookin' like you askin' for a dollar when you pull up
I hit the pussy, make her want to holla when I pull up
You love the bitch and always buy her flowers, that's tulips
They say they want bars so I'ma turn it up a notch
Whole team aimin' a beam, he got chicken pox
The guns you got don't even ring, they some replicas
Tomato squirted all over bread, are you catchin' up?
I swear I'm starin' my nigga (Nigga), I swear I'm starin', my nigga

Don't got me no choice, must go harder my nigga
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Look, starvin' nigga need a gut check
And you can better your bottom dollar that we up next
Hungry nigga need a gut check
And you can bet your bottom dollar (Bottom dollar, bottom dollar)