

## Wat U Thinkin

Rob Vicious

Park my car, when I swing my door, smell just like liquor  
I'm a drinker, not a sipper

Life I live is very fleetin'  
Somebody with me or right now I think I'm dreaming  
And yeah, that money dirty, ho, I need to clean it  
I ain't know that money wasn't shit until a nigga seen it  
But I know what you thinkin', what you thinkin', what you thinkin'  
I know you might be thinkin' that I'm just talkin' 'cause I been drinkin'  
I know you won't believe it 'til you see it, but I need you to believe it  
I ain't gon' say this shit, I don't really mean it

My young boys really demons, rip a nigga into pieces  
Pray to God you with that shit that you be streaming  
Swear when I be drinkin', I see angels, I hear demons  
Might sound crazy, but that bullshit keep me breathing  
Park my car, when I swing my door, smell just like liquor  
Need to slow down on the drink, I feel it in my liver  
Know I got my pistol if I ain't got my nigga  
Don't know where I'd be if I ain't have my pistol  
Fuck them critics, don't compare me to no nigga  
Robbie Vicious all I see up in that mirror  
I thought money'd show these niggas the bigger picture  
And yeah, it's fuck them niggas, but I don't heil Hitler  
Who ain't eatin'? I brought my whole gang dinner, ayy  
These niggas beefin' like them poles ain't in here  
Get out my ear, don't wanna hear no lame nigga  
All these years and I remained the same nigga  
Yeah, that money dirty, ho, I know I need to clean it  
I ain't never touched a hundred 'til I seen it  
I ain't really map it out, I just said fuck it, I'ma wing it  
This the house you trappin' out, then I'ma sting it

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