

It's time.. lock in

Go hoodlums, go thugs
All my street niggas moving them drugs
Go strip bitch, make a nigga rich
I know the radio ain't really gon' like this but

I see everybody talking bout the Cris' they drinking
Nobody really saying what a thug is thinking
See these bitches don't know you till you come with the Lincoln
or the Porsche eyes lift up like the car was blinking
Real niggas on the block with big dimes in his sock
Heavy weed, I bet somewhere around is a Glock
Posted up, leaning on the Corvette butt
Popping shit about the hoodrat that made you nut
Like nigga what? Just a G-D
More money, more jewelry than niggas on BET
I just wanna make a dollar, hook up my Impala
If you feeling Sheek Louch, somebody help me holler

You ain't paying the bills or making it rain
You just sitting on your broke fat ass complaining
And you wonder why you here unless you running the train
Ain't getting money with them big boys that's heavy in 'caine
How you think the True Religions and the Jimmy Choo came?
How you think your little man got the XBox game?
Get money bitch, get your head did
Fuck that nigga, go and have another kid
You could be broke alone, you done heard it before
And cause you fucking with these niggas don't make you a whore
You just tryna get a couple things you seen in the store
that this bum broke nigga couldn't do before

Aiyyo, still white tee, still hug the block
No suits on me, nah homie lick a cock
Trey-eighty on the bus coming back with the lady
Tailored Greyhound and a yankee-colored Mercedes
You ain't never had a week in the box
You ain't never rolled hits and ate rich, you know, the life of The L
OX
And I still got a fan base, rap or not
Fresh out the pot, nigga, I still got a fan base
Don't get mad, U-P-S is hiring
Act hard, these lil' niggas is firing
All this gimmick-ass rap getting tiring
Y'all niggas' hood pass about to be expiring