

Dino stop barking for a second...

1 ounce, 2 blunts, 3 seconds
And I'm on the 4 oh 5 flying in my 6
Got a call from a 7, said she with a 9
If you add 'em up, that's more than a dime
So I hop out front exit 42
Hit down mansions, to Inglewood city what it do
Got a call from my day one nigga perfect timing
He can have the 9, 7 is mine
When you see that body you'll say she's a 29
But you gotta be blind to see there's more to being fine
Back to the mission, head down bird make a left on third
And I waiting for my nigga as

I'm counting my money, smoking my weed
Counting my money, bumping Jay Z, Jay Z
Counting my money, smoking my weed
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Counting my money, bumping Jay Z, Jay Z, Jay Z

20 minutes go by, this nigga run out
I ain't even trippin' I'm on his time, we burnout
Head down 7, call up the 7
Said we on our way, no need for direction
I know where she live
She used to let me put 12 all up in her ribs
Ooowh how can I forget, the only I ever let get away
Finally decided to come out and play
Its 10 o' clock when we pull up, I give her a call
Tell her that I made it, her friend open the door
For a split second I forgot who I came for
Told my nigga if you really want it then it's yours
He said he did so I played my position
Him and number 9 disappeared to the kitchen
Number 7 tell me how much of a whore her friend is
She rather ride solo, cause she can't stand bitches
And I remember why I left 7 alone
She bad as hell but her heart is cold
Kept her entertained while my nigga did his wrong
30 minutes later in a scrapper and we gone

Now I'm counting my money, smoking my weed
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