

No Limit

Skeme

This money race ain't never finished
These niggas think they ballin', that's a scrimmage
And I might go cop a coupe without a ceiling
So when I look up, I know I ain't got no limits
I ain't got no limits [x4], got no limits
You see that closed sign on that door, stay out my business
I ain't got no limits [x3]

I ain't had no brakes, ain't got no sleep in the last few months
I be on that lean, but I won't slow down till' I get what I want
And this bitch I fucked with look like a model, I had her for lunch
And this world on my shoulders but I don't complain, got over the hump
And I hold my grind game contagious, I'm a Inglewood native
All the hustlers going to salute, Thank God when a hustler finally made it
Odds was against us, but I ain't tense up, I stay A-1 and skated
And these bitches ain't shit, I heard she just wanna fuck me cause I'm famous
Records on replay, when they come to CA, I be top 3, niggas
You can't be seen in the streets alone, You're not me, nigga
Pockets be heavy and I'm walking around like I'm [?], nigga
I might just go out and cop me a kilo from papi

I told Dr. Dre in 03', "I was no gimmick"
How you gon' sell drugs and rap? Nigga, that's my business
I bump that Chronic smoke that chronic out on [?]
I smoke that purple, nigga that purple, nigga that Grimace
And we ain't got to turn them lights off, just dim it
I Master P these hoes, I swear there ain't no limit
And they be wondering where we get money, cause how we be spendin'
Ain't got no money tree nigga, just most of my niggas is chemists
And her head game amazing, close my eyes see fantasia
Nigga, she came with a trip, light em up like Vegas
Ain't got no time spent for haters
I'm riding down La Brea
I'm throwing my hood up
She rolling that good up
And know when we pull up

Ok, so your heart it broken

You're sittin' around moping, moping, moping
Crying, crying
You say you're even thinkin' about dying
Well before you do anything rash
Baby, listen to this