

Based

Soulja Boy

Triple Chain Gang
Oh my god
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Goddamn
Goddamn man
I got my swag from Japan now
Jean Claude van Damme
Up in that nigger
Die hard
Trans-Am
Really nigger
Money like a Trans-Am
I ain't tripping
Flow god giving
Ground shifting
I think that I'm that nigger
An you think that you that nigger
Do you look off in the mirror?
And you just looking so slizzered
Oh fuck them
I don't get so hard
Fuck man
Out of swaged all day
Fuck them
I can't wait that ball fade
I been getting active
... like I'm parlaying
Damn that nigger French
He thinking
From your upper some other shit
Oh my god
Just take a fucking guess
I quarter here man
Looking at witness
I'm right window's tinted
Mind your fucking business
Diving in the ocean
Like I'm fucking that leper swimmer
Nigger you no contender
Do you not remember?
One mill
I stuck
Just like the winter
Twenty twelve I splashed up
All my TVs plasma
Ready for the action
Many she's a tragedy
Address me as your majesty
This shit right here's a masterpiece
I fuck off with young ...
That's bro, that's family
And we do this annually
Told that K up OMG
Nigger know that it's complete

Nigger talk shit you capisci
On the poster with the automatic
Talk shit and I'll let him have it
Nigger know I'm bussing
Disrespect pinked off
And there's going to be repercussions
Soulja tell them in public
I'm standing on the couch yes
Go swag daddy
If I change fire rings
I made the hood happy
Niggers mad at me
It don't make no sense
Cause I came with the forty clip
On my fucking hip
And I still represent
Bitch I'll make you take a swim
Yeah I'm Al Pacino
Hang you fucking body
Over that building
Nigger I mean no
Cut that fucking shush
Nigger up in that slip
I got that thing
But I repeat
Little Dre, that be my name
And my niggers blast for me
Disrespecting black Jesus
And that shit is blasphemy
Got my nigger if
Right shy gunning
That Bentley coop
Word around town
Paid off
And niggers got the juice
Young legend niggers young
The ocean got we splashing many
Man this shit is just like magic
And my swag is all fantastic
You niggers think it's tragic
But I'm balling and you know
Got a million on the low
And I would never sell my soul
See sold out the cut signs
All across the globe
Pinked off and on their hoe
Dumb old Mario on that hoe
Bass