

That Theme

Soulja Boy

Shout out to my nigga Project Pat
Shout out to my nigga D. Flores SODMG
Wut?
Juice II
Big South
Juice II nigga

Pull up, flexin' on niggas
I push button on my dizzy dash convert we get fitters
Drop the top on the brand new foreign, that's what we do
With me and Bunks one week off tourin'
I thought you knew, Soulja Boy, tell 'em about the revenue
Cash and company comin'
We rubber bands money bounce like elastic
Tell 'em that we getting this cash in, it ain't nothin' you nigga
All you fucking new niggas is just fuckin' new niggas
Lil Dre fuck on you niggas, pull up - drop a band
I put leanin' on purple and eastern pink hit stand
Like damn, bands on top of bands, this what we do
Stacks on deck
Boy, stacks on deck
Gang, stacks on deck
Mane, stacks on deck entertainment, frame it
Pull up in the drop top with your girl getting brain
Lamborghini, flip the colors on it
Switchin' black, ridin' black, flip the colors on it
Gold watch, gold ring, gold chain too
Tattoos out the frame on that dude
Juice II, Juice Dos
Juice uno, juice dos
Juice west coast
I done pull up
Everybody know what's happenin' with the kill
Getting trappin' with the kill
It's so sad, CEO fantastic
Can't have it
Number 1, we gotta have it
Oh my God, oh my God swag
Number 1 we gotta have it
Swag swag Dre Dre
Number 1 we gotta have it
Working out the pound, nigga hold it down
Sour on my mind
Now my chopper hold a hundred rounds
Ridin' through my town like damn I'm the fuckin' man
Caught a million grounds up in bounds
I'm the fuckin' man
Pullin' up like yes I am
Handkerchief in hand, Gucci bandana
And my hands on all my car
Got me feelin' like I'm on the spaceship, a superstar
Young nigga cashin' all this money in this fashion
I pull up in his ass and drop top with a yella bone
Pull up in the VIP they like what is going on
Make it rain on everybody, I'm talkin' every one
Then we throw 100's then 50's, 20's and anyone's
Lil Dre in the in the club, going crazy

55 racks later, going crazy
Gold ace of spades, bottle got me feeling hazy
I'm a screw up and I'll just pop me a pill
Came through the club but you know that's what it is
Juice II in the atmosphere, that's what it is
My niggas go so hard, my nigga we do that every year
Smokin' on this kush got the kush off in the air
Put it in the air, we the niggas in the building
Any nigga hatin' talkin' down we gon kill them
Battle fay, drill 'em
Tell them weird all niggas
West side niggas, we swag on niggas
Put tags on bitches, draw jazz and we niggas
Fuck with my niggas and we leave you in the ditches
Leave you full of stitches, you could get your head shook
Pull up, take a picture
Young rich nigga
Young rich nigga
Pull up, take a picture
Young rich nigga
Pull up, take a picture
Pull up, take my picture
Cause I'm flexin' on niggas
Pull up, take my picture
Cause I'm flexin'
Girls girls girls
Girls all over the world
Stacks on deck gang
Stacks on deck gang
Turn up
What? What? What?
Get booked nigga

500 k in my robbin' jeans
Goddamn Dre you didn't pull up in a limousine
Goddamn I got cliffs and some fuckin' methazine
Nigga talkin' down but that's blasphemy, don't blast for me
Young Dre up in this thing, it could be achin'
So my money on my arm and my necklace
Pull up to the club, you ain't on the guest list
I'm flexin' since I'm flexin'
VIP!
Juice
Turn up