

Soulja...

Extra, extra, read all about it
Soulja Boy is rich, sayin fuck an allowance
Ballin, shot callin, bitches callin
Models, poppin bottles, full throttle
Extra extra read all about
Soulja Boy is rich, screamin fuck an allowance
Ballin... Dre, Dre, swag
Swag, Dre, Dre..

Nobody can't tell me that my block wasn't movin
Westside getttin money like I'm always doin
And my flow classic like past tense or ruins
Marble Capcom flo', call me Soulja Akuma
And my third eye open for them boys in blue
You stuck on hatin with the negative glue
Disrespect me, then you know the rumors is sparkin
Drop top in my Jag, I let my swag do the talkin

Sippin on coconut, smokin on bubble kush
Zone after zone I got my young nigga rollin up
Drink 'til I'm throwin up, yo' hood please throw it up
Twenty-eight inches on my Hummer when I'm rollin up
It ain't no stoppin us, nigga quit copyin us
Is it cause I'm black, why the police tryin to lock me up?
It ain't no stoppin us, nigga quit copyin us
Is it cause I'm black, why the police tryin to lock me up?