

Yo where the fuck else you think you'll hear this exclusive.
From start from scratch. (Hold me down Skee)
To umm... (chuckles)
There go that sample again.
I feel like the rap shit is following me man.
Cool and Dre! Y'all my niggas man, for life man.
I tell y'all niggas like I tell Busta man.
I love you nigga.
Real recognize real, I mean, game recognize game (Hiccups)
You know what it is.
Goddamn you Don Julio.

That bitch fine. What you think?
Get that hoe drunk drop a blue pill in her drink.
Or should I give her a green one like Em gave me.
Shit had me in Detroit feeling like Jay-Z.
Looked in the mirror, my lips and my nose was big.
And my girl walked by wit a gold wig dancing like Beyonce.
I must be dreaming.
Spot on my sweatsuit, it must be semen.
Cuz I jack off, every time I think of Beyonce.
She took the wig off now she look like Kanye's...ex chick.
I swear nigga when I get sober I ain't fucking wit this X shit.
It makes me wanna sing like T-Pain.
Make me wanna pierce my lip like Lil' Wayne.
Make me wanna fuck yo bitch, like LUDA!
Don't worry about me man.

I'm off this ecstasy.
And this Hennessy's got me going. (Going)
I'm so high.
I'm off this ecstasy.
And this Hennessy's got me going. (Going)
Going to the sky, (sky). Sky, (sky). Sky, (sky).
Going to the sky, (sky). Sky, (sky). Sky, (sky).
Going to the Sky.

Lemme tell you why I'm fucked up.
My moms and my pops had dumb luck.
See she was 18, wanted to fuck wit that nigga.
Pops sold heroin so he was that nigga.
Carry the .45, and he bust that trigger.
Ain't nobody in Compton touch that nigga.
But that was back then, so fuck that nigga.
My childhood weren't shit, so fuck that nigga.
I been shot, been to jail. Rode around Compton on spreewells.
Moved to the 'hood and still choke yo ass out like Sprewell.
Still crack distribute, what you want nigga?
Wholesale, retail.
I know you faggot ass cops on detail.
Look at 'em tryna hack into my gmail.
All they found was old Dr. Dre beats, well.

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Like the vodka.
But when I'm fucking wit Diddy, I'm Ciroc'ing.
I take a back wood, gut it out.
See a picture of Halle Berry I cut it out.
Yeah nigga she fine! But not like she was in Boomerang.
Now she (OK) like OJ and Gucci Mane.
And like them I was rapping and trapping.
Kept half a brick in the back of my momma Acura.
Gimme a test. Hit the question.
How many O's in a brick I ace that shit.
Brick come through the door, taste that shit.
Chop it, bag it, let 'em free base that shit.
She ain't tryna fuck I Ma\$e that bitch.
Take her cosmo, and lace that shit.
I get pussy for free I aint take that shit.
I don't know if I rate that bitch.

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