

# Unknown

Tsu Surf

'Em dollar signs, why I get this shit straight  
I was raised by guns and 'Kiss mixtapes  
Trap or die, goddamn, that's a sick fate  
Learn from the best so I stretch when I flip weight  
See, you could lose a lot chasing bitches  
But you never lose bitches with your eyes on the riches  
Paper cuts on my fingers, razor cuts on the dishes  
Red bag, blue stamps, so the dope say Clippers  
And don't plan on eating if you not with us  
I send shooters for the green; I'm so Doc Rivers  
Niggas mad, cops hate, they cannot get us  
Bricks by the burr, I can make the hole block shiver  
Every night re-up, days all flip  
Dead presidents; I'm trappin' on the graveyard shift  
I can see, smell, taste me a dollar sign  
He outta line, that whole block getting Columbine'd  
No offence, you not eating if you not with mine  
They say I run this whole strip; I'm the power line  
Toast to the niggas that's a fiend for the guap  
And send a shot to every cop that's tryin' to jenga the block  
Niggas die for this life, shit, believe it or not  
The OG's planted seeds, meet the cream of the crop  
See, niggas rob, niggas steal, niggas snitch for it  
Some pray, some dream, some wish for it  
Kids turn men, men turn bitch for it  
Bush went to war, Alpo killed Rich for it  
I'm looking at this world we call life  
Tryin' to turn something pretty into a girl I call wife  
But I might just go and find something for the night  
Got a couple days left, so I guess it's only right  
All the hating ass thoughts, you can keep those  
Whole team turnt, shit, we surfin' till the beach closed  
Momma say I'm changing, I think she right  
I text shorty "Let's fuck", I think she might  
I'm learning how to live in the game  
And I swear I'm going crazy, but the ends keep me sane  
Please don't judge me by the flag, or the swag  
Or the tats, or the team, or the hood, or the habits  
Or these slick ways, and this probably concealed ratchet  
'Cause I'm cool, but never ever hesitate to clap it  
They say "Wife her!", I say, "What's the point when  
Y'all friends and you seen as many tats as her boyfriend?"  
I don't love her, I don't love her on my mother  
And her name ain't pants, so why should I cuff her?  
Difference between us, well, a lot of shit  
Grind hard, paper stack; this is what I gotta get  
Coke, weed, CD's - I'm making all kind of flips  
Black and silver Spur speedin', bitches screamin', "Popovich!"  
I guess I'm Tony Parker in that damn thing  
Three, threes, straight, crowd jump and then the band scream  
Spent 40, so 60 what I'm looking at  
Jersey Shore white girl; I'm giving out Snooki packs  
Hit the mall, blow bands till the guap gone  
Been making movies, this just butter on the popcorn  
Beach swag, but I move a little goonish  
Ain't the cutest nigga she seen, but damn sure the coolest  
Surf's up, anything else foolish

Actually this turquoise look a little blue-ish  
Dolphin got me flippin' through the city  
Ciroc boy for real, man, somebody call Diddy  
Do you dig me? She got a nice ass and some titties  
Go to school upstate, but got a condo in the city  
From the hood, but my bitches on the upscale  
Grown shit, got her pinned up without the thumbnail  
So what you doing with your life watching me?  
You know what niggas doing with your wife?  
Time is money, that means it's time to go though  
Catch another plane flight, add another show though  
Triple stacks, got this life looking so slow-mo  
Surf's up, don't forget the hoe though