

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