

# Solid

Ty Dolla \$ign

I got my money up  
These women all down  
As soon as I touch down in they city  
Man, they all coming out  
They love me in New York  
And down South  
They know I'm from the Westside  
And I stay with the loud

Big kush, long money  
Bad girls, real niggas here with me  
Everywhere I go, you know I'm solid  
A1 with these girls, you know I'm solid  
Hunnid with my bros, you know I'm solid  
I guess you wouldn't know nothing 'bout it  
Oh, I'm solid  
Everywhere I go, your boy solid  
I guess you wouldn't know nothing 'bout it  
Big kush, long money  
Bad chicks, real niggas here with me

Snitching on your homies, that ain't solid  
Tricking, she ain't yours, that ain't solid  
She a minor in an Audi  
Wouldn't give that ass a dollar  
She said, "Don't you got a million dollars?"  
I told her "Stay up out my pocket"  
Stay the eff from 'round me  
You can miss me with that false shit  
You ain't drop none on this

Big kush, long money  
Bad girls, real niggas here with me  
Everywhere I go, you know I'm solid  
A1 with these girls, you know I'm solid  
Hunnid with my bros, you know I'm solid  
I guess you wouldn't know nothing 'bout it  
Oh, I'm solid  
Everywhere I go, your boy solid  
I guess you wouldn't know nothing 'bout it  
Big kush, long money  
Bad chicks, real niggas here with me

I got my money up  
These women all down  
And every time I touch down in they city  
Man, they all coming out  
Aye, they on the way  
Yeah, they on the way  
When they pull up, we gon' celebrate  
Celebrate, we gon' celebrate  
Hey, cause today was a good day

Big kush, long money  
Bad chicks, real niggas here with me  
Everywhere I go, you know I'm solid  
A1 with these girls, you know I'm solid

Hunnid with my bros, you know I'm solid  
I guess you wouldn't know nothing 'bout it  
Oh, I'm solid  
Everywhere I go, you know I'm solid  
I guess you wouldn't know nothing 'bout it

Hello? Hello?

(Yeah, what's the deal, what up?)

Aye, what up, what up, what up?

Shit, nigga, I been calling you like three days, nigga

Three days and shit, you haven't been picking up the phone, the fuck

(Yeah, man, the homies took off on the police and they got us on lock down,  
they ran up in a nigga's field, slashed his crib, nigga fell off)

Damn, you know I got you, fool

They took your whole shit, though?

(Yeah, they took everything, but nigga be straight

You alright, though?)

Yeah, I'm whatever, man, I'm doing this album shit right now, man

(I miss you, man)

I miss you, too, fool. What you on, though?

(Man, I'm tryna hop on this album!)