

# Day One

Tyga

500 grand, eat lobster tails  
Hope the niggas got what for sale  
So much money, no fingernails  
Wide body, engine and a tail  
Chrome lips, V12  
Kiss the king but don't kiss and tell  
So many rings, need a Jordan deal  
T-Raw's, it ain't all for sale  
Just bought a swiss account  
Hunneds stay the same at this amount  
LK, show you what that's about  
Hard to check a nigga when the checks that bounce  
Fuck around, drop out of class  
Made millions now, my teacher mad  
She need a job and I give her that  
Young nigga with big stacks  
Buy my style and ain't gave it back  
How you think brought you the raw rap?  
How you think taught you the phantom rap?  
Gold plates, I'm reflectin that  
Every day my birthday, nigga LA my birthplace  
This ain't a race but I'm first place  
I never fucked with you in the first place  
We on a different pace, nigga so long  
I ain't the nigga you could hold on  
Ride the wave or just float on  
Get off my back, I'm tryna lead on  
Always home when the heat's on  
When it's cold shoulders niggas be gone  
Niggas be gone

I'm still the same nigga, same bitches we know  
No difference, been me since day one  
Real nigga since day one  
Cuz I ain't promised day two  
Talkin bout what I'm going through  
But who the fuck aksed you?

Asked you, asked you  
Asked you, asked you  
Asked you, asked you  
But who the fuck asked you?

Who dat be? Who dat be?  
Who dat be? That's me bitch  
Who dat be? Who dat be?  
Who dat be? That's me bitch  
Niggas wanna talk, don't cross the line  
I murder them motherfuckers every time  
Niggas wanna talk, don't cross the line  
I murder them motherfuckers every time

It's a thin line between love and hate  
A thin line between real and fake  
Keep a nigga based on shape, ass shake  
She gon make it clap, vibrate  
Give me room, 50 feet, all in my space

I'm the one you face and don't hesitate  
See me layin on yo back, man eat this shell like it's Pac mane  
Do it under one tape, what you say?  
T-Raw to blame, T-Raw to blame  
Got a piggy bank, pretty model sittin next to me - that's accessory  
Don't be sassin me  
How do you have the audacity?  
Want a verse gotta bring cash to me  
I be gassin me, you wanna crash on me?  
Have yo head where yo feet should be  
Laid out in yo living room, murder you then watch it on TV  
Ain't no breaking me, breaking news that's me  
Headline, we can go head up  
Like Greenbay Packer, hell lit, hell yea  
He a crazy ape man, I'm turnt up to ten  
Fuck with me, commence and repent  
Mill to the king  
Came from the block, little hardknock  
Lock it up, pull me in a cell block, I can make it  
You ain't made shit, you complainin (stop complainin)

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