

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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