

Swimming Pools

Tyga

Love, hate
Niggas, hate
Bitches, hate
Me, I can't
Faded I might, faint
Faded I might, faint
My mind went, blank
Mind went, blank

Now I done grew up 'round some niggas
that caused me some drama
Swear when you make it niggas say you owe them
Swear they think they your mama
Everybody with they hands out they always ask me
They know that I got it
My biggest fear is going broke
Can't say no, that's my problem
I wanted that Rolls Royce, young boy
Lookin' to make a bad choice
Then it got fucked up when Mom went to jail
I heard a little voice
Back of my head, back of my mind,
Dropped out of school but a nigga did fine
I ain't tellin' you to drop out
But if you do, make use of your time

I say why they hatin' on me?
I'm just tryin' to get my guap
I'm just tryin' to set my family up
First believe in one God,
Then stack your paper higher, bitch
Get your money, stack your paper higher, bitch
We ain't never fuck with cops
And that's never gonna stop
And I'm posted at the tippy top
So get your money fast
and stack your paper higher, bitch
Get your money, stack your paper higher, bitch

Okay, I'm takin' my time and takin' your dinner
These bitches cold blooded like winter
I'm lookin' at fixtures that I don't remember
I'm all in my zone, Carl Malone
Takin' these shots, abusing my liver
It's mine, I spend it
It's mine, I'm gon' spend it
Doomsday, doomsday
These niggas weak like it's a Tuesday
Niggas get loony like a toon stay
Everything well done like two steaks
Who they? Ain't from LA
They fall off like November days
They worry 'bout your sales, but
At the end of the day, who gettin' paid?