459

YG

Ain't no tellin' where we goin' when we rollin' on the West Side
Me and my homies we rollin' up until the sun rise
And I didn't want to fuck him but I did it just to get by
I, get, no, sleep that Bompton life
I didn't want to get him but I got him nigga 459
You get it how you livin' when you dealin' with the Bompton life

I was out plottin', Batman, Robin
Pops was in jail, I was out poppin'
I was with the homies, you was with your bitch
You was thinkin' love, I was thinkin' rich
Everything got took, flatscreens, notebooks
Even paintings and I was an artist in the making
Used choppers, jewelry boxes, loafers made by Prada
At the pawn shop like what you got I needed all of that
Grind to shine to greedy that's how it had to be
If I ain't know you, to me you was just another robbery
Uh, clubs in the fat head
And if the neighbors saw us we got ghost like Pac Man

Cops comin' out runnin'
I'm thuggin', the bird come out duckin'
Hopin' they don't shoot
You only get once chance to make it to the top, and we takin' shots l
ike hoops
I hit the wall, I hit the corner, I'm in the yard, We on the roof top
Like fuck we finna get caught, hurry and toss the ooh wa
And the freedom change the situation
And fuck the police, them handcuffs is irritatin'
Just wonder what my mom gon' say
When they lock me up and send me miles aways, had to take it day to d
ay
Make you express and share relates
Catchin' cases and catchin' fades
I was in the County makin' plays
You was in the Country duckin' fades
I got a stripe and took it as a live learn lesson
They let me out of jail I was two steppin'

It's alright and it's okay
459 we roll this way
East side, West side Bompton gang
We still function we don't care
Gotta respect my struggle
Understand my hustle
Nothin' but a G thang baby
It's nothin' but a G thang baby
459

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