

Bickin It

YG

I just wanna ride
Take a little joyride
Blow a little tree
Me and my homies
We do a 'lil mad, just bickin it
We do a 'lil mad, just bickin it
Just kickin' it

I, I just wanna bick it, do a hundred down [?] without getting no tic ket
Keep a gap between my haters, I need distance
They be unemployed, tryna get in my business
Fresh out the oven, I'm baking biscuits
On some two-ten shit, can't you tell the difference?
And motherfuck the police
They pull us over every time we ride 4 deep
Then the homies turn phony
They try to play me like a disk, but I ain't no Sony
Uh, I just wanna ride to the westside

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I'm all to my lonely, it's a trip
How the pigs wanna separate me from all my homies
Then put me on probation
I'm living in this united nations
I'm facing, a cold situation
Ain't this a son of a bitch?
But you know imma twist a new route for this paper
Homie, hear me out
They ban me in the UK, but I'm still gon turn it up
What for? And I don't even know law
But Imma still lay low, and holla out hello
To all my kinfolks, and [?] in overseas G's
Smoke a J with me, sip with me, dip with me, check it out

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We can [?] just bickin it
[?] just bicken it
Just kickin it