

Bottle Service

YG

Mustard on the beat ho!

I'm that nigga, that motherfuckin' nigga, nigga
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My bitch that bitch, she that motherfuckin bitch
She got her own shit, natural pretty, slim thick

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You madder than a bitch 'cause a nigga blowed up
I'm in an Aventador, this is not the Lambo truck
I ain't the only one lit, my whole clique run it up
You want YG for free? For free? What the fuck? (What the fuck?)

I'm tired of these broke ass niggas standin' at the table
They wanna pull up and fuck with the bitches but they ain't buying no bottle
s
nigga buy some motherfuckin' bottles you broke ass nigga

I can't stand a broke nigga, I can't stand a broke bitch
Five bands in all ones, I just threw a whole fit
I'm a whole boss nigga I keep me a boss bitch
I write it down on paper then I check it off the list
All day I'm runnin' plays, runnin' plays, I'm runnin' plays
Ain't got time to clean a house, bitch I got a maid
I came to make a movie little bitch I think I'm Blade
I'm a movie star tell the promoter I need a raise
I don't talk in circles, no this not a maze
I just fucked a bad bitch, oh I'm in a daze
No I'm not a water boy nigga I'm in the game
Put some money on your head, twenty piece, chump change, nigga

Hell na, hell na nigga move the fuck out the motherfuckin' way
I'm tryin' to get to the niggas with the bag, I'm tryin' to get flewed out
And not like that, but you look like you ain't flying' out shit nigga

Pulled up in a drop top, ooh, but it ain't even hot
She was a good girl but I turned her to a thot
Right pocket is a knot, left pocket hold the Glock
You can be the next 50 nigga, take these nine shots
You always got something bad to say, you a hater
You niggas penny pinchin' man I'm itchin' for that paper
I want the big crib, glass floors, elevator
I like that in house pussy like Flavor Flavor
You in that baby momma Benz, that is not a stunt
You swear you doin' somethin', man your head is corrupt
Get you a nigga like me, bitch I'm wassup
I just had to take her to brunch, she let me fuck

You talkin' like you got the motherfuckin' check but is you cutting' it?
nigga this your motherfuckin' home-boys section nigga
Talkin' all that shit with a G-Shock on
Got your phone out recordin' like a bitch, nigga put your phone down

Came through with a hundred niggas with me I'm a leader
If he say 'bout to shoot the shit up, you better believe 'em
I'm a dog, I'm a lion, I'm a fuckin' hyena
Got it out the mud, you can't get dirty 'cause you a diva
Lil Boosie in the speaker so you know so you know I give no fucks
YG hit yo bitch, I really hit it, wasn't luck
The world cost money nigga get your dollars up
I'm buying handguns, choppers, and bullet proof trucks
Still standin' ten years plus, I really do this
Pull your hair, hit it from the back I really do this
Diamonds dancin', got these bitches jumping' to conclusions
"YG ain't got a bag?" Bitch is you stupid?

What kind of car you drivin' nigga?
What kind of bitches is you fuckin'?
I'm a top notch bitch and I like top notch shit
You better get your bag together lil' nigga