

Freestyle

YG

Real nigga, self made, that's straight up
I don't walk in the door 'til them niggas pay up
Niggas start trippin'
We bust, they duck, they run, they stuck, they homie hit, they fucked
Nigga, that's how it go in the hood
Mike see the hood, hit up on the store in the hood
You can catch me on the 8 or on the 4 in the hood
On the bike runnin' from the popos in the hood
Went months without cable 'cause my momma wasn't able
Now I'm stacking paper, tryna sign the homies to the label
Niggas stay hatin' and I stay bangin'
I never gave a fuck or caught fades in my braces
The game is so basic
You probably think it's complicated
'Cause most of these niggas mindsets is discombobulated
My bad, sorry for the big ass words
Flyin' on jets that look like big ass birds
I fuck with gangsters, strippers, rich ass nerds
Nigga, this that herb
Let me hit that purp
That bitch you wit', I hit that first
I heard your girl from the flip, yeah that bitch got burnt
Half of these niggas lyin' 'bout all the niggas they murked
I'm a G 'til I'm buried six feet under the dirt
Yeah, my momma all sad that I'm never at home
And my daddy all happy that I'm finally on
Pushaz Ink, all I know is Pushaz Ink to the dome
I got shooters, them niggas only think with the chrome
I'll sneak in your home
Yup, I used to be a flock boy
I grew up breaking the rules 'cause I was listenin' to Hot Boys
, bitch