

## 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