

## LA Leakers Freestyle #150

YG

Yeah

Yeah

Yeah, look

Look

Turnt up, burnt-out

Pretty bitches outta house

Who fuck niggas for clout, things she did it with her mouth (Mhm)

I rep the West so hard, they don't feel me in the South (Ooh, ooh)

They fuck with me but they just can't get with the bounce

Ice-T said L.A. niggas don't wear chains

But why the fuck I got bust downs and plain janes?

I be covered in gold, nigga, A-Spades (Yes)

Big dog in the city, bitch, great thang (Big dog, uh)

They like, "How you maintain, livin' with a gang bang?" (Yeah)

'Cause I keep that flame flame, play with me, your brains hang (Woo)

Bitch I'm a whole gangster like my stage name

Get money and fuck on your main thang (Let's do it)

Paparazzi, fuck the fame, Tequila sippin' I'm the pain

But every time some shit happen, YG the one to blame? (Mmh, m mh)

And that's lame, that's a fuckin' shame

I swear that shit's strange

One ticket, two ticket, three tickets, fo'

I got tickets and they ain't from the po-po

I got plenty mo', I fuck with plenty hoes

They suck me then fuck me and then talk about they goals (Woo)

No, I don't politic, I'm not a politician

Got hope in my heart I hope the opps ain't got a pot to piss in (Come on)

How that's your goal but tryin' competition?

Type a nigga get caught in awkward positions

I'm fightin' addictions, I pay commissions, gay positions

For convictions, for street cred so y'all would listen (Okay)

I don't trust a soul dog, that's my position (Woo)

Ayy, 'cause, nigga, I been crossed by Christians

So cautious, I let it bang (Come on)

In a courtroom I'm a rapper, I ain't never sane (Come on)

Same nigga, same I ain't never changed

Married to the game, fo' hunnid on the wedding rings (Okay)

Stupid, made it out the streets, GaTa blueprint

Y'all was mad, Nip was Crip and I was whoopin'

That was my low, we did our thang, we was troopin'

They was mad back then but now they salutin' (Salute)

To the coach, I made contribution

Gave back to the city, I done pay for prostitution (Mmh, okay)

'Cause they ain't the same but still gave 'em evolution

The homies do the crime, I pay the restitution

Respectfully, if you ain't steppin' you can't get next to me

So much of a real nigga, they thought I had the recipe

Ecstasy, how I make her feel sexually

She toppin' me off, I can't get enough, I'm thinkin' 'bout the broccoli (Com e on)

In my city dog, it's shoot-outs and robberies

So think twice before you rodeo drive for a shoppin' spree (That's fact)

Check your chain if you ain't slidin around properly

Shoot first, ask questions later, speak Glockanese

Oh, Glockanese, okay

Yeah (YG)

Hold on, I gotta say this, I gotta say this (Run it then)  
And how to rob a rapper ain't no diss  
It's just a message to these rappers, please be on your shit (Be clear)  
Yeah (Be clear)

Long live Nip Hussle, long live Slim Fo', 400  
I Got Issues out now, talk to me  
Okay YG, settin' the record straight out here