

MALIBU

YG

Ferrari cost six-hundred thousand, stop playin' with me
Hundreds with the blue faces, feelin' Nipsey
Louis V briefcases, gettin' tipsy
Keep it with me, it's a murder if a nigga tempt me
The streets talkin', you niggas know what it do
With some money, I could never imagine you
I be ducked off, I ain't got nothin' to prove
I'm in Malibu, what a nigga boo

I start a lot of shit, 'cause I'm a shit talker
Found out I fucked his bitch, 'cause he a stalker
She drink cum, like it's water
Bad bitch, ass fatter than Ms. Parker
Maybach's back to back when I'm pullin' up
Paranoid as fuck, get it fully tucked
Actin' like he don't bleed, oh, you tough?
Like stuntman's can't die doin' stunts
Trunk in the front, it's a foreign
After the sex, the bitch borin'
Run up a check, I'm goin' tourin'
In my mansion, I got marble floorin'
F-A spot and not your average coupe
I drop the top and throw up the "Whoop"
Big dog, I'm the Blood Snoop
Message to the opps, "Nigga, fuck you"

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The streets talkin', you niggas know what it do (Niggas know what's up)
With some money, I could never imagine you (Broke-ass niggas)
I be ducked off, I ain't got nothin' to prove (At all)
I'm in Malibu, what a nigga boo (Let's get it)

Don't come to me 'bout no lil' shit, I get M's, nigga (Don't do that)
Ice water on me, lonely as Slim, nigga (Where your nigga?)
You in your feelings 'bout a bitch, you a bitch-nigga (You a ho)
I'm from that city where we hustle 'til we rich, nigga
I ain't talkin' seatbelts when I say we ridin' strapped
Lil' bro ain't no producer, but can hit you with them packs
Treat my niggas like my brothers, have my front, I got your back
Best prices in quality, fuck with us or go get taxed
We don't want no smoke, we just want more money
I call the whip YG, 'cause it was four-hundred (4Hunnid)
Ayy, let them niggas have the net, man, they ain't know nothin'
We control the city, we touch down, it be like homecoming
Blue hundreds, but it's blood money, call him Rich Red
Step on niggas heads, all that politicin' shit dead
One day in your city, do a show, then break your bitch bed
Was full of mouth, got his ass popped, now he full of meds

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(I'm in Malibu, what a nigga boo)

Ayy, five summers straight, flipped ten foreigns
I'm still in Bel Air, totin' big guns
Hoppin' on flights, like I'm on the run
Strip clubs every night, 'cause that shit fun
See me blowin' through the light, bust a sharp right
Two-door, matte-black, like The Dark Knight
I pull up, gat sprayin', I ain't Batman
Yellow diamonds, give me head, Ms. Pac-Man (Ayy)
Trap, send the bucks when the pack land
Spent enough, now she wanna fuck for the bands
White friend wanna fuck me with her black friend
And these hoes can't believe what's the backend
Get the back in, got 'em clappin' in the stands
I just pray to God, I don't gotta clap again
Posted on the 'Gram, now I gotta wrap the Benz
Couple more years, I won't have to rap again

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