

Sign Language

YG

We got heaters, smoke, drank, bitches
Fours, deuces, tres, switches
Riders, money, houses, boats
Notes, uncompromising quotes
Tweakers on molly, in the hills living
Glocks, scopes, chops with the switches
Ferraris, Richard Millie models on dope
Four double O, now a nigga want the smoke
(West coast)

I'ma bang on bitch boys
Bentley trucks, G wagons, then his bitch toys
You ain't say my name in that diss song
Bitch ass nigga, that's not a diss, boy
It's YG aka Chin Checker
Four hundred worth fifty million, I'm a rich stepper
Whoa, I might pop out in some leather
Or in some Dickies like, fuck your Margiela

Twist your fingers up
Bang, nigga, nigga, bang
Throw up you gang, nigga
Bang, nigga, nigga, bang
What set you claim, nigga?
Bang, nigga, nigga, bang
It's all the same, nigga
Bang, nigga, nigga, bang
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Yeah, bang on em
Mr. Gangster with designer, get strange on 'em
I hang with the savages, we got ranks on 'em
Went from broke to rich I had to change on 'em
Cherry red, I'm flamed up, cherry red Chucks
On gang, Blood, we don't do no head up's
I'm the one they call when they get jammed up
Yelling free the gang, we don't do handcuffs
Big drip, hoes, tricks, glock nine, long clips
Bitch strip-pole, gripped on Bloods, I'm with a few crips
Fuck good, love hard, I burnt out my love chart
Black trucks bulletproof, them glocks on my security guard
Rich nigga, six figures, ain't shit, you bitch nigga
Lit nigga, they pay me to pop shit, nigga
A verse from me is like four or five bricks, nigga
And at the video shoot I do this, nigga

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