

# 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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