Just another dope boy having thangs, man

Just another dope boy having things
You know it's more money than motherfucking problems
I went and got more money and got more motherfucking trouble
Half of my partners sellin' dope and the other half robbin'
All my niggas mobsters
Million dollar meeting at the round table over promethazine [?]
These niggas imposters, you ain't never had no plug
You ain't never got no pack
You ain't never ever send the bitch through the airport with a
hundred stacks
Hope she make it safe and I pray to God that I make it back
I told my neighbourhood in California

I told my neighbourhood in California
I'm with five plugs, put that on my momma
We chasin' commas

Dope dancing in the pot, when it cook bland vanilla Just another dopeboy who be juugin' for the scrilla