Stay in line, bitch Get your mind right Let's go, playboy Look: I'll bat the piss out a bitch quick Oh yeah, he'll do it! I'll wilin' off that Ruby Red and Absolute Catch me hoppin' out somethin' from 2002 Leave a scar on your hoe from the side of my shoe Bitches gotten fucked up - I ain't never been cheap All I know is bricks, money, pussy, and streets Niggas hatin' 'cause my teeth lookin' like they piece I done spent about a-hundred-fifty grand at least Boy, don't make me smile 'cause I'll blind a bitch Hoes shout when I pass - that's a Tymer, bitch Don't pop up at the house, you might find your bitch on my video tape - man, rewind that shit And if my main hoe flip, she get one for that If she takin' private trips, her lip hung for that I don't love no hoe - after I fuck 'em, I don't know 'em Bauw, b-b-bauw, bauw, I'm Rocky Balboa

If lil' momma actin' bad, then, nigga, you show her Bauw, b-b-bauw, bauw, Rocky Balboa
If lil' one outta line, then, nigga, you go-a
Bauw, b-b-bauw, bauw, Rocky Balboa
If a broad touch yurn, then, nigga, you show her
Bauw, b-b-bauw, bauw, Rocky Balboa
If she wilin' with another nigga, wodie, you go-a
Bauw, b-b-bauw, bauw, Rocky Balboa

Meet me at the cat cave, bitch, in a hour And I'ma show your dog ass, yo, I got the power to have you screamin', "No, no!" Shove you in your go-go I got my nut - I'm 'bout to get up and take a photo Wait a minute, hold up, baby, slow it down Touch your toes, toot your ass, now turn around And admit you the shit - damn, I love you, girl Yeah, I'm lyin', but I'm tryin' to fuck up your whole world Got your picture suckin' dicks in a big black Chevy What your name? That's a shame - I forgot already I told 'em you got super-suction on your head I told 'em you do bad-ass tricks in the bed I told 'em you could flip and land dead on the dick I told 'em they could do you next, freak, 'cause I quit Catch you from behind Bend your perfect spine Baby got that pussy, but that ass is mine

If lil' momma actin' bad with you, nigga, you show her Bauw, b-b-bauw, bauw, Rocky Balboa
If lil' one outta line, then, nigga, you go-a
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Listen up, lil' nigga - I got a story to tell
'bout a bitch that I left down in ATL
Went to Miami, and I met a freak
She been workin' on me, slurpin' on me one whole week
Got a freak that I love down in Acetown
Can't remember how she look 'cause she keep her face down
One in L.A., two in New York
One in Chicago, stay in Hyde Park
Three from China
One in Carolina
Ten in my city
Six of 'em pretty
Lil' momma from Tennessee: drunk off Hennessy
I should've stuck her a long time ago, but she killin' me

I love this lifestyle 'cause I'm real with this shit
Been runnin' 'round uptown with the baddest bitches
Took a flight to Chicago to holler at my clique
Rollers, hustlers, and niggas who pimp bitches
My main man, Johnson, Big Man, and Shorty
I got to be here for my son and my daughter
Now five a ki if you're transportin'
My nigga hit a lick and bought a Range Rover
My hoe went to the beef, but I don't know why, wodie
The hoe know I got ki's, dope, and Dosier
Nothin' but guns
Bitch, I'ma show ya
Bauw, b-b-bauw, bauw, I'm Rocky Balboa

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