

I blow three blunts before lunch and turn a rapper into dinner
Serve the east side taught me Bel-Air Shopping Center
The west side, these niggas call me Green Field Plaza
You ain't got no connect nigga, you coppin' from El Blaga
Continue on the saga
Your mouth is Fierce as Sasha
Makin' millions off the girls, I'm Beyonce's father
I'm sittin' in the Charger
You niggas Lady Gaga
Left my car charger, CD changer no Carter
Dwayne or Shawn, Sean Price mixed with Lil' Jon
Off the fifth of rum
Piff in my lungs
Fuckin' two Asian bitches till they couldn't cum
And when them hoes squirt it's like Hong Kong Wonton
They said, "Oh my, biggest dick I've seen."
Showed her on the webcam, she start lickin' the screen
Next week we party puttin' coke all up in her nose
Just me, my nigga Luke and a house full of hoes

And it's coke on the corner
Guns in the closet
Pills on the table
Blowin' on exotics
Money on the mantle
Fuck direct deposit
Old school Chevy next year we roll exotics

That cutty steering wheel all wood like a beaver bed
Your bitch neck move faster than cheetah legs
Nike 6.0's look like Zebra heads
Wack MC's, I eat 'em like pita bread
Rappers
I voicemail your best bitch
In the hood, hoes give me more throat than neck strength
All I want is money
Cash no checks
I swear the sight of kushy makes her pussy so wet
(I say)
My flow cold as the walls in the precinct
I'm a monster
Eat pussy like Wheat Thins
I'm a rock star
Without a guitar
My chocolate melts in your girl mouth, Mr. Goodbar
(And its)
Weed on the corner
Guns on the target
Shawty goin' crazy, sniffin' coke in the closet
While I'm sittin' on the toilet puffin' on exotics
Bitch busts in the bathroom and fuckin' vomits