

We in This Bitch

DJ Drama

We got money in our pocket, and whatever you're sipping on
Red-bottom limping around this bitch, what the fuck you tripping on?
Twenty goons, they in this bitch, you better check your tone
And they gon put you back in place if you do something wrong
We in this bitch, yeah we in this bitch
We got a section full of girls and they barely speak any English
Let's toast it up to that life and I mean it

We in this bitch, we in this ho
I got the .40 on me now, who wants to Plaxico?
Shout to Gangsta Gibbs, he the next to blow
You should see my gangster grill, I light the shit from blow
Snowy car transforming instead of transformer
You ever cook the whole thing on a George Foreman?
What about a nine on the gas grill?
Four-fifty for the silk, pay my gas bill
So many horses in the 'rari, park it in the barn
Took the ice up out my cup and put it in my charm
And this bad bitch with me from another planet
Stay on the satellite phone - man, I can't stand it
Hey baby girl, hang the phone up
No talking with your mouth full - you's a grown-up
What the fuck? Who the hell?
Flashback in this bitch, thought I seen a scale

You know how we handle shit, gangster gutter glamorous
Zone One Atlanta shit, over all the amateurs
I'm walking off in here, a boss so, dog, approach with caution though
Disrespect is tolerated, that's some shit you ought to know
Niggas say they ball, yeah, but I'm balling harder though
Cold as the nose on a Appalachian Eskimo
It finna go down, ho, popping bottles, drown hoes
Paid niggas with us, ain't no broke niggas around so
Excuse me - who is he? I don't do this usually
But I'm too fresh to fight - somebody go and get security
I'm buying this, buying that, getting that check and flyin jet
Boucheron, Constantine, Puff like, where you find that?
American at the nature, boy, a lot of nigga hate your boy
Pocket full of money, got more paper than a paperboy
Hoes jocking, on Twitter trending topic
Future, Jeezy, Cris, and Drama
Tip say, let's go get it popping

I'm popping plenty bottles, like I got plenty bricks
Call me Mr. Marcus, I'm in this bitch
Super drink, super smoke and some super hoes
VIP looking like we won the fucking Superbowl
Thirsty chicks trying to give it, I don't want it
You been in more laps than the Indy 500
Conjure's what we drinking, faded til the world end
Never see me planking, unless I'm on your girlfriend
Ludacris, I been a staple in this Southern game
Got the best lines, so I guess I'm slinging Southern caine
My money's louder, you rappers need to hush more
My presidents rock, my accounts are Mount Rushmore
On the island and my phone is hitting dead spots
Altoid can of blue pills, that's my X-box

You could hate, you could dis, you could make a wish
But eight albums, and Luda's still in this bitch