

Ya baby momma love me, ya baby daddy hate me  
Ya bitch wanna fuck me, I said ya bitch wanna fuck  
And we gon' get it like  
Chitty, chitty, bang, bang [x4], whoa-oh!

I made a detour out of the game when I was hustlin' crack  
Made a couple of dollars, made a little bit of change, never lo  
oked back  
You could find me at the shooter range, practicing bussin' gats  
Or in the vocal booth, in this new studio, bussin' raps  
With some gold on my body, out my body, off Carlos Rossi  
I'm sloppy, I treat my luxury scraper like a Bugatti  
La di da di, she like to party off molly, Bacardi  
Love to get naughty, a hottie, up in the lobby, she stopped me  
She said "40 Water, where you 'bout to be?"  
I said "Follow me, follow me, follow me, bitch, room 223"  
You got to pay me or pay no attention, that's how it be  
When you born and raised in the V, Northern Cali, Silicon Valle  
y

Paid nigga, yeah, I make it happen, turnin' up, ratchet  
Thick chick under my arm make your chick look average  
Thick bitch, yeah, a big ol' ass, poke it like a cactus  
And she got a face that belongs up in a beauty pageant  
It's ya boy, Juicy J, trippy, I got realer pimps  
Balling hard everyday, ratchet bitches can't resist  
I stay laughing to the bank but my dough ain't funny  
I run out of rap before I run out of money  
When I pop a pill, that's foreplay  
Now I'm all in her face like Olay  
I'm like "okay", I kill the pussy like OJ  
When I'm finished with ya woman, she gon' think we sold mints

You wanna be around the winners? (A winner)  
Say you only had a few niggas? (A few of 'em)  
Girl, I'm just being honest (honest)  
I know what you want and he's not it (not it)  
I'm off the shits and I'm wit' it (wit' it, mane)  
They can't stop us, we gon' get it (get it, mane)  
I'm just being honest (honest)  
I know what she want and he's not it  
That's why

[Hook]