

Ay, ay bitch, try this
Guaranteed turn a square to a bi bitch
You ain't down b-b-bye bitch
I ain't got time for playing, I'm just sayin' man
We out here trynna function
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We out here trynna function bitch
You fuckin' off my high, get up out my mix
You messin' up my vibe I'm trynna get some crevice
Put her in my ride, take her to the Ritz
I'm toasted and sloppy, I fuck with broccoli Bacardi
151 out my body, about that green like wasabi
Like Young Bari we mobbin'
We bossy back the fuck off me
Getting' money my hobby, not getting' money is not
Only rappers I listen to is E-40 and Pac
I'm havin' my revenue playa havin' this guap
On my fly, big nigga shit man I stay laced and groomed
I spray myself with sucka repellent my nigga not perfume
Anything you got I can sell to hustla's, think I can't?
Gift of gab sell the white house black paint
Word candy, S-L-A-N-G
Thinkin' about taking a million dollar insurance policy out on my mouthpiece
BIATCH!

Ay bitch OK bitch
It's Uncle Earl and the HBK bitch
Misson: the game, they already know that we ballin'
I'm comin' straight out the Rich, I got family down in New Orleans
Where you from you say you lyin'
Out here we say that you jawsin'
You probably thought this never would happen
My niggas been called an alcoholic, when sippin' that liquor
Oh I'm drunk as hell
Fuckin' with a lil' bitch over in Vallejo
Got a whole pack of pre-rolled young L's
And I'm never down to uno, pockets on sumo
Hater's respect the pedigree, baller heavily
A phony homie I'll never be for methamphetamine
That means it's crack ho
Young G hotter than Tabasco
I smash hoes, collect 200 and pass go
My flow so Lamborghini yo shit's a Rav-4

Now you understand why everything I do I gas ho
Suzie! Nigga!

I'm out here trynna function, out here trynna function
Don't talk to me bitch if we ain't buckin'
Yea I'm a asshole, I don't give a fuck though
Skip the bullshit like wussup with some suck though
I go too much, make you bitch choose up
Niggas getting' mad nigga what you gon' do
If he think he too tough
You know I keep two tucked
If I don't fight that mean I'm comin' back to shoot
Ridin' in the car, lookin' for a bad bitch
Man she got some tits
Yea she gotta be dumb cute
Got her number text her phone like "baby what you doin'"
She was like "Nothing much you should come through"
I got dick for days, I got dick for days
Made her take off her work and gave her dick for days
Push it to my brain, to my temple bitch
And I don't like these hoe's I give 'em dick for dem, whoop

[Chorus]