

UH!

She love me... she love me not  
She hug me... like I hug the block  
My Cutty... got hella knock  
My speakers... they finna pop  
Turf tight... I'm involved  
High-sidin', puffin' on a log  
Stunning, the opposite of ugly  
Run up in her bare like I don't care  
Without a helmet, rugby  
Everywhere like, yeah, you liable to see me in Santa Clara  
On the highway with my bros on my way to Santana Row  
In San Jose, they don't play like all the cities up in the Bay  
Up in the Valley, they'll melt you just like my folks from the Delta  
The Emerald Triangle, that's where the farmers be at  
Sippin' mangoscato from Napa, Earl Stevens shit  
Brand new apparel, mayne, I stay sharp as an arrow  
I like to drink out the bottle, yesterday, today and tomorrow  
UH!

We started off in the projects (projects)  
Now we sittin' in the high-rise (high-rise)  
The real niggas all fuck with me (fuck with me)  
The hood love me 'cause I made it out (made it out)

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I did... I did that  
In 1985 I pushed my first pack  
Admit it... admit that  
Quit the yola game and wrote some kidnaps  
Soil savage... born to ball  
Married to the streets by common-law  
Mackin', autographs on napkins  
My diamonds be out here spazzin'  
Showcasin', flamboastin', braggin'  
Gouda stackin' his pillar, about his paper  
More cars than the AutoTrader  
Done touched more dough than a baker  
One day might be in a hoodie, the next day I'm in a blazer  
Customized by my tailor, got some killers that owe me favors  
They're thicker the soil up in the heart of the trap  
Don't get mad and come back, get down or get mad at  
They'll put your brain in your lap for showing off in front of a batch  
Tryin' to impress a hoe, that's how you get a tag on your toe  
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I came up from nothin' (From the mud)  
I bend corners when I come through  
'Cause the real niggas, they love it (They love it, mayne)  
To see me living by my own rules  
And I think nothin' of it (Nothin' of it)  
From fishscales to a tycoon (A top hat, mayne)  
Yeah, I always get money (Self-made)  
Yeah, I always get money (I get money)

I got it... I got my money up  
I done touched more ice than a hockey puck  
You can try your luck, I keep my pistol tucked  
In case I gotta fuck a fuck nigga up  
Block monster... I'm a hog  
Hustlin' in the rain, sleet, snow or fog  
Bossy, ain't never been a sorry simple Simon  
Sucka sap, I'm smoking on a baseball bat  
Gettin' Berkeleyed and tipsyed, I fuck with hipsters and hippies  
Gangsters and fixtures and factors, might even know a few traffickers  
Dual exhausted Flowmasters, cool with the athletes and rappers  
Know hella A-listed actors, boosters, burglars, and purse-snatchers  
The Pacific Ocean is where the paper unravel  
Google, Pandora, and Twitter, Facebook and Apple  
A fixture, I built my own liquor straight from the gravel  
Subscribe to a bar of this game and come get a sample  
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