

Only the strong can survive, Cali is where I reside  
Hustlers with flashy rides, bitches with big behinds  
Vigils, candle lights, artillery oversized  
The element of surprise, robberies, homicides  
I'm maney I'm mannish, I'm cuttin' up  
I'm havin' my dough or should I say pie crust?  
I never move slow 'cause I'm always in a rush  
You threaten me ho, I'm gonna have you touched up  
You think I won't go my nigga? Then try your luck  
We can go toe-to-toe and bet I fuck you up  
I got moulah, chalupa bust your medulla  
Never funk with a nigga that got gouda  
The everyday attitude of a Bay boy  
The wrong side of the bed I woke up today boy  
Will get on your head and split your toupee boy  
You let that bitch get in your ear just like an Android

I be on one!  
Better do what I say right away  
I be on one!  
Don't try to get in my way, I ain't playin'  
I be on one!  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
I be on one!  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
I be on one!

I be on one my nigga!  
All I think about is money, pussy and liquor  
Clientele and climbing, trying to get ten figures  
Try to wipe me out and I'm gonna get in your business  
I say what I say and mean what I say what I said  
When I get a speeding ticket, go to class I don't pay it  
I'm a stingy motha fucka 'bout my chicken and bones  
White boy wasted, bowls and bongs  
Black boy faded, Backwoods and cones  
Heem and vodka, high as a drone  
I've been ballin' since a teen, on the scene, me and my team  
Soil living, hot water, cornbread and navy beans  
Beverly hillbilly, roosters, horses and goats  
Got family in the "The Boot", Louisiana got kin folks  
Bicoastal, not local, shop at Cavalli on Soho  
My pistol on split your tamale, G-27-40

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Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
I be on one!

2-3-4-5, Northern California where this hustla resides  
Don't say I didn't warn ya, hella people done died  
Funkin' over corners, niggas losing their lives

This world is small and it's cold and it's smirkyish  
Lotta these suckas is bogus, losin their mind and their focus  
I don't know if you noticed, I don't know if you noticed  
The loudest talkers is always the brokest  
Roast you with the toasters, leave you stinking like halatosis  
Raising the rubble the struggle, gravel, the tar  
Where they play with them drums and pluck you like a guitar  
His bitch wanna cuddle, she tryna get us in trouble  
She tryna make us a item, she want us to be a couple

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