

Ever since I woke up this morning, I've been on
Twist the cap up off my weed jar, and smoked a cone
Took a shower and got gone in the wind, like Steve Wynn
I'm from the streets of California where we be hustlin and grittin'
Gettin' that women, mobbin' and mackin', droppin' and stackin'
Wheelin' and dealin' and makin' a killin' trying to hit a million
Perkin' and illin' and drinkin' and chillin' in front of the apartment build
ing
Packin' and totin' and toast the lean oh what a feelin'
He's a fraudulent, I'm immaculate
He a simp, he a sap, he irrelevant
I'm a boss, I'm a factor, I'm a hundred percent
I'm a hustler like Larry Flynt
Getting money's my habit, I stay in the traffic
Papered up like a tablet, my bankroll is massive
If I walked in a loser, mayne I'm gonna walk out a winner
I ball like a hooper man, papered up like a printer
I ain't wrapped too tight, I'm touched, I'm throwed
Mental health, argue with my conscience cursin' out myself
My psychologist got a psychologist, neurologist too
I'm one of one, I'm not like you

Act like you know
Dippin' and bobbin' and weavin'
In and out of traffic, from the morning to the evening
Trying to get my paper right, my nigga
Stack it to the ceiling

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Drinking and blowing on some good bud
Smokin' on a strain you never heard of
Exclusive shit, I got it from my plugs
You drop my weed on my rug
That's twenty pushups, that's a party foul
You can do 'em later or do 'em now
I don't allow (who?)
Aliens around me, that's a no-no
They'll try to sneak me and turn my brains into adobo
Rarely see me solo, if you do I'm not
Best believe E-40 with his.45 Glock
I'm ADHD, need something to calm my nerves
You libel to find me at my kid's teacher's meeting smellin' like herb
I stay plastered, but I'm all about my paper
Liquor aroma, that's me in the elevator
More whips than Auto Trader, that's what I got
Driveway, looks like a car lot
My bite is stronger than my bark
Thought you thought, heart
Bitch you full of shit like a dog park
Mark ass poodle, square as a cubicle
Weirdo, unusual
Why do suckas, be all in a real one's business?

While these sideline niggas be always trying to count a hustler's chizznips
Flappin' their lizznips like some bitches, man they saps
Dudes be running their mouth like that, we call 'em quack-quacks
That's how a bitch gets smack-smacked
Shot in the naps, clapped
Head put on flap, Fix-a-Flat can't even bring 'em back (bitch)

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