

# Of All Things

G-Eazy

Yeah, ahahaha, yeah

Growing up they tell me follow your dreams  
Now I got these A list chicks, all in my jeans  
Five eight and she only weighs a hundred and twenty  
Skinny but she's got an ass the conundrum is funny  
And you don't have to like me, just the balls to tell me  
When your girl needs D then she calls the celly  
And they see me coming up, is when they all get jelly  
Karate kid, my sensei is Fonzerelli  
That's forty, I come from the land of the hyphy  
My club is all pros like the brand of a white tee  
Only a million dollars in my hand will excite me  
And I tour across the atlas then I plan to go sight see  
I never talk back when you're trying to diss us  
Cause my response when we know you're lying is crickets  
If I ain't poppin please explain who's buying the tickets?  
And my deals not a deal it's like their buying a business  
Yeah

You could be anything in this world  
You could be anything in this world  
Momma said, you could be anything in this world  
You could be anything in this world  
But of all things in life you could pick to be  
You sure look like a hater or a bitch to me  
Of all things in life you could pick to be  
You sure look like a bitch to me

They call me short but I started at the top  
North Cal bitch if you like it or not  
It is what it is, it's an Oakland thing  
What you doing short?  
I'm just smoking man  
I got her thinking I'm the man to be  
Fuck with me, this ain't no fantasy  
We them real Bay Boys, all we do is make noise  
We ain't never been quiet come through and take hoes  
I hope he don't get mad cause she want me  
I really don't want her I just want to get money  
You can see me, cupcake give a fuck what you think  
She's a rich girl, and I'm in love with her bank  
You wanna be like her? wanna car like that?  
Wanna be my work? I be your mentor baby  
I make you a motherfucker  
You take all this money and that other sucker  
Bitch

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I leave the club with a bad one head right to her spot  
Put some Ty Dolla on and put some pipe in the thot  
Got a style the world likes it a lot  
I get on tracks spit, sneeze, cough, and throw up  
I'm not wiping the snot  
On my way if you like it or not  
I'm looking at the top I'm just eyeing the spot  
And I just keep climbing I keep hiking a lot  
If you told me these things would all happen  
You'd be right on the spot  
Yeah, cause ever since I was able to grow fame  
My superpower's I can swoop your girl with no game  
Straight to the point with no shame  
Spot her at the party I'm alone that's a sniper with pro-aim  
If you're a bitch then respect you won't gain  
Most of these cats are so lame  
Rapper fell off turned into a no name  
Lost it all and now you're trying  
To grow your buzz back like Rogaine  
It won't

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Yeah (Bitch)