

Kemosabe

Hustle Gang

[Intro]

Woa Kemosabe, woa, woa
Woa Kemosabe, woa, woa
I said woa Kemosabe, woa, woa
Woa Kemosabe, woa, woa

[Verse 1: Doe B]

I blow the check in Follies
I coulda bought a 'Rari
Pull up in the big body
Valet had to double park it
I'm covered in Versace
I'm Fresh prince, these niggas Carlton
Flexin' through the projects
Them bitches think I'm 'luminati
My nigga say fuck a Bugatti
Buy him a Box Chevy on 30's
Straight out the dutty, drink muddy, bitches slutty
Get head so long, she fuck around, caught a concussion

[Bridge: Doe B]

Top off on a foreign
Ballin' like Amar'e
2 bitches and they barbies
1 on lean and 1 on mollies

[Hook: Doe B]

50 hoes in the lobby
Chain gold and it's Versace
I'm like woa Kemosabe
Big ballin' is my hobby

[Verse 2: Young Dro]

Top off on that foreign, G4 Jet that boring
Pass me the ball I'm scorin'
Fuck yo bitch she horny
Got 23 bitches on the T-Bird
3 plus 3, that's 6 birds
24 cups, 21 that's 4-5
That's what I keep on my side
If a nigga tryna run up in my house
I'mma blow his ass back outside
And even if the fuck nigga look wrong
I'mma knock the pussy nigga cock eye
Me and Doe B show 'em how to rock out
This verse so hot I'm finna hop out
Ain't ball, man I'm finna go beast mode
Dominating here, getting knocked out
I'mma stop now slow it up
Rolled on on my 30's
Ask that bitch, I fucked all her buddies
That ho be lookin' dusty
I bet her pussy musty

[Hook: Doe B]

[Verse 3: Birdman]

I'm like "whoah Kemosabe"
I started this shit cos that's my hobby
Big Tymer that's my name ho
Versaces on my frame ho
All gold everything
I put that shit on everything
Got a ring on every finger nigga
Diamonds flooded in this bitch like it's raining nigga
Bitch on my arm like a singer nigga
Hah, she might just be a singer nigga
I do what the fuck I want
And I buy what the fuck I want

[Hook: Doe B]

[Verse 4: B.o.B]

Got em poppin with my possey, we ballin like the Cosbys
Ballin's in my bloodline, casa de mi patri
Young god is the prophet, young playas stackin profit
I made a quarter million and I never went to college
Say the flow out here is solid, smoking hydrofonics
Even in Japan boy, I get plenty sake
I'm all about the dollar, bitches wanna holler
Bet yo girl got more inside her mouth than just in gossips
And this life is all that I know
Ain't after that, I didn't miss it
And we go hard, these niggas lip but them ventriloquists whisper
From band hitters on 6, niggas would kill to get rich
And this Doe B, B.o.B, G.D.O.D, we rich nigga

[Bridge: Doe B]

Top off on a foreign
Ballin like Amar'e
2 bitches and they barbies
1 on lean and 1 on mollies

[Hook: Doe B]

[Verse 5: T.I.]

I got foreign whips in my garage
Top down in that SB
I got plane gas and I see yall
And I match a clique in my ashy
And Hustle Gang we about that action
And all them other pussy niggas just actin
And yo gang play, cocaine pay
For everything I got like 30K
I'm still a drug dealer, how you love that?
Love a real nigga, den you love me!
We're out there in the spot, where they selling drugs at
I'mma beat the 60, you can get you 2 or 3
50 corners and Ferrari Californias
Fuckin with a bitch, you California
Smokin shit, you did fo California
Bitch get wrong she gon' get left in California

[Hook: Doe B]