

Bout That

Jay Rock

Nigga I'm 'bout that, 'bout that, 'bout that [x2]
Nigga I'm bout that, show you why I'm 'bout that. No mask, dirty pistols show you why I'm 'bout that

I'm in the hood all day broken plumbing
Sew a nigga down for anything just to get some money
The homie cousin down from Oklahoma, trying to work him a spot
It ain't gone work in his favor if I don't see no paper, I'm mad
Frustrated, you can say doing bad
Took a loss, to bounce back, I need a brick and a half
You ain't gon' front me? I'm on your front steps like the mailman
Better yet your backdoor, you dead on your back porch
Cooperate or get laid down
Got nine ounces on the table, get 'em right now
It's cutthroat in these projects, young niggas would rob they own uncle
Blame it on the next nigga and kill 'em when they want to
Raised in the jungle, orangutans and Rah-Rah
Twelve-year-olds hold backpacks with Blah-Blahs
You wonder why we act this way?
It's the end of the month, you know that them checks come late!

I make everybody feel it when I'm on one
Make 'em feel it when I'm on one
I show no sympathy for no one, especially when I'm on one
Nigga I'm 'bout that ('bout that)
I show you why I'm 'bout that
No mask, dirty pistols show you why I'm 'bout that
I show no sympathy for no one, especially when I'm on one

211's turned to a 187 in a second when I'm wilding with the Wesson
Don't believe me? Ask the last dead nigga for a reference
Smokers up the block, with a lot, of change and shit
Need a dime, got a dub, I need change and shit
Same clothes, three days I never change for shit
Got to code a scheme to snatch a nigga chain then split
Like I catch him off guard trying to floss at the mall
Them some nice shines, nigga, take that off! (man, my grand momma gave me that chain)
Sometimes you got to Re-up to make that back
Got to grind overtime just to pick up that slack
I sold some to the homie momma, lost a couple customers
Narcs in V-necks fit in just to fuck with us
Identifying hustlers
Now I made small time, small nine, still ain't slop-py
I'm strapped at the swap meet
'Cuz niggas know I bang!
Better use it, motherfucker, or I'mma bust your brain!

I make everybody feel it when I'm on one
Make 'em feel it when I'm on one
I show no sympathy for no one, especially when I'm on one
Nigga I'm 'bout that ('bout that)
I show you why I'm 'bout that
No mask, dirty pistols show you why I'm 'bout that
I show no sympathy for no one, especially when I'm on one

Motherfucker, I'll be damned if a Nigga don't eat out here

Slang crack, slang water, slang weed out here
Slang pussy, slang meth, slang E out here
Catch him at the light, right before his cars switch gears
ScHoolboy Q, tell 'em we ain't thinking 'bout no fair warns
([ScHoolboy Q:] Ready to rock 'em, bring them choppers, knock him out his Air 1's)
Pistol poppers make them helicopters into AirComm
Yelling out redrum, Murder! Murder!
Get me in that window then I, Serve ya! Serve ya!
Scurve in that 'Burban
Swerving like cursive
Fuck that double back, slap it in park
Hop out, blam blam, hop back in before it get dark
In broad daylight Nigga
What's your day like Nigga
I'm surrounded by nighttime hustlers and daylight killers
Daylight skrilla, whenever them chips ain't straight
Make 'em stip like Magic City on a monday!
Rock!!

I make everybody feel it when I'm on one
Make 'em feel it when I'm on one
I show no sympathy for no one, especially when I'm on one
Nigga I'm 'bout that ('bout that)
I show you why I'm 'bout that
No mask, dirty pistols show you why I'm 'bout that
I show no sympathy for no one, especially when I'm on one