Louise B
Kurupt
DBG in the building
I'm flippin my nephew in
Yea, bitch
Louis Griffin,
Big money B
Doin it soon
West Coast
Brand new Chevy

Tell me I'm the man, man, you already know, know
Boy I do it big big and never be broke broke
I'm about my bread bread, you left in the roll roll
On your mark, get set set, green light go!
Go! Go! Go! Green light go!
Go! Go! Go! Green light go! Go!
Shades so dark, chain just glow
I don't never stop
Green light go!

Countin money dawg, I ain't rest at all Stand hard, broke niggas don't expect to ball Ya'll should be in handcuffs and pulled behind bars Homie jail cell Louie, I'll arrest you all I be I be drunk, oh Show me where the bar at Yea them hoes be lying They just tryna kick it where the stars at Oh you forgot I shine hard, lip bomb car mit The boys mad, I'm leaving with they drugs like darn it Oh walk inside the club, my choose brighten up You going heavy on that HAM boy, lightin up Ku Klux Klan, white benz yuh Bad bitch ridin, light skin huh? I be so fly I don't know why I'm still around you guys Red and white shine around my neck, happy Valentine Oh, I predicted everything, they did how I designed Green light go, all I see is finish line

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Man, come and take a walk with me
If it's broke conversation don't talk to me
A couple hunned on the shades, like it cost to see
They say they chance oh, lookin like they lost to me
L, praise the Lord, let the choir sing, C notes
What ya'll mad at me for?

I'm sippin on cliko Hold up, one Nino My bitches in Puerto Rico Know what I've been through, I don't think so So many cars I'm Mr. Repo What you think I'd do with one Everywhere that I perform Bitches scream Louie I am who they clappin for Put my horn on the head, now she unicorn I ball hard and my major art is uniform OMG, I am ill Tell them niggas stop frontin The inside of my pockets - all hunneds And I'm flyer than all of ya'll Oh I do it big, I can never do it small as ya'll

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Louiie B!