Hey throw your bottles in the sky if you're gettin' yours
If the rims on his ride ain't as big as yours
You gettin' money what'chu hatin on my niggaz for?
Hey get your mind off of mine and get to gettin' yours
Throw your bottles in the sky if you're gettin' yours
If that other bitch's ass ain't as big as yours
You gettin' money what'chu hatin on my bitches for?
Hey get your mind off of mine and get to gettin' yours

Boss lady pull up in the back of the Maybach Chaffeur behind the wheel, feet up, leaned back Readin' the newspaper, honeygirl put a hurtin' on 'em Haters like a bad act, I just close the curtain on 'em Play all day on the Siruis, radio Satellite TV, who do it like me? In designer outfits, while sellin' the tag Yves Saint Laurent boots, Yves Saint Laurent bag Keep the Pokeman in case a big bitch think I'm ass Eatin' through her stomach like a gastric, bypass Bitch you better buy a pass and you better have the cash When you in my town you got to see me to buy a pass Number one rule, think B.I.G. 50 grand for the girl to sit in V.I.P. The spotlight is on me, I'm the one they wanna see They give they money to Kim like I'm H.S.B.C.

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Yeah, well it's young Dash to all those who don't know The boy who stay hot when his jewels is so cold Killer screwface and he cockin' that fo'-fo' Wanna ice grill? Better holla at Paul Wall Is all that called for? Whole crew do it up Champagne, threw it up, 'til niggaz threw it up Cruisin' up, tinted up, gotta be some star Don't know what to call it, they say it's a truck car You been with a chump pah; like Ashton Was the first one to "Punk" y'all Have yo' ass holy and resemblin Spongebob Like an old album, you happen to come for us You guys get dust off It's the young boss, show you what the imp us for Family and friends be the only ones missin' boy Sayin' that you rich and all, tell me what'chu bitchin' for Maybe cause I'm gettin' mine - well is you gettin' yours?

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You don't really want it with the nigga right in front of Tip Have you duckin' on the shit, wanna let the burner spit Get bucked bitch, give a fuck who you run and get King of the South, Pimp Squad Clique runnin' shit Bricks in the pipeline, sold in the nighttime Take a lifetime to find a flow that's quite like mine 40 cal's and 45 glocks, I don't like nine Mac-9 and automatic flatten niggaz lifeline I'm already rich, use the rappin as a pastime Grand Hustle bitch and I ain't settle for the last time Other niggaz settle down cause I don't bag mine You see me pull it I'ma blast, I don't flash mine You niggaz livin' check to check but I don't cash mine Deposit it and let it sit cause all the cash mine Been goin easy on you rappers I'ma mash now Niggaz throw your bottles in the air and put the glass down

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