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Yeah, ha
How yall feel out there?
Here Comes trouble ya'll What Now let it pop yeh, yeh now here comes trouble
 ya'll
Ridin' dirty got goons in the double R
It's the black flag
We a coomal square?
Nigga with the cash
Come to Hustle Hard
Million Dollar Dreams
Money on my mind
Thousand dollar G's
Been choppin on the grind
See the wrist man See the whip man
Look at the passenger side you see the bitch man
Niggas know I'm thuggin'
That's why they hate me comin'
Cause when I come to the club
That's when the trouble comes in
But they don't worry me
But you ain't heard of me
I'm a G, Baby
Not a celebrity
I ain't got rap friends
Got homies all in jail
I'm in a black benz
Getting' drunk as hell
With that grey goose, more patron shots
I ain't afraid to shoot
I let it pop
What Now let it pop say, say, say, hi to the bad guy
Yup, Yup, Yup, now here comes trouble ya'll
Yup, Yup, Yup, now here comes trouble ya'll
What the fuck you niggas wanna do man?
Nigga this ain't rap its that real shit
You better chill bitch
Before my niggas lay 'em deeper than well shit
Look how I got 'em now
They got a problem now
550, the wheels don't even touch the ground
I ain't frontin' love
I'm cool with crips and bloods
Got my knife on \operatorname{me}
I Snuck it in the club
Now what they yappin' about
I'm what I rap about
I'm on that thug shit
Now what those rappers about
I'm Swurvin' out the lane
I'm all liquored up
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Some body grab a wheel, before I hit a truck

I'm so wreckless, my life's hectic
I'm in the spot with my r&b bitch
Kelly Rowland, I got her open
Got her up my ass, nigga we both in
Ain't no turning back
The only way is up
I want everything
The world ain't enough

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What Now let it pop say, say, say, hi to the bad guy Yup, Yup, Yup, now here comes trouble ya'll Yup, Yup, Yup, now here comes trouble ya'll Yup, Yup, Yup, now here comes trouble ya'll
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