I came to get money, but now that I got it Hate on a nigga, but they just starving She throw me that pussy, but I never caught it You askin me 'why you won't? '... It got too much mileage, Ooooo, you're looking at a 1 of 1 Ooooo, I'll show you how the shit is done, Ooooo, my chain look like it weigh a ton Ooooo, just look at what I've become. I make a grill, walk inside the shit then I take my pick, I take a shit, On all you fake niggas when I drop my shit, I run my shit, I own my shit, I'm on my shit, I'm on some shit, Some owner shit, some more of shit. I pay my rent, I pay my team, They make me rich, I make them rich Ain't that some shit, now watch this look More cash, more money, more fame, I'm the realest nigga in this fucking game I came up, off the corner, all grind, Make these cracker niggas respect my mind I run my shit, I'm on my shit, I'm on some shit Some owner shit, Range Rover shit, I came to slice bread off the loaf and shit, And get you niggas off that feet up on the sofa shit I came to get money, but now I got it Hate on a nigga, but they just starving She throw me that pussy, but I never caught it You askin me "why you won't? "... It got too much mileage, Ooooo, you're looking at a 1 of 1 Ooooo, I'll show you how the shit is done, Ooooo, my chain look like it weigh a ton Ooooo, just look at what I've become. I talk that shit that's cause I live it nigga And if I don't know more that's cause I did it nigga You get smart, you get richer nigga, Start hatin' I'll chip you nigga, To be specific in some west side neighborhood Crenshaw district, Slauson Ave CRIPPIN... anybody killin' Don't give a fuck about a bitch or a nigga Yeah they quote my raps like scriptures, They say I shop like hipsters, I drive cars like a rich nigga And probably pull up with yo hoe Oh 6 to 0 fo sure, get dough, pulling up in my show Been about the bank roll, make this mil to lego Busting whipping change clothes, money power and hoes Hoe hoe I came to get money, but now I got it Hate on a nigga, but they just starving She taught me that pussy, but I never caught it You askin me "why you won't? "... It got too much mileage, Ooooo, you're looking at the 1 of 1 Ooooo, I'll show you how the shit is done, Ooooo, my chain I like the way I've done Ooooo, just look at what I've become.

A hundred pints that's a hundred grand Bring your money if you want it dead I'm the man don't you understand? My pack loud like a fucking band Big choppers like the taliban All these records breakin rubber bands I love my haters they my biggest fans, I'm on the field they just sit in stands I let em watch me while I make these plays, Six touchdowns in they face That's somethin to hate on, On the block air get this money on OG rolled in my swishers Activist poor in my sprite That little bitch look bad She got ass and I wanna fuck BAD!

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