Look, don't ever talk about the shit I'm 'bout to do Don't ever lie to hoes, I just tell the truth Don't ever put the pussy on a pedestal This money is the motive, everything after the revenue I swear to God that's what you'd better do 'Cause in this life, it ain't no tellin' what's ahead of you These niggas done went Federal From young niggas killin', it's all sectional Now this is the reality we wrestle with Where every nigga down to die for what he represent Where every murder is a mission rooted in revenge You make it out and want peace, you set precedents And then you start accumulating presidents You lookin' like a legend, especially when your record spins And you pull up in a 6 with a set of twins Ain't like I never thought I'd see you in the set again

Please, I'm gettin' paid, but that ain't change nothin' That ain't change nothin' ...

Look, I'm gettin' cheese, but that ain't change nothin' That ain't change nothin', my nigga...

Look, I'm gettin' paid, but that don't mean nothin' That don't mean nothin' ...

Look, I'm gettin' cheese, but that don't mean nothin' That don't mean nothin' ...

I swore to tell the world if I made it out The truth about these LA streets and all that they about The paranoid emotions, will they stake us out When we pull up thick in some foreign shit out Geisha House? The losses that we took when they raided the house The bitches that I sent when I laid it out The only important thing is the paper route The model, I embodied the prophesy as I played it out Look, smilin' faces rockin' diamond bracelets Murder cases, duck probation when your pockets major I'm stuntin' in somethin' that cost a lot of paper I ain't fuckin' with nothin' that don't look like a spaceship Look, now that's the realest shit I ever spoke Pull up at the shopping centre with a centrefold My windows up, my ceiling's closed Choppers still owe me if you didn't know, nigga...