

Hotel Room Music

Nipsey Hussle

All I do is rap about the fast life
You can't relate
You need to get your cash right
I must have been a flashlight in my last life
Because all I do is shine
So blow me like a bagpipe
Woodgrain and gold chains
I'm shutting down traffic I'm switching four lanes
I'm hanging out the window every which way
Every nigga not a pimp but every bitch pay
I'm hard on these hoes like every single day
Now I gotta lot of bitches in a lot of different states
I get a lot of pussy but I never got to pay
All money in is all a nigga got to say
Ugh, now one time for my young grind
I spend hundreds I smoke quarters and I fuck dimes
Got no love for broke bitches with no drive
I dropped out but I done fine
Right, I know you heard about them stages I've been murdering
Lighting my swisha's up as they roll in my room servicing
Them shopping spree's all the fly shit I'm purchasing
Tattoo's on my face because now I know I'll never work again
Them pretty bitches that know what their sole purpose is
For them emotions they be working with
The Kush I'm blowing inside of the coupe that I'm swerving in
Nigga, ugh, Slauson Av
Ugh, South Central State of Mind nigga
Uh, it's the leak volume 1
And this is where I'm coming from nigga