

Hotel Suite

Nipsey Hussle

I just got this dough in my pocket, these hoes, they be jogging
This weight on my shoulder, all these clothes in my closet
B-12 engines, beautiful women
This life is a blast, nigga, when you the one in it
Liquor my kidney, yack when I'm sipping
Black escalade with all of my niggas
? in prisons from careless decisions
Tryna upgrade your living, tryna spin off your pivot
I relate to my nigga so I shoot you that green dot
We fucking these bitches, 2013 aaliyahs
We fly to these countries and father won't leave us
It's so west side, nigga, arriba, arriba
Evening is d8 but really I see why
Hundred a show so gas up the g5
Just one of my goals, nigga, you know I complete mine
I'm thinking I do it, it's part of my bees hive

In a hotel suite with a famous freak
Told her to do her thing, she don't even blink
Took her off her feet, put her on that sink
Everything about choice but she came for me
Look, so I got that flight, you should probably chief
Shots of patrone make your body weak
Look, and I ain't gonna stop till we fuck up your sheets
Look, then I wake you up and just fuck up your sleep

Young nigga with no conscience, corporate cards in my wallet
Bitch tell me I'm awesome I'm like doh, bitch, I'm hussle
Life is short, it's no promise, party hard like new orleans
Crack a pint near portland but I ain't never start snoring
Put the gas I keep flooring, stop looking, that could be yours
I just rolled a fucking? to take your money for sure
All I know is get more, all I know is just flourish
Started out on that porch, now? niggas all skip college
Ended up as them bosses, all I know is we popping
All I know is we got it, tmc, that's my logic
Marathon, ain't no stopping, that's the way I get all this
Los angeles, raw shit, county jail, top raw shit
?smoke and smelling like dog shit
How you feeling like oh, shit, I gotta get home, I gotta get up out
Just scratch your head, you gotta find your route, you gotta figure it out
Gotta buy bands, buy a house, stay confident while you try it out
Really do this type of shit that these rapping niggas be lying about
Be lying about, they tricking hoes, they flying out
Bitches call me like come through I'm like yeah, boo, I'm bout to grab you o
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