My top off, my seat back Your bitch is in my ear sayin' she need that I'm ballin', she see that If he tells us both she loves she only one of us believe that

Listen, no kush, just a gang of folgers Me, my laptop, and my notebook call that my triangle offense That's all I need to keep bringing this dough in Yes I bangin' and I'm boastin', it's a fact I'm the dopest If you don't believe I got some things I want to show you I get \$10, 00 a show but don't no record label own him Now check out my sleeve I make your leather strap your bogus Double quick oyster perpetual Presidential Rolex I'm on it early in the morning Shout out my nigga Dom he from that Westside keep it rollin' Now I can sell out shows from New York back to California Still pull up with my jewelry then go part to Jesse Owens Whoa, stop we live it so we talk it Had it way before this rap so I get paid and don't shopping Profit, we flip y'all just blow it Call me young Nip Hussle AKA I'm focused

Look I never met a girl that wouldn't let me fuck She said was gonna do it if she met me once I feel like that nigga Pac these bitches set me up I make her kiss my nuts just to get me up Oh yeah, we back ho Niggas that they ask for We ain't got no plaques bro Niggas be making them racks though The Westside we gettin' it Two doors we dippin' it Cliquot we sippin' it These hoes we flippin' it Got me 20's, got my 50's, got my 100's bitch I'm coming TMC this shit don't stop Me and Nip is really running it And the funny shit I'll say is that it's only just begun Niggas be up early before the Sun It's money in the morning Niggas traded coffee for Patron Y'all just pardon me I'm just zoning Gold hundred spokes look chrome The one that got your girl's shit foaming And your bitch is in my ear saying she need that