

## Keys 2 The City

Nipsey Hussle

Four fifty-five, I drive by doin 100  
And I stay blunted  
Cause I do what I need  
And that's the reason that they love me,  
Cause I've been making money,  
(Yea) I got the key to the city!  
It feels good to be on top, I got the key to the city!  
This is how it is to be a big shot!

Listen  
Black on black Mercedes  
Tattoo all my lady friends  
Nipsey on they titties, more game than ESPN  
I turn these hoes to lesbians  
Make her fuck her best of friends  
Get head for one hour, smoke a blunt then catch my second wind  
Hoppin off my tour bus, she probably jus had sex with him  
She's out of your possession,  
You cannot protect her then  
South Central that's my residence  
Daily like those seven cents  
And if I'm not the king of this  
I must be the president.  
O.M.G I'm I'll as shit!  
Money is my medicine  
Shout out to my niggas in the pin text messaging  
Shout out to them bitches gettin it in, in they crevices  
Conjugal visits make sex seem so irrelevant.  
Forget about the risk we took, I never can  
Rebel in this white mans world until they burry him.  
Being broke is so un-American,  
That's why I'm screaming all money yea, until the end!  
Nigga!

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Pull up in that old school, me and lil Shady Blue  
Fresh up out the county jail, they held us both without no bail  
Ten stacks to my lawyer, said a prayer that we prevail  
Jealous niggas hated that  
Love to see a nigga fail  
Miss me with that bro I love you  
Southern nigga be for real  
Fake as four dollar bills  
Hit the gas, we out of here!  
On our way to Fox Hills, spending like we got a mil  
Smokin so much kush it got us feeling like we off a pill  
They know we got dollars still  
The bitches know they got the bill  
Eatin Benihana's daily, drive my baby moma crazy

Name a nigga that could fade me  
Pussy that does not persuade me  
Got a swag that make them hate me  
Plus we never shop at Macy's.  
Louis V, and Gucci maybe  
Neiman Marcus, blue Mercedes  
We was both familar faces  
Spendin thousands, dodging cases  
And fuck a bottle bring the case is what we told the waitress,  
And pop Clicquot for all of ya'll that tried to play us.  
Hussle

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Dre past, Def Jam, Capital Alantic too  
Thought that I'll be dead or doing life, cause what I rap is true.  
Just another you know who  
Sam had some time to do  
And yea Steve is cool, but I heard Vick you's a animal.  
Fuck what they was talking about  
We just did what we had to do  
Became the most valuable, after I dropped volume 2  
On the West Coast at least, now for the West Coast I speak  
Cause on a level 4 with Gilbon is where I'm supposed to be  
I be on some business shit  
Ya'll bring out the loc in me  
And like a broke weed head, my pistol will smoke for free  
E money ain't gone know the streets  
Gotta keep her close to me  
Put that on the man that's on the cross on my rosary  
Wasn't always banking, but I speak about it openly  
No shame in my game  
I did my thing, on the coldest streets  
Who's the hottest on the West  
All you niggas know it's me,  
So tell whoever got it locked, that Nipsey Hussle stole the key!  
Nigga!

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