Bring Da Roof Down

Two in the morning And you're ready to rock I got my ladies sitting at the bar Doing it up So just give up the cash Nigga no you ain't gettin' no ass Two in the morning And you're ready to rock I got my ladies At the bar doing it up So just give up the cash Nigga just pour Crystal in my glass

Take my keys to my 2k Jaguar please Park it next to the cherry red Benz Yhe one with the hoodie And all his friends VIP check the list it's me plus 3 Now we're in and the drink's on me Until we're dizzy So pissy Get on the floor Throw on some Biggie

We goin' spend all ya endz Nigga we some Prada mommas Fine ass figgas with Them doped up na-nas OT sale a coke in Ocabonas Splurshin' off give me hondas Swurvin' off in a Suburban Sipin' Burban Urban tryin' not to hit the curbin'

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Lil' momma gonna show ya'll How to floss in the 4 With the top down Nigga's drawers drop at the do' We rock Prada, Chanel, And Fendi nigga You sport Fosco How you gon' fend me nigga Let alone afford me I broke pockets ballin' Olivia

I pimp smack ya girl Ya'll niggas still applaud me

Gangsta please Wit yo jeans a bit too creased Step away from the hot girls please Your breathe smells like sushie Fake brothas Broke down brothas Pull ya shoes up Ya pants too snuff my brotha Litte dickie So ya gotta lickie-lickie Back yo ass up Fo' I slip you a mickey

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