Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay
You think them niggaz is hot
Well shawty look what I got
(nigga look what I got)
You think I'm lying nigga
Look what I got
Ay, ay, ay, ay
Shawty look what I got
Ay, pimpin look what I got
Look what I got
My nigga look what I got

Big wheels still spin when I stop Presidential roll, gold rolex watch With no rocks I save them for the pinky Keep you niggaz blinkin' He ain't wearin' platinum, Naw But I keep you niggaz thinking Mink seats sure to keep a nigga sinkin' Swear he ain't slangin' But I know that nigga creepin' Got a condo, in Orlando For the weekend Homes be so crunk in the club We gotta sneak in No more room in the V.I.P They payin' just to peek in When they leave They be lookin in a car They can't even see in And that's just the Be-gin-ning In the city that he in He was rappin' in the cafeteria But now that nigga serious Heard he got a CL, a EXT on Spreewells Several Chevy's on 24's (Hold up), "how many records he sell?" Man I don't know But he got a label now Them boys, the PSC (hell) I heard Atlantic gave 'em a deal for 2 or 3 mill. (ay, shawty) (for real nigga?)

Look what I got
A old school, a truck and a drop
So next time you think them niggaz is hot
Shawty, look what I got
The respect of the niggaz and G's
So next time you say them niggaz is G's
You probably lookin' at me
A what, we ballin'
Bought the bar for the broads
So next time you think them niggaz is hard
Shawty, look at the squad

I'm buyin' yachts, have the streets on lock So next time you think yo' peeps on top Pimpin, look what I got

I'm well known in the hood Like the dope man phone number Roll anything I can throw some 24's under Nigga talk bad 'bout the man But I shole wonder Why the dope boys fuck with 'em And the hoes love 'em Very little promotions on this album Never heard of 'em But it's jammin' like the fuck Was jumpin' out the stores 'cause I was born in the raid and I'm made in the streets I done played in the days In the shade in the streets I say I rapped in the trap With the best in the streets Shot craps in the back You know the rest, nigga please You doin' business with me You best invest in some skills I sell slopes of snow I don't fuck with little blow nigga Got 80 k's, it's gone take a little more (to what?) To double up and bring it back And make a little more (You movin' slow) And movin slow, now what you take a nigga for? I'ma cock hammers and 44's And nail yo ass to the floor And I ain't braggin', I'm just letting niggaz know 'cause the media and radio can get a nigga so Fucked up Comparin' me to these niggaz little flow I do a song Fuck up they whole little show (so shawty)

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