

# Niggas In Paris (Freestyle)

Tory Lanez

La la la la la la la laaah  
La la la la la la la laah  
AW YEAH  
La la la la la la la laaah  
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I am swimmin in money  
I'm pullin your chick and I dip in your honey  
I'm baggin them bitches, you niggas is bummy  
I know what it is, holdin it in  
Niggas wanna play like "Oh what it is"  
Talkin like "Duh nigga know what it is"  
But when that 4-4 come, that shit don't come back, nigga gon run BANG get the whole drum  
Civic flock your Lambo  
Rock my Roca pants low  
No my name ain't Lindsay but your girl give me Lohan tho HA  
I got swave like ta-ta's  
You in a daze like La La  
I'm from the T-dot city where the city ain't pretty and the niggas gotta deal with the matah's like ra-ra  
Stand by watch em gaze in amazement  
I said I'm sick like AIDs in a patient  
You talk shit get grazed in the basement  
Its time for the lave and the swave shit  
But no for the fakes and the lame shit  
Gon see the whole team go ape shit  
Go mad, go dumb, go crazy  
So bad, so good, so swavey  
Oh baby, I swear I  
Could spit this shit about a million times  
I got a billion rhymes  
I got a trillion dimes, HUH  
And I don't even mean women, I mean coins  
If we winnin, then she joins  
But we pass, then she points, and she says "These boys damn them niggas!!"  
They comin round doin it  
G5 gon fly straight to the crib  
Boy you know I'm tryna fuck the stewardess  
Baby you don't need no shots, just take two of this  
Now since I don't make-out  
The stuff I do ain't a-llowed  
I'm givin yall too much heat, I'm gon take Bosh, LeBron, and Wade out  
The fuck you niggas talkin you still corny with your braids out  
I heard your chicks a killer, tell her, come and blow my brains out HOLD UP  
I heard snakes in the grass so I gotta cut the lawn low  
And I'm sippin on a Merlot  
And them niggas gon chat til 9's on they back like Rondo  
Your girls my girl my girls my girl  
Oh girl, hi girl, bye girl  
Lookin for a white girl but I'm not Tiger  
Plus you know a Tiger Wood, if a Tiger could  
This a wood shop class come climb my wood  
I got a new whip with designed out hood  
And you ain't ever in it  
The whip like Vinny

You niggas just Pooh, you somethin like Winnie  
And the beat keeps goin  
And the freaks keep blowin  
And the freaks keep goin  
Til the skeet skeet gone  
And the cheeks shes holdin it, EW  
I'm sorry yall  
Had to stop on that line  
Almost got in that rhyme  
On to the top of that line  
And I'ma cut you some from the top of my mind  
Aw damn, aw shit, goin outta my mind  
And your not on my time  
I'ma shoot her 9 times with the Ruger 9-9  
Make the swave go through her 9 times  
If a man wanna talk that shit like he a big cat better have 9 lives  
See I don't talk, please let the judge speak  
I'm so ahead of yall, I wrote this next week  
You say your love strong, but your chest weak  
I say you are now flockin with the best, T  
O-R-Y  
You ain't ever seen no car fly  
No shirt like no R-A, and so my Audi out with my R-9  
9 times out of 10 people say that you last year  
Last year it was your time  
This year its Tory time  
Next year its Tory time  
Call me father, Maury time  
Yall niggas need some more time  
Mothaflock yall I'm on more grind  
So if you don't like me, then motherfuck you too  
Fu-fu-fuck you too  
Cuz I don't give a shit, bout what the fuck you do, nigga