

4 My Niggas

Travis Porter

There 4 all my nigga get money
Dope boy get that key trap bumping
Stripper girls can't wait till Monday
Everybody that keep it one hundred
4 a nigga putting lean in that sprite
4 shawty puttin weed in that blunt,
4 nigga we ball all night,
Every day of the week we stunt.

Hey look, all my niggas get money,
Yeah we keep it one hundred,
Some niggas scared of that money,
I'm recked up and I'm stuntin
Yeah I keep my hat nap sale
But that don't mean I'm getting no money
Shawty told I'm puttin pants on,
Why you gotta be so down cunchy,
Don't let that below for you,
Don't make me call my jeweler
Don't make me cop a lil rollie,
Don't make me cop a frame mula
Don't make me, make a withdraw,
Won't' fuck with o law,
Pussy nigga try to rob me and I'm a go outside nigga jump
Don't let pull up them racks,
Don't let walk out the sense,
If I take your girl, if I take your girl,
Just know she won't be back,
Don't stroke us, love us bro,
Look at all the fun we throw,
Look at all them ones on the floor
Look at all the bread as we sold

I need all my hoes from central station, fuck a boujie bitch
And now you ain't in my section nigga, no fuck niggas on my list,
I'm in this bitch with my niggas, that's Ali strapping queers
I'm working on this triple plate that molly weed and head
That's your bitch I hope not, 'cause instagram where I got her
Valley hill where I fucked her, that's your crib where I dropped her off
Here come that walk of shame, real niggas my campaign
So them dope boys my fam man
And the stripper girl my sister,
This song for anybody got somebody like that in their system
Lyrical my dick nigga, got hoes licking my dick nigga,
And I ain't changing for shit
So you conscious niggas get your conscious off of my dick
I say worry about your bitch before she unconscious off this dick
Damn, pass the tip to them porters boy you might wanna change your bitch

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I don't really do too much tripping, my crib too high in the sky
I don't really do too much walking, my car, my bus, I fly
They say I'm in your city, y'all nigga better hide your wife,
'Cause if your bitch is bad I'm a change her life okay
I got it girl and here's be, she always bring me lean,
I got the shit from cali, she always bring me green
Got a bad yellow bitch from Florida, got niggas really couldn't afford her,
And every time we fuck, shawty let me record her,
Okay it's Monday now we hit magic, two hoes on the pole dead traffic
They getting that money they stack it,
Two hoes on the floor jetpacking
All my niggas in the east what's happening
On the floor rolling dice just crappin
Dis for all my people working 9 to 5
Can't wait to get them taxes.

My nigga puttin lean in that sprite, tryin to rob me dead on sight
I'm drippin weight in ice, I need a bad bitch no ice,
She don't suck my bitch, she don't fuck the clique
Then no she ain't my type, then roll a lil so nice
Spent it with the head done all, if you get money got a trap bank,
All my niggas say they right,
Drive an old school with them pipes, don't get caught with their wife,
I'm counting cash in my glass hoe, right next to me dirty spark
They cheat with me I could buy, anything I wanna drive,
Range rover, rari, Maserati, new body
Between the hoes and the leverage I let em off that pop molly
I'm sipping mud with my cause
No script be gon buzz
They suckin dick while I'm on the phone
They tryin to make a little drop

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