

Why you all in my business
Why you really really want to know the 4-1-1
Is it cause that my game's tight
I can scoop a bitch and fuck her on the same night

It was a, Saturday evening bout seven at night
White T, white thongs pockets feeling alright
I got a, call from one of my caramel chicks
She said I mean be careful I think they talking on some hate shit
Despite the talk of the town, I'ma be there
For 45 minutes when you hear the horn come down
And when she climbed in, I received a kiss and a hug
In a minute take off your shoes on a white persian rug
Wave your number rolling going to get bent
Why they sure call thugs mugging I see him right through the tent
He had the nerve enough to tap on my glass
But he ain't had enough light to peek in but I almost blast his ass
Is it cause that I'm known to bust
So quick to bump a bad bitch that y'all known to trust
So when you see me on them thangs in the Cadillac truck
Man don't even know me when you see your bitch in the back or front

Foul, god damn you haggging
Sixteen block my wall you want to block my magic
Now you wondering no what Nitty be doing
While these bitches trying to find out who am I screwing
And I'm so, sick and tired of the motherfucking gossip
And I'm, sick and tired of the motherfucking coppers
They actually post up at the end of my block
Take a hoe from her spot just for trying to plot

And I'm like, damn friendly why you all on me
Man I'm out here slanging records shit I stopped selling weed
Tell me, are you mad cause you see what I drive
Or are you checking out these broads with the big ass thighs
It be my main bitch, getting on my last nerves
closest now to the edge from getting kicked to the curb
She got a homegirl, all up in her hair
Maybe they just meant my hair's longer than her's

And I'm, sick of them haters that be all in my shit
Everytime I turn around somebody always be talking bout Twist
Want to know who got a baby by me, what does he drive, where my tip
Be all in my bidness because they heard that I've been bumping they chick
I ain't no lie, if I scoop your bitch up
I will, If I get scratch from her
Fold it up, if I tell her bend over
She won't get up, if I give up the bunch
What you need to know fo', you the player po-po
Steady beeking and poking paranoia smoking on too much doe-doe
Creeping all in my bid' no since I first splurged on a Rego
I got birds when I see you, I'm starting to think you work for them people
Hurt 'em when I tell 'em, I think you better ease up, cause everybody
Know you no G when it come to the money put some g's up
Until you hip lock and freeze up, you might as well
Turn around and go like the other way when I see you

See me riding real slick thick and rolling on thangs
Got the misses and the bitches want to know my name
They want to know what I'm on
Get the fuck up out of mine homie go on and get your own
Riding slick with the cherry wood grain
In my big boy truck with the candy paint
Why, bitches giving me brain
I know you want to ball like me but you can't
Stay the fuck up out my business man