

## I'm On It

Tyga

I'm on it, I'm on it  
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If we talkin' bout money bitch  
Snap back chiller  
Gold chain nigga  
no tigger, tyga bitches  
Hundred proof liquorLive no liver  
There's hoes on this motherfucking strip, stripping  
A nigga no different  
So we hold the heat though  
Smash on the bitch brains looking like meatloaf  
The hoe know me close she lying, Leo's  
Pedigree and swag is so cold, zero  
Hop in Medino, oops I meant Medina,  
Life is a bitch better know how to treat her  
I don't get in between, my goal be to win  
Young money heisman rookies of the year  
Raise hell boy hell yeah I'm hot hello  
Boy yellow, but my bitch back from the ghetto  
With the flow watch it pop, sizzle  
You feeling me, better break fast mc griddles  
I ain't finna slow down, keep running your mouth  
I'm running the real estate, party in the fucking house  
My niggas is loud in the lobby they can't turn us down  
I run town all day 24 miles  
150 on the dash can't even count  
Keep fucking bitch, ain't shit to talk about  
Be-best Rapper C.E.O.  
Fine as wine flow  
Pinot Grigio  
Niggas can't fuck with me  
Leave the bitches, Need the hoes  
Life is a motherfucker gamble, Peter Rose  
Momma taught me well, Kush and the L  
Paper everywhere like books just fell  
More money to make, More pussy to smell  
Like yea I'm a Libra like put that on a scale  
New Orleans nigga with my dick up in my right hand  
Young Money nigga money longer then a lifespan  
Still go to sleep with my Bible on my nightstand  
Flyer then a bitch and you ain't even got cha flight plan  
I'm on it... I'm on it... Tuneche!... yea... SooWoo... Soo Woo  
Trill  
Hahahaha,  
Yeaaa