

Just Like This

Webbie

Trill ent Young Savage
If it don't make dolla's it don't make sense
I'm just doing what I do when I do what I do Nobody do it better nobody
If it ain't purple it ain't smoking right

I don't know what's finna happen tomorrow
But Growing up in dem hoods
All a ni**a can do is hope it'll be good
Him, big head dats my thug So where you art (I'm in da hood) just stay dere I'll through it
When I'm riding it's high 18 ft Or some hit with some heat
Told my peeps I'm a die in these streets
I'm a million dolla ni**a why am I in these streets?
I don't know ni**a shittt I got love in em and love thugg in these streets
8th grade found a plug in em and I ain't turn back
Ain't no love in em thugs gonna have to learn dat
I'm a tell ya'll da real doe money what we here foe!
Cause say he was coming home Monday, dat was a year ago
Tell me stop I blow, My tolerance is real low
If it wasn't fo baby bopper I woulda down sum corwards a some years ago
Young savage I be hearing you doe, You got some tigger in you doe
Nigga sounding like you on da cool but I don't know

I make it just so sick dat dey gotta (bite my shit)
Man I got so many hoes and bit*ches (like my dick)
Man I ain't neva gon stop it's just like pimpin (just like dis)
And get it (just like dis) and win it (jus like dis)

I ain't neva had shit but dis rap wish
Big whips but no money fo da chap stick
But I was real since a nigga hit backflips
I'm real in thugin I don't need no practice and
At home Gus under the mattress
Start Fuckin a bitch look like a actress
I workin for da magnum stead of plastic
Everywhere I go I got hoes so attracted
Don't be hatin jus be brave and get yo ass whipped
I'm a bust him if his ass trip

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