

When you met me bitch I was just like this  
Why the fuck is you mad?  
If a nigga don't work then he don't get paid  
So why the fuck is you mad?  
When I was fucked up you didn't fuck with me  
So why the fuck is you mad?  
Why the fuck is you mad?  
Huh, why the fuck is you mad?  
Dolph just pulled up in the hood again with some new paper tags  
Got your girl in the passenger seat, she agreed to a one night  
stand  
Don't talk to your bitch about me, she might become a fan  
So why the fuck is you mad?  
Oh that's why they mad?  
I just pulled up in that drop top  
With my shirt off and my hand cocked  
Four chains on and a big watch (that's that big-  
faced Rollie bruh)  
I'm just doin' it how the shit done  
'Cause this how we do it where I'm from  
I just ordered me another charm  
And another whip and you know it's foreign  
I just keep going and going  
Counting money at four in the morning  
Crack the seal, keep pouring and pouring  
Oh is that why you mad?  
Because I'm out here collecting all this cash?  
'Cause every chance I get I show my ass  
I got two-somethin' on the dash  
I don't want it if it don't go fast  
I don't want her if she don't got no ass  
Like my bitches thick and my weed strong  
My partners real and my scrilla long  
Designer everything, every day on this paper chase  
An extra five-hundred K put away just for a rainy day