

They got diamonds in they grill
but they diamonds ain't real
they got hundred dollar chains
but they can't pay the bills
tryin to ball in the streets
wanna act like they hard
pullin up to the club
in they baby mama car
stuntin in the shade joint and only spend 20 you should do somethin honest w
it yo granny church money it's alright (it's alright) it's ok (it's ok) it's
the first of the month you should get paid (get paid)

I got that chevy sittin on 24's
check my pockets baby girl i ain't broke
i got that candy paint on the dust grill
i got that wood grain runnin through my wheel
i got the t.v.'s in the front quarter
fifties in the back
say i'm stuntin if you wanna
i just got it like that
a.p. ain't never changed
and I ain't never played no games
always smilin in face
i'm sick and tired of this place
shorties always jockin' loose
tryin to get a couple dollars
get ta fightin' in the club
'cuz they man tryin to holla
i know you love him mami,
so I'm bout to tell you straight up,
he want a chick that hold her own
you better get your weight up
cuz i got diamond rings and lex rolls
and i'm dancin' in stillettos
got them bothers comin' on they own
tryin to taste my spread balm
but you just got your child support
spent it on some hen and coke
your baby need a winter coat
and now your cryin cuz your broke
no sabes tu nombre ella nunca para libre
wit all that on your mind
it's hard for you to sleep at night
but you the first one in the club
rollin eyes and talkin shit
i suggest you know your role

in the club wit your best friends shoes
then this song is dedicated to you
you hatin on what everybody else got
but i'm flossin you could like it or not (or not) custom real big shoes wit
the grain in the dash
only real chick in my hood wit my own damn cash
i been a hustler all my life i ain't dependent on rap