

California, you now rocking with the motherfucking best, crooked I
You don't like how I live, ok, bye
You don't like it money, ok, bye
You don't like bad chicks, ok, bye
Now go that away, go that away

The world hating on you boy just yesterday,
But like I said that was yesterday, cause hey
Eminem sign me to shady put me on interscope
Then he gave me a rifle so I could put you in a scope
Gave me the stamp, put the check in the mail
Now chicks licking me like an envelope, yeah I'm her throat
Crook in about to score I see the red zone,
All I need is peace by trade, but not the hair falls
Think I don't live right homie, you care wrong
Cause I'm a real sandwich, I'm just saying my bread loaf
Walk in the club with a geiger east side us
Some rappers cool, I came to be liver
You claim to be... you say you spit flames, you a liar
Damn god change your speech right up
I'm sour ways on the hater keep pushing
Just another... pussy who meet a dushing
I'm looking for a round ass I need a kushin
I love it when tell me daddy ineed a wooping

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You don't like bad chicks, ok, bye
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You don't like how I do it, ok, bye
You don't like that I'm good, ok, bye
You don't like that I'm me, ok, bye
Now go that away, go that away

I'll be keeping it real because I am real
Yes some of yo eating good but it's your last meal
You the king of the hill, but it's an ant hill
I kick it over, you over tell me how that feels
It's not an arrogant thing, I got a stable of lyrics
And I'll be pimping these... like sean garret and dre
If these songs were whose I have a harem like an arabian king
So beware my team, yeap
So many wolves you ain't got nothing for me
Nowadays all that champagne popping looking horny
We got the bit-hes all... getting horny
And they ain't thinking of leaving till 6 in the morning
Yeah, they love fucking with us, let them do what they do
You be cuffing them tough
See you grey hound luggage when it comes to the sluts
Cause they're gonna throw you under the bus, boy

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As long as I hustle hard money go come with ease
And it's child's play call it chunky cheese
Wanna do it like me, go sell a couple keys and a ton of weed
Then run the street with a hundred cheese
Goes that is they coming out the wood work
I would work but they ain't had a hood work
I'm trying to take over the game, big and pop style
Labels try to drop my old -hit cause I'm hot now
But oh -hit, you should stop now
Try to play me with some old -hit, I shoot your block down
Dirty magazines tell you what my click about
Cause playboy we some hustlers in a penthouse
Louie bag full of paper, let my chick count
She fly in a double summersault dismount
There she swear to god, crooked... out
I got a bad breath cause I'm from the slaughterhouse

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