

If I got rich one day, I won the lotto  
I'll be up in the club, drunk, poppin' bottles  
I'mma live it up like it ain't no tomorrow  
Big time, big time, big time, big time

But I got to get it my way, I know it ain't pretty  
Well, I'll be doing my thang till them boys come and get me  
I'll be doing my thang till I run my whole city  
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I get to it, I hustle, I get it in, trying to win like Steve Wynn  
Money long like Jay Leno chin, I didn't put nothing in my government  
I paid my bills in money orders when I was in the trap hella heavy  
When I used to quarterback that yolla

Perm down to my shoulders trying to get it while it's good  
Til the po po's headquarters up a hub station in our hood  
A lot of these rappers don't even sound like they believable  
But you can ask your daddy and uncle about E-feazible

They'll say he the gospel, he a for real fisher  
He used to cop from me, now I cop from that nigga  
Had to share the same bath water with my brother  
Used to argue, fuss and fight over pillows and covers

The low man at the bottom of the totem pole  
Used to go the Salvation Army for school clothes  
Now I'm a whaler, tycoon bro, everyday is Christmas  
Record company, real estate, food and beverage dealers

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Pimpin' is ugly out here, it's gross  
Best friend will try to sneak if you let him get too close  
The body will fall if you kill the head  
What else?  
Lovers turn quick, they forget who buttered their bread

What was you tellin' them?  
I was just tellin' one my dudes  
They threw the old rules out the window  
Created they own new set of rules

When the shit in the air  
Be a man, you can't be scared  
But you can't be  
Try to nip it at the bud before it get too outta hand  
Before what?  
I got some real ones in the pen

That I visit 'cause they my folks  
Up in there programming  
What they making?  
Making diamonds outta soap  
Just got my car up out the shop  
What you got in it?

Retarded knock  
Use the loot that I won at a crap game  
And painted it butterscotch  
You can hear me throbbing up the block from miles away

My neighbor loose it  
Po-po's pull me over at least 3 times a day for my music  
My over head \$60,000 a month total  
What else?  
Conducting business on my sidekick T-mobile

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Niggas on the money on a first name basis  
And I ain't ate all day, I want my birthday cake  
So if it ain't about the money, you can get it out my face  
If it ain't about money you can walk the other way

'Cause I always been about my dough  
When they see you doing good, they want to catch you slipping  
'Cause them boys going to look out you know  
That ain't gone ever stop me, now don't you worry about me

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