

Ay, ay bitch, try this  
Guaranteed turn a square to a bi bitch  
You ain't down b-b-bye bitch  
I ain't got time for playing, I'm just sayin' man  
We out here trynna function  
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We out here trynna function bitch  
You fuckin' off my high, get up out my mix  
You messin' up my vibe I'm trynna get some crevice  
Put her in my ride, take her to the Ritz  
I'm toasted and sloppy, I fuck with broccoli Bacardi  
151 out my body, about that green like wasabi  
Like Young Bari we mobbin'  
We bossy back the fuck off me  
Getting' money my hobby, not getting' money is not  
Only rappers I listen to is E-40 and Pac  
I'm havin' my revenue playa havin' this guap  
On my fly, big nigga shit man I stay laced and groomed  
I spray myself with sucka repellent my nigga not perfume  
Anything you got I can sell to hustla's, think I can't?  
Gift of gab sell the white house black paint  
Word candy, S-L-A-N-G  
Thinkin' about taking a million dollar insurance policy out on my mouthpiece  
BIATCH!

Ay bitch OK bitch  
It's Uncle Earl and the HBK bitch  
Misson: the game, they already know that we ballin'  
I'm comin' straight out the Rich, I got family down in New Orleans  
Where you from you say you lyin'  
Out here we say that you jawsin'  
You probably thought this never would happen  
My niggas been called an alcoholic, when sippin' that liquor  
Oh I'm drunk as hell  
Fuckin' with a lil' bitch over in Vallejo  
Got a whole pack of pre-rolled young L's  
And I'm never down to uno, pockets on sumo  
Hater's respect the pedigree, baller heavily  
A phony homie I'll never be for methamphetamine  
That means it's crack ho  
Young G hotter than Tabasco  
I smash hoes, collect 200 and pass go  
My flow so Lamborghini yo shit's a Rav-4

Now you understand why everything I do I gas ho  
Suzie! Nigga!

I'm out here trynna function, out here trynna function  
Don't talk to me bitch if we ain't buckin'  
Yea I'm a asshole, I don't give a fuck though  
Skip the bullshit like wussup with some suck though  
I go too much, make you bitch choose up  
Niggas getting' mad nigga what you gon' do  
If he think he too tough  
You know I keep two tucked  
If I don't fight that mean I'm comin' back to shoot  
Ridin' in the car, lookin' for a bad bitch  
Man she got some tits  
Yea she gotta be dumb cute  
Got her number text her phone like "baby what you doin'"  
She was like "Nothing much you should come through"  
I got dick for days, I got dick for days  
Made her take off her work and gave her dick for days  
Push it to my brain, to my temple bitch  
And I don't like these hoe's I give 'em dick for dem, whoop

[Chorus]