

Only the strong can survive, Cali is where I reside
Hustlers with flashy rides, bitches with big behinds
Vigils, candle lights, artillery oversized
The element of surprise, robberies, homicides
I'm maney I'm mannish, I'm cuttin' up
I'm havin' my dough or should I say pie crust?
I never move slow 'cause I'm always in a rush
You threaten me ho, I'm gonna have you touched up
You think I won't go my nigga? Then try your luck
We can go toe-to-toe and bet I fuck you up
I got moulah, chalupa bust your medulla
Never funk with a nigga that got gouda
The everyday attitude of a Bay boy
The wrong side of the bed I woke up today boy
Will get on your head and split your toupee boy
You let that bitch get in your ear just like an Android

I be on one!
Better do what I say right away
I be on one!
Don't try to get in my way, I ain't playin'
I be on one!
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I be on one!
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
I be on one!

I be on one my nigga!
All I think about is money, pussy and liquor
Clientele and climbing, trying to get ten figures
Try to wipe me out and I'm gonna get in your business
I say what I say and mean what I say what I said
When I get a speeding ticket, go to class I don't pay it
I'm a stingy motha fucka 'bout my chicken and bones
White boy wasted, bowls and bongs
Black boy faded, Backwoods and cones
Heem and vodka, high as a drone
I've been ballin' since a teen, on the scene, me and my team
Soil living, hot water, cornbread and navy beans
Beverly hillbilly, roosters, horses and goats
Got family in the "The Boot", Louisiana got kin folks
Bicoastal, not local, shop at Cavalli on Soho
My pistol on split your tamale, G-27-40

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2-3-4-5, Northern California where this hustla resides
Don't say I didn't warn ya, hella people done died
Funkin' over corners, niggas losing their lives

This world is small and it's cold and it's smirkyish
Lotta these suckas is bogus, losin their mind and their focus
I don't know if you noticed, I don't know if you noticed
The loudest talkers is always the brokest
Roast you with the toasters, leave you stinking like halatosis
Raising the rubble the struggle, gravel, the tar
Where they play with them drums and pluck you like a guitar
His bitch wanna cuddle, she tryna get us in trouble
She tryna make us a item, she want us to be a couple

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