

Ever since I woke up this morning, I've been on  
Twist the cap up off my weed jar, and smoked a cone  
Took a shower and got gone in the wind, like Steve Wynn  
I'm from the streets of California where we be hustlin and grittin'  
Gettin' that women, mobbin' and mackin', droppin' and stackin'  
Wheelin' and dealin' and makin' a killin' trying to hit a million  
Perkin' and illin' and drinkin' and chillin' in front of the apartment build  
ing  
Packin' and totin' and toast the lean oh what a feelin'  
He's a fraudulent, I'm immaculate  
He a simp, he a sap, he irrelevant  
I'm a boss, I'm a factor, I'm a hundred percent  
I'm a hustler like Larry Flynt  
Getting money's my habit, I stay in the traffic  
Papered up like a tablet, my bankroll is massive  
If I walked in a loser, mayne I'm gonna walk out a winner  
I ball like a hooper man, papered up like a printer  
I ain't wrapped too tight, I'm touched, I'm throwed  
Mental health, argue with my conscience cursin' out myself  
My psychologist got a psychologist, neurologist too  
I'm one of one, I'm not like you

Act like you know  
Dippin' and bobbin' and weavin'  
In and out of traffic, from the morning to the evening  
Trying to get my paper right, my nigga  
Stack it to the ceiling

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Drinking and blowing on some good bud  
Smokin' on a strain you never heard of  
Exclusive shit, I got it from my plugs  
You drop my weed on my rug  
That's twenty pushups, that's a party foul  
You can do 'em later or do 'em now  
I don't allow (who?)  
Aliens around me, that's a no-no  
They'll try to sneak me and turn my brains into adobo  
Rarely see me solo, if you do I'm not  
Best believe E-40 with his.45 Glock  
I'm ADHD, need something to calm my nerves  
You libel to find me at my kid's teacher's meeting smellin' like herb  
I stay plastered, but I'm all about my paper  
Liquor aroma, that's me in the elevator  
More whips than Auto Trader, that's what I got  
Driveway, looks like a car lot  
My bite is stronger than my bark  
Thought you thought, heart  
Bitch you full of shit like a dog park  
Mark ass poodle, square as a cubicle  
Weirdo, unusual  
Why do suckas, be all in a real one's business?

While these sideline niggas be always trying to count a hustler's chizznips  
Flappin' their lizznips like some bitches, man they saps  
Dudes be running their mouth like that, we call 'em quack-quacks  
That's how a bitch gets smack-smacked  
Shot in the naps, clapped  
Head put on flap, Fix-a-Flat can't even bring 'em back (bitch)

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