Man, why these niggas always hatin' on Hynotize and Cash Money? Man, fuck these niggas!

What's up wodie? It's these gold girll and these platinum-mouth boys These big time Hot Boy\$, these 3-6 boys, wit the self made millionaire Cash Money boys

You done fucked with the wrong nigga Must they know that I ride and I shoot quicker Should have known not to upset this lil nigga You got a click so what nigga my click thicker A bunch of real niggas that'll burn ya With no waitin' catch ya slippin then jam ya up Slangin' weight ain't no thang for me Play by the rules Or shit I'll kill yo' family That's what I do Bust ya chest wide open And split ya fade nigga And them all frozen Moves from the 'K nigga Turk don't play, when it's time to get serious Think I'm a hoe keep it that way and stay curious

Niggas be shoutin' one love but wearin black gloves Some niggas 26 and 28 still live in they mom house askin' for play Them niggas shouldn't be respected, they fake Instead of hittin' blocks with glocks and touchin' niggas money spot And breakin' bread with the woman who put em in that spot These niggas wanna trick they hoes And play with they nose Instead of totin' fo' fo's and movin' fuckin' kilos Nigga I done bought more cars than niggas done bought pussy hoes And bought more rims than niggas done fucked they main hoe in they assholes 3-6 told me to roll and unload But nigga fuck that I'm tryin' to stack and mack And that deal with Universal shoulda showed that But Uptown is where its at Playboy won't you tell me how you luv that? Won't you tell me how you luv that?

## Ballers

We be on some twanky twankies
Playa hatas get found stanky stanky
Trickin fat blunts of that danky danky
Big diamond rangs on our panky panky

Fuck with 3-6 Mafia gon' make me millions
Fuck with CMR gon' make me some more millions
I can see it, I'm a kill 'em
And build me and building
And put some money to the side for my mom and my children
Ridin' with my nigga Rambezee, to the easy
Drinkin' for my nigga Babyzee and B.G.eezy
Ducked off
Tinted windows on my candy apple cut dawg

I'm representin' Northern Memphis to the fuckin' fullest We ain't the kind to tote a gun when there ain't no bullets And when that drama starts the strap we expect to pull it You see a nigga holdin gauge and you wish he would have Rolled by yo' mama house and put her in a coma Cuz niggas gone on that Hennessey and marijuana And now we back up in the hood on a burner phone—a In that game slangin' came to you blood donors It's on, coward

They call me quick draw 2 pistols Lil Wayne Champagne took my brain I don't think I just aim Drop tops on a Z-3Start shootin' like 3 burners How come them try me Never know me block burner Better watch for lil shorty in black Nigga get back Bout to make my glock 40 click clack Brrr kill it It's yo Life Spill It Playin' with the realest Pop fire like a skillet Now nigga what the dilly Highly influenced on Cristal I'm warnin' you to clear the set because it gets wild I be disguised as a mailman with a pistol Then deliver him 50 shots and take his child

Punk bitch I dare ya

I double dare ya step against this pot belly
Bitches they try to step to the ruler but they ain't ready
Weak ass them cowards try to make moves but I knock 'em out
2nd ones step yall need more help 2 barrels in his mouth
Face it when this shits fucked up you gotta deal with it
This is my game, live with it or get killed with it
These are my dice
This is my board I let you roll off
And how you gon' have ice when I cut your fuckin' water off

It's the project nigga roll back I own them bricks Kickin' game with the Hot Boy\$ and 3-6
B.G., Juvenile, Baby, Lil Wayne
North Memphis, Uptown, and we havin' thangs
AIn't no thang when ya come real ya gotta shine
I'm strapped with a glock 9, he ain't takin' mine
We in our prime puttin' in work players never rush it
Full of gin, fucking hoes, like I'm mad russian
A discussion amongst men means a power move
Is about to be made for a come-up fool
Slang that iron when you get in my business
Hypnotize, Cash Money, on the rise bitch