

"Yeah, this one of them joints right here....feel this...."

I got the World in my World in my clutches
gettin' smoked, twirlin' dutches
Jingle everywhere I go, girls wanna fuck this
fly guy, I'm a die high smokin' my lye
be on the low, can't find me, why try?
ends I'm holdin' 'em
chumps with no dough? heads I'm rollin' 'em
sportin' Cartier glass frames with the gold in 'em
what, done it, cop the Benz Six Hundred
if I ain't gettin' blunted I'm probably in some chicks stomach
lustin', ya'll ain't my girl, we only fuckin'
out two lifestyles on 'cause one joint be bustin'
shootin' thug sperm, what the deal boo
give you little welts and rug burns plus a meal too.

Chorus -

Hey yo, stop it, if ya'll think ya'll gon' make a profit, take ya eyes
off my pocket, all I wanna do is knock it, I got a wife just keep it in
the closet, late night you might see me creepin' through your projects.
(Repeat)

Verse 2:

How you livin'? plenty Limos mansion, Twenty windows
Menage Trois nymphos, smokin' cigars with indo
mega large'n far from some crab nigga starvin'
get money plus be robbin', push cars thats foreign
crisp gear on, rapid flip Heron
yo, to Hell with some Beer, me and my crew share Don
I be icey, known for hittin' chicks like ya Wifey
now you don't like me, playa hatin' nigga bite me
you gabless, I'm established, livin' lavish
until I perish me and my crew gon' get cabbage
and thats that, publishin' from ASCAP
my ass rap, but FEDS still flash that.

Chorus 2X

Verse 3:

In the N.Y. electric chair, here Men fry
new kids flippin' pies, fuedin' with different guys
I'm on the rise, low key, baggy Karl Kani's
flexin' on the celly, skully over my eyes
street wise, got ties to crime thats organized
never took no shorts so you oughta recognize
tote tecks, sport a icey Rolex
picture Gruff spendin' one night with no sex
shit, all these dames know Gruff got bread
be puffin' mad lye, I stay bloodshot red
like a Maxi, I ain't got no paper so don't ask me
bitch caught the vapors said I raped her, tried to tax me
stop it, if ya'll think ya'll gon' make a profit
keep ya eyes off my pocket
all I wanna do is knock it
I got a wife just keep it in the closet
late night you might see me creepin' through ya projects, yo...

Chorus 2X

Word, these girls is crazy yo....gold diggas, always somethin' they
wanna hold from a nigga, you know? Ain't fuckin' with these
chicks...these bitches is sour.