Ask About Me

Jimmy 2Tymes

I check it in on the West Coast
(Ask about me)
I check it in in the Dirty South
(Ay-yeah)
I check it in in the Midwest
(Hustle, man)
I check it in on the East Coast
(The Hustle Gang, look at me)
(Don Matta', Poppa Don)Check my blood pressure, they think they fresher than the Don
Prescription pills to keep me calm, nigga, I'm da bomb
In the black Testerosa, Sippin' on Mimosa, a bleedin' nosa
I'm in the West, we ain't got the negoGive me Sicko kilos from Puerto Rico when I okay it
So much cheese, you got to weigh it
Never thought these niggaz was the feds
"Freeze" was the sound, I started lettin' off roundsLay the whole fuckin' room down
I don't wanna see Your Honor
Ratha eat pirhana from Benny Hana
Smokin' marijuana in my saunaI done hade it with these attics and faggots
They them rattic causin' static, bring me my A U T O matic
Oh, niggaz wanna se how we ride
Bitch, you know the muthafuckin' side, world muthafuckin' wideMake yo' hustle official and them niggaz that's wit' you
Gotta push tha issue on the fools that dis you
Whether pump or pistol when it's up in yo' gristle
Hand yo' mama a tissue if I decide to kiss youI check it in on the West Coast
(Ask about me)
I check it in in the Dirty South
(Ask about me)
I check it in in the Midwest
(Hustle, man)
I check it in on the East Coast
(The Hustle Gang, look at me)
(Don Matta', Poppa Don)Can you dig her? It's the bigger, seven-figure, super nigga
Wit' the triggas at yo' dome, we like to roam,
Through yo' muthafuckin' home like a comb
And find the money that's goneAnd we'll take you, shake you, break you, take two
Play you on wit' the chrome, nigga shoot
Execute, they try to electrocute, I got too much loot
Ya say, I'm on yo' hit list, you niggaz missTryin' to turn my muthafuckin' cheese into Swiss

Rappers make bucks and I can hear it, hard to fear it
'Cuz I know you grew up on my lyrics
It's the boss player, never lost hair over assholesBlast holes in you muthafuckin' tadpoles
Like a bullfrog, nigga I'm a bullhog
Guppies get worked like puppies by the bulldog
Where millions never gave a fuck about SiciliansOr killas on T.V. can see, we got the real ones
So check yo' muthafuckin' CD-Rom
And your World Wide Web, dot com
It's the Don MegaMake yo' hustle official and them niggaz that's wit' you
Gotta push tha issue on the fools that dis you
Whether pump or pistol when it's up in yo' gristle
Hand yo' mama a tissue if I decide to kiss youI check it in on the West Coast
(Ask about me)
I check it in in the Dirty South
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I check it in in the Midwest
(Hustle, man)
I check it in on the East Coast
(The Hustle Gang, look at me)
(Don Matta', Poppa Don)What cha call it?
(The Hustle Gang)
What cha call it?
(The Hustle Gang)
What cha call it?
(The Hustle Gang)
What cha call it?
(Hustle, man)Ask about me
Ask about me

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