

Tha Mansion

Nipsey Hussle

[Intro:]

Yeahhh, It's that TMC, let's get it

Look, Look!

Fresh out the club, on my way back to the mansion
You know where I'm from, you don't ever gotta ask us
Thank god that these hoes think I'm handsome
And yes I run my city, run my city single handed
If they'd made a movie about my life it would be a classic
When I drove a bucket, and we used to share a mattress.
Looking at me now you can see the contrast
When I'm chilling with a model from Toronto in the Hamptons
So what do you need, cause you can have it
Don't think you willing to bleed for what you're asking
And when you see it you seize it with a passion
Cause we don't believe in second chances!
The way you fill up them jeans make me imagine
But I don't live in a dream, I make it happen
Don't mean to get in between you and your standards
But since every night is a scene, I'm yellin' action
I've got the meat and the cheese, let's make a sandwich
Just grab a jumba of you and your girl is the baddest
Hopefully she got a swag that could match this
But she could be whatever she want, except average
And dressed in something I can mess with
Spend a lil' something on you bag is expected
Luis Vuitton and Valentino collections
All you Ugg-boot bitches I don't mess with
I'm international, the niggers are domestic
Fuck em with a ball and usually bringen out the best in
And when it's over you can count me as your blessing
Cause every single loss in your life is a lesson
I'm on, and I know I am
And I ain't in nobody rush cause I know my plan
Money first, women second, and you hoes is last
Cause I don't wanna fuck if I know I can
And yeah, you got a butt, but your soul is whack
You like a coke bottle but the soda's flat
Your style like the plastic on the sofa set
And run and tell your homegirls I told ya that

Look, damn, flow kinda tough
And I don't hate y'all I just only love us
The title that I hold is what every one wants
But still I play the game like I never one once
Is he left, you know, one-one?
And every generation had to do what I've done
To the people I'm a hero unsung
Good thing I don't want fame, I want funds
But if they say my name the bell rung
I've been through so much pain, I feel numb!
The Marathon, my nigga, I'm on one
For as long as the Lord pump air through these lungs
And I ain't perfect, Lord knows I'm horshit
Until the day that he gave me something to work with
Open my eyes, he show me he wasn't worth it
Told me if I lowered my pride, I'd find purpose
And it was hard to see that was a serpent
Going too fast to turn, inertia
Gotta apply the lesson that you learn
You should come fuck with a star, get off earth dick
Got money, but you still feel worthless
Fuck like a porn star, pussy like a virgin
And in return, he keep you in fly purses
But when he gone you calling my line urgent
Cry me a river, I've never be the buyer of them lies you deliver
The real is me is mesmerized into women
Most of the times she never been with this fly of a nigga
And I am the realization, of the dream at this mother fucker nation!
Come on, they told me if you try to be patient, come on
First that's the order of operations
Broke nigga hope you hear what I'm saying
Either that or you should pop Scarface in
Learn the rules to the game that ya playing
You gotta sit, waiting on you in the state pen
Hope you hear what I'm saying
Either that, you should pop Scarface in
Learn the rules to the game that ya playing
You gotta sit, waiting on you in the state pen
Yeah, uh, TMC, this mother fucking one
The marathon don't, don't, don't stop, nah
It don't stop, uh-uh, it won't stop
I'm sayin', either that or you should pop Scarface in, yeah
It's that, marathon continues, Ihussle.com, you know what this shit is
Every day we do this shit, fresh off the flight
Racks on deck, uh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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