

# Niggas In Paris (freestyle)

Tory Lanez

Ball so hard, muthaf-ckas wanna fine me  
These niggas can't find me  
Cause I'm probably in the air  
Cuttin' through the clouds in a Lear G-5in  
Bitch nigga, we mobbin'  
Rich nigga, we buyin', any bitch we wanna  
And it go 'room when I hit that corner in a batmobile  
Trap for real, bullets hit ya head  
Make ya head go still  
Niggas always ask why you rap so real  
Cause I be in the trap sellin' crack pills?  
Got them racks on I'll, money so sick  
I don't give a fuck who you run and go get  
Ross with a boat cause I wanna go fish  
With his all yellow rolly got these niggas so pissed  
Shittin' on these niggas where my toilet  
Jordan's, you ain't never seen 'em cause I'm ballin'  
Board as shit, I spent be so retarded  
Cause I don't even write  
I'm just recording  
Got an AP, Rolex, Cartier to the Hublot  
I ain't even have to hit the bank  
I bought this shit from a few shows  
With a new hoe in my view so... beautiful, I see a few hoes  
Anchorman, that forecast  
I say it's coming and they move the snow  
Ha, got a young bitch look like Nicki tho (Nicki tho)  
I said could ya keep a secret just like Vicki tho  
I let her sip Ciroc and hit the sticky tho  
Told her she can kiss my neck but just don't give me no hickies ho  
Cause my baby momma be trippin'  
All these ones I be whippin'  
All this paper I be gettin'  
I be dunkin on 'em: Blake Griffin  
Nigga, I got now, you got no!  
No W's for the loser's tho  
All this ice like jewelry show  
Riding so slow like a funeral  
Look at my neck, take a look at my wrist

Look at my pockets, take a look at my bitch  
Let me take 'em way back  
Finna like '86, all eyes on me  
When I step up in the club  
I feelin' like Rich  
Porter that is, I slaughter that bitch  
Don't touch that work, I order that shit  
I wouldn't give a damn, what corner that is  
If they cop that work, I goin' at that bitch  
With' a whole sack, no rap, weed, pills, dope, crack  
Droppin' right on 'em like hold that  
Feds takin' pictures like Kodak  
Tappin' my phone, watching my home  
They watchin' me and I'm watching the throne?  
See suckin' me and I'm watching the dome  
Perc in my system and I'm in the zone, yeah, I'm gettin' gone  
Phantom, Ghost, like 'em, chase 'em, Pacman  
All this money on my mind, you see it on my catscan  
Nigga

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