

Nothin 2 a Bo\$\$

Yukmouth

Yukmouth - Nothin 2 A Bo\$\$

Haha... I can't believe you niggas. You can't be serious. You really thought since 'Pac died the West coast fell the fuck off, huh? You thought since Dre ain't made a album, we flopped? Fuck that shit nigga! Rap-A-Lot for life nigga! Yukmouth nigga! West Coast don nigga! What's wit it punk?! It's nuthin to a boss nigga! We been ridin on dubb's that spin nigga! We been poppin bottles, nigga, since 'Pac was alive nigga. The West Coast is back you faggot ass fucks!

I'm from the West Coast and never-ever crip-walk. I'm like the Bird Man, platinum grill, big cross an I'm tryin to sell a few mill like Kris Kross. I'm ultra cocky, tell a chicken get lost. Diss the boss an get ya lips ripped off. I let clips off, ya whole click soft. What you know about a hundred on a wrist watch. Twenty on ya chicks watch, loungin Gucci flip flops, and I bang in the club like Rick Rock. Yuk show you how to rock that real thug hip-hop. They ride lo-lo's, Yukmouth flip drops off the floor every year is a whip hop. Menage-a-trios all year if ya chick jock. With ten karats in my ear like a big shot. Godzilla get the scrilla like Chris Rock, an I'ma bring the West back when my shit drop. To roll around on 24's. Wit plenty millions in a vogue. Everything a nigga want.

It's nothin 2 a boss! So much ice a nigga froze custom rides wit 3-1-0's. Until I die it's all West coast, it's nothin big to a boss! Yeah... if you gon' do it, do it right. I'm in the blue and white. Rally striped Vipe leavin Peanuts wit a crew of dykes. Tuesday night I got my game together. I'm dangerous fella, my rims spin like plane propellers. an I'm down wit Prince James forever. Rap-A-Lot fo' lia.

Yukmouth, Scarface an Tela, and ya'll know Yuk is off the meter. For all you non-believers, I spark the heater. I'm what you call a block leader. Why you hatin? I roll through ya radio station wit Gary Payton. In a franchise Lac outside on cherry Dayton's. An rock the new blue Burberry, make every nation feel the thug vibration, uh.

My cars talk back like Michael Knight. I got a hundred on a Roy Jones and Tyson fight. You wanna roll wit baller, well tonight's ya night. I rock ice cause the price is right. Step it up hater. Yeah

CHORUS

Every day I'm poppin a bottle, and poppin a tag. Fourty G's in a Gucci bag, I'm coppin a Jag. Two-hundred G's in a Louie bag, I'm coppin a pad, wit the dragon shaped tool in the bag. What you know about that?! What you know about chronic an Hypnotic, coppin Lamborghini's from 3-1-0 an Simbalic. Drop stretch Hummers, twenty-four inch rims on it. ??? skin interior wit the suede trim on it, wait!

I came in the game wit mobsta tales. I hit Mr. Chow's for meals, crack lobster tails. At the mall wit a model who only buys Chanelle. You wish I fell, but I prevail, Yukmouth is ill. I rock the 'Wheels of Fortune' like Pat Sajack. In a black Maybach, I'm tryin to bring the Bay back in a A's throw back and a A's hat. Yuk a beast, and bleach couldn't fade that! What?!

CHORUS

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>