

U.S.A. (Prod. By Young Jerz)

Chevy Woods

Counting money burning dope
Shout out my uncle Juice
Uh uh, my nigga Jerz
Uh uh should we do it like the shit
That all niggas we're doing man
Uh its real rap
Uh fly nigga with a 9 hundred dollar scarf on for no fucking reason
Uh, fuck you yeahSpeed into that money V tweezy no roof own it
See me in that red Kool-Aid, the coupe homie
Tell my hitman "holla" you know you know that they yelling ballgames
Switching up my style you know niggas for years, long change
South of France, she don't speak my talk
The flag on the left side I know you see the walk
Some ghetto niggas with some 40's out
You niggas semi wanna do it, we got auti's out
Taylor Gang yeah you know my niggas party hard
Got your bitches titties out, and this ain't Marty Gras
The old heads from the hood say that's a cool guy
I guess they see my jewels when I ride by
Champagne sipping with your bitch she know what's up
So tell 'em niggas we don't give a fuck
Now we getting all this money so it's kind of hard not to notice us
That paper straight so it ain't folding up
Yeah uh42nd floor, view from the roof
20 dollars, Uncle Skin will wipe the shoes on the coupe
I got base in my trunk and I ain't talking kickers
Just came from the connect I'm a young wild nigga
Back when Ray had that 5.0, bowling ball
This is way back when I ain't even notice y'all
A couple niggas from my hood say you don't need to throw
You ever seen a key? My jewelry water, get a boat
A couple niggas out here acting, they already know
If I wanna relax baby I can make it snow
Anywhere that you wanna blow
It's my city I can take you where you wanna go
In due time niggas will understand
Some difference between us and them
I don't think it needs an explanation of
'cause in due time these niggas will understand

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

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