

Vice City

Jay Rock

Big money, big booty bitches
Man that shit gon' be death of me
Big problems, I must admit it
Man that shit gon' be death of me
I pray to a C-Note, my mama gave up hope
I can't stand myself
I just bought a new coat, I might go broke
I can't stand myself
Big money, big booty bitches
Man that shit Turn me up
Sensing, sensing, sensing, sensing Big money, big booty bitches
Tell the truth, nigga I'm lost without it
7 figures for a headline
You want some stage time we can talk about it
Niggas actin' like they be rappin'
Like nice on the mic, truly not
Go against the king, y'all don't wanna live
That decision is hella childish
Rose gold for my old hoes
They ain't satisfied then I sit 'em down
10th grade, I gave her all shade
But now she got some ass, I wanna hit it now
I don't lease, I just all out feast
I put a blue Caprice on Gary Coleman
Bomb head and some cheese eggs
That's a new raise, and a signing bonus Fall in this bitch
Like some good pussy, can't stand myself
So good, she so hood
She a cheesehead, patty melt
GED with some EBTs, and some EBD's
That shit was happening
She reel me in with some chicken wings
And some collard greens, that shit was brackin'
Just cracked me a new bitch
Bust a new nut on her nigga's jersey
My bitch get off at 9 o'clock
So I had to shake her 'round 7:30
1:05, I'm stomping fast
With these big guns, I'm hella dirty

Get caught with this shit
I ain't comin' home 'til like 2030 I got big money, big booty bitches
Man that shit gon' be death of me (death of me)
Big problems, I must admit it
Man that shit gon' be death of me (death of me)
Big dreams, no superstition
Man that shit gon' be death of me (death of me)
I pray to a C-Note, my mama gave up hope
I can't stand myself
I just bought a new coat, I might go broke
I can't stand myself
I just might ban myself
I just might
God! I'm focused feeling blessed, cause my eyes be the truth Mental window blurry as a bitch
Still lookin' out it
So much money off the fuckin' books
Could write a book about it
Took a minute, no, wait a minute
Let me think about it
Bout 10 years, Crips, Bloods
Sweat and tears and we still counting
Had a real thick bitch named Brooklyn
She fucked the whole squad
Every time I land in Brooklyn
They fuck with the whole squad
I'm more spiritual than lyrical
I'm similar to Eli Why?
Cause I'm wearin' black shades
And I'm headed west with the word of God
I think I'm finally ready to talk about it
These niggas just talk about it
Homie you don't play me for no fool
Poppin' bottles like enemigos, los dios mio, I'm so cold
Get so deep in that water, water
They should call my johnson a harpoon Feed the needy, don't know graffiti
Paint her walls like a cartoon
Beat the pussy up so bad
Send her home with some war wounds
Loaded off the 'gnac, hit her from the back
Goin' 'cross her head bar stool
Touch her soul 'til I curl her toes
Then it's time to reload, then it's part two Damn near 30 still set trippin' cuz
Where you're from, I'mma see about it
Last year I made 10 million
That's where I've been yeah, a private island

Smoking something, on autopilot
Got too many cars, I might crash a whip
New 'Rari pedal barely tapping
Nigga, vroom-vroom, yeah I'm rich bitch
Got two Rollies but one missing
Think my daughter flossing, she in Kindergarten
Got one crib worth two cribs
And my front lawn, yeah that's water fountain
You be talking bars, saying big words
Like philosophies, man you weird homie
What it sounds to me that you broke as fuck
And your bitch gon' leave and that's real homie I got big money, big booty bitches
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Big problems, I must admit it
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Big dreams, no superstition
That shit gon' be the death of me (death of me)
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I can't stand myself
I just bought a new coat, I just might go broke
I can't stand myself
I just might ban myself
I just might God! God!

Songwriters

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