

# Who Do You Love?

YG

I'm that nigga with the plugs  
I'm the nigga who got homies that be sellin' drugs  
I'm the nigga on the back street  
With the fat heat, niggas better run like athletes  
I'm that nigga, I'm that nigga  
My Bank of America account got six figures  
I'm that nigga on the block  
Police pull up, I'm tryna stash the Glock  
Uh, you that nigga on the low-low  
You're the nigga, you're the one that be talkin' to the po-pos  
Porsche sittin' on Forgi's  
Niggas can't afford these  
The Panamera shittin' on the 9-11  
I call my homies, not 9-11  
I'm the nigga with the juice  
But I'll never do my nigga like Pac did QBitch, who do you love?  
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Bitch, who do you love?  
Bitch, who do you love? I got a shorty name Texas Syn  
She got a buddy named Young JB and now you know the deal  
We turnt up in the studio late night  
That's why the songs that you hear are comin' real tight  
OVO crew, nigga, thought I told you  
If you a player in the game, this should hold you  
And man shout my nigga Game he just rolled through  
Eatin' crab out in Malibu at Nobu  
A lot of fools puttin' salt in the game  
Until these women get the notion that they runnin' the game  
They got money that they jumpin' on the pole to make  
Did the motto, took a flight to the golden state  
I'm the general, just makin' sure my soldiers straight  
Had to leave my nigga, homie got an open case  
But I'm big on the west like I'm big in the south  
So we gon' pay some people off, we gon' figure it out  
And my name too big, and my gang too big  
Young Money shit, me and Lil Wayne too big  
Imma crush that ass even if it ain't too big  
I would pinky swear but my pinky ring too big (Wassup) Bitch, who do you love?

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Bank of America account got six figures  
I'm that nigga on the block Bitch, who do you love?  
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Bitch, who do you love?  
Bitch, who do you love? Nigga we street and we hood  
Ain't nobody ever gave us shit  
When you see us shinin' it's because we steady grindin'  
We stay paper chasin'  
Separatin' the real from the fake  
The fake from the real  
We livin' to die and dyin' to live!  
Nigga, that's why we got so many women  
I'm tryna go deep, hit them asscheeks  
Bust them guts, make her cum  
Bitch, you know the game!  
Ain't a motherfuckin' thing change!  
Bitch! Who do you love!?

Songwriters

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