Radikal

Treibhaus

Yo, everybody get down, yo, you can't be mad at us, man
We just doin' what you doin' you know, doin' us
Niggaz wanna hate and all that shit man, everybody get down
There's a lot of money out here, get your hands on it
Uhh, uhh, Most Wanted, you got to lay down, come on
I'm that nigga who you wanna be
Not y'all record deal, hot cars, only fuck pop stars
Radikal bitches, tongue pierced and the pussy
If I fall for the bitch let me fall don't push me
Hatin' ass nigga don't have a slick side
Caught his eye lookin' my chain 'cause he don't dickride
Niggaz ain't cool with Bonic niggaz fear me
And talk through the song so they bitch don't hear me
What, let me find out niggaz jealous
Hot yo, the best controllers what can you tell us
We H O T B O Y S
Taught you the shit you know, so why test us
Don't follow me that shit'll break your neck
This week alone nigga I done ate your check
Let my checkbook determine if I'm playin' in vain
When you niggaz boo it's cool 'cause you sayin' my name
Come on
Is it the way I live and I got what you tryin' a get
Or do I look so good that you don't know what to do
Is it the way I live and I got what you tryin' a get
Or do I look so good that you don't know what to do
The cops don't wanna see my CL6 they wanna frisk me
And young with this dough I get, they wanna twist me
You love Mr. Hi, oh now you wanna kiss me
Either dead or me doing a bit, you gone miss me
No can say or it's too much love 'cause I'm richer
When I used to push them things I flip quicker
Niggaz wanna twist 'cause Boobonic and Mr
Are cuttin' big brothers and fuck they little sister
I hear Most Wanted this and Most Wanted that
Mr. dead broke and what else Mr. can't rap
Follow Mr. home with this gun on my lap
And all that frontin' for your boys
Will get you one in your back

Ain't my fault that my dough comes fast and your's slower
Exhale like Whitney Houston and look lower
And I'm next to the boat and the cocaine rowers
Sea Red when I split your head just like Noah, nigga

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Or do I look so good that you don't know what to do
Is it the way I live and I got what you tryin' a get
Or do I look so good that you don't know what to do
Yo, Lee Mr. a nigga couldn't hear me a price
I'll catch a bullet for him like my chain of the rice
Spit every last round I done gone for
And kill you the listener if you come for
Die for the nigga that's my dog forever
Ho's be like damn why y'all always together
Two things that I never had us be rich
And that's you and another ass bitch
Boobonic don't feed man I'll talk shit for you
Tell you take cover, I swear get hit for you
Get stitched up come back and spit for you
Bring hot heels that make the shit boil
Ride for you homie till our bodies hit the soil
Won't die for you, they got it fucked up
Like chicks that need a perm their clit get touched up
Peel off on the bike and pop the clutch up, what
Haters, hate on
'Cause I'm a do what the fuck is asked
Haters, hate on
'Cause I'm a do what the fuck is asked
You know, niggaz don't want none man
Anybody move closer, I'm telling you one thing
I'm ghetto, no holster
You niggaz don't want no beef, man, I'm ruby for that shit
For real, fuck you niggaz man
I love bitches money and traveling
And you niggaz ain't experienced that, you know
You niggaz ain't experienced that, man
Y'all don't know what the fuck money is man
Money is when your bank account
Is the banks amount motherfucker
You niggaz got stashes, I stash money
Overseas nigga, you don't want none
I'm a gangster, man
I'll take over your corner dressed in a suit
And niggaz wanna reach I lean and sharp shoot

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