Hi-Jack

Tyga & 2Chainz

Pussy money weed got all that
Nigga talk shit, get your head cracked
Ridin with the racks, bang on my lap
Steal your bitch, call it hijackHijack, hijack
Pussy money weed got all that
Nigga talk shit, get your head cracked
Steal your bitch, call it hijack
Hijack, hijack
Steal your bitch, call it hijack
Hijack, hijack
Pussy money weed got all that
Its the hooligan drop top one shot shooter
Money on my mind bitch im all bout the moolah
Motherfuckin beast bitch call me King Cooper
Got bitches like hooters
We ain't smokin that hookah
Big kush, paparazzi in the bush
Mobb Deep now they shook, got a castle full of crooks
Hijack like the all the bitches wanna fuck
Im a good ass nigga I dont need no luck
Good molly
Partyin the after party
Pull up in the Rose but im leavin in a red Rari
All my niggas gettin money like shawtys
Black mafia shit, young Gotti
If you believe in having sex say me too (me too)
I'm ridin in my roof look see-through
I got four's on the big like pre-school
Marijuana, money, and vagina
I got plaques on my walls yous got gingivitis
Still sell a brick like I wont retire
Hijack your bitch, steal your wife
Man my chopper go hyphy, you got your bitch in some Nikes
I got my bitch with some doctors and she sayin' she like it
We were down in Pari, keepin' it Effin
Yous was at home, keepin' it tryphy

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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/