

OG (Prod by Young Chop)

Kid Ink

I'll tell you what's good bitch
My whole team is
If I got a whole lie
I break it into pieces
Let's all roll up OG
Just makes me feel more G
Somewhere over the ocean
And you still over there on that old shit
I been had yo chick bagged
Yo bitch with no foreplay
Hit her with a little bit of vocab
That player shit is my forte
West side, connect it like Oh shape
Throwin' up that OK
Bat gang all the way out the hood but I can't change
Number one on my list, eatin' a number two at McDonald's with
Three chains on my neck, four
Realest nigga inside here
Betta respect me like Aretha
Nigga this watch ain't no Geneva
It's smoke and Patron by the liter,
At magic city like eureka
I Bet your man can't do it like this
So many women headed on my list
Back when you didn't think a nigga exist
Still had your girlfriend on my dick
I'm poppin' shit on point with
Two blunts, double jointed, bend back and show me somethin'
Go once you don't owe me nothin'.
You can tell I'm feelin' myself
And all this motherfuckin' money don't help
Mad at me cuz your salary is lightweight like celery
Tell me why the fuck is you at me
Naw nigga I ain't tryna add a V
To that bullshit that you CC, R.I.P kill your dreams
Auto bangs slidin' in and outta lanes
Kush got me outta minda
Top flow like brotha Mayne,
Bitch its tha alumni,

Bat tat ain't no otha gang
OG in the fuckin' blunt
OG right before my name
I'll Tell you what's good bitch
My whole team
I'll Tell you what's good bitch
My whole team is
Bitch its that alumni
Bat tat ain't no otha gang
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Songwriters

Collins, BrianPublished by

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