

# D.G.I.F.U. (feat. Pusha T)

## Chris Brown & Tyga

Ya'll know me, the still same OG, young T-Y-G  
Hated on by most these niggas  
But I still keep shittin' on niggas lowkey  
I don't fuck with you to the third degree  
I keep a G, DMV, you owe a three  
Schemin' on the low, tryna make a nigga profitly  
All I do is get money, fuck, and sleep  
I should run for mayor  
Been runnin' shit, you barely maintain your bitch  
No, this ain't no lets say regular degular shit  
Break a neck on some Busta shit  
Souls of Mischief, aww shit  
I be on til infinity  
Don't predict, bitch, what I'm gonna do  
Cause chances are I've outdone you  
And most of my so called enemies  
Spit your game, talk your shit  
Grab your gat, call your clique  
Ball so hard I don't need the assist  
I'm the best so I keep saying that shit  
Nigga, you should too  
If you knew what this game'll do to you  
Look at bullshit that I've been through  
This the drive through and shit on you  
Don't get it fucked up  
Yesterday I was the freshest nigga in America  
I swear to God I ain't lyin', bruh, I ain't lyin' bruh  
In America  
Don't get it fucked up  
Niggas talkin' bout oh shit  
I pull up they like oh shit  
Now look whose talkin', bitch  
Now look whose talkin', bitch, yeah  
Don't get it fucked up  
I do this shit for my, I do this shit for my  
Do this shit for my loved ones  
Don't get it fucked up  
I do this shit for my, I do this shit for my  
I don't trust niggas, I only trust funds nigga

Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got somethin' to say  
But nothin' comes out when they move they lips  
This extended clip will make Buddha shit  
Shawty comin' and pullin' up with them hooter tips  
Never use a nigga, but she abuse the dick  
I lick the pussy, let it air dry  
We in a boat, nigga, right off the coast  
European or Caribbean, I'm sweatin' out my hair dye  
So don't get it fucked up  
I got a handful of matches, fuckin' with a bad bitch  
All my niggas is savages, better loc up  
Damn, it's a tragedy, all of these casualties  
Metal through his body, nigga, check his anatomy, oh shit  
Why you pillow talkin'? That's ho shit  
Nigga, you a geek, still talkin' 'bout me fucking yo' bitch  
I can't lie, can't lie  
I got a bunch of bad hoes and a wife on the side  
I believe I can fly, I'm the shit now  
Wanna be like Mike when I die  
Step right up, can't name any nigga that can fuck with us  
I'mma bring the pain, we gon' be the game-changers  
All in your face, I'm bustin' nuts Did ya'll think I would let my dough freeze?  
Ho, please! Better bow down on both knees  
Who you think taught you to throw P's?  
Who you think taught you to rap keys?  
Dress Dries, Phillip Lim, SLP's  
Like Snoop D-O-double G  
Nigga murda was the case so motherfuck the police  
Ya'll niggas soft like Emojis, with the heart eyes  
Ya'll part skies, ya'll cloud killas  
We aimin' niggas, my soul is blacker than apartheid  
We coupe niggas, you niggas riding four doors  
Like Uber nigga, we pilin' all of your whores  
On the canopy my stamina be  
Enough for Pamela Anderson Lee  
My Katy Perry ain't afraid to carry  
That shit you sniff, Taylor Swift  
Niggas talk yet it remains a myth  
I never seen it, they only dream it  
They rap about it, do interviews  
With they toy cars and they little jewels  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.