No Reason

DJ Mustard

[Hook: YG]
100 bottles in the club for no reason
Niggas start trippin' boom bow, dope fiendin'
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100 bottles in the club for no reason
100 bottles in the club, 100 bottles in the club for no reason
Niggas start trippin' boom bow, dope fiendin'[Verse 1: Jeezy]
I'm in that (?) smokin' like a Marley
(?) so loud soundin' like a Harley
(?) in my hand but it ain't a phony
Nobody get shot then it ain't a party
Versace on my feet, Versace on my belt
I'm at the road dealer, I don't need help
And the shit that I'm packin' make the seat melt
(?) ridin' shotgun on the seatbelt
My doors open up backwards, no way
No use talkin' like you still fuck with Jose
(?) got some bad bitches fuckin' with my Fungsway
So much rose gold, got thorns on it
Half a million dollar car for no reason
And we keep the clubs full like the Four Seasons[Hook: YG][Verse 2: Nipsey Hu$$le]
I'mma ball on you niggas, I'm takin' all of they bitches
Now they see they can't be us, try to fly with us nigga
No facade my nigga, I'm zero tolerance nigga
Over two things, my folks and economy nigga
Niggas gotta be kiddin', don't ever challenge me nigga
Got a fucked up ass temper, I'd prolly kill 'em
And I ain't the one to start it but I'd prolly finish
If I don't send him to the grave then it's probably the dentist
Look ya'll niggas should prolly listen
All I'm speakin' is real shit, I should start a religion
Ya'll lookin' like ya'll all on your feelin's
When you see us in the club, all these bottles and bitches
Fuck it, I got money for the case, I got money for the ace
I got money for an eighth, I got money in the safe
'Bout to pull it out and drop money on the (?)[Hook: YG][Verse 3: RJ]
They call me R motherfucker
If you with your broad you should cuff her

I saw my momma I'mma need three feet
Cause these bitches want pictures, niggas want somethin' free
Still got a lil raw in my draws lowkey
Slow poke, Joe Clark, nigga lean on me
Crushin' only codeine, I be flirtin' with the fuego
100 bottles, can't even see the table
Dope fiend, a nigga screamin' out the label
Put you on the set or I can put you on the payroll
Hanging off the roof like what's up with that bitch
Suckin' me and niggas (?), you in love with that bitch
Niggas die for a lick, shots till we equal
I made it out the sand but it's still (?) Pedro
I'm (?)[Hook: YG]

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