

Freestyle

Black Rob & G-Dep

Black Rob get the money,
With or without yall, I doubt yall,
Know I'm punch'n niggaz in there mouth ya'll.
5 minities niggaz wanna require,
understand this BUCK! BUCK! gunfire.
Be yourself do wanna be boss,
when I come thur with the phat G series,
ya'll niggaz step leerie.
Knock it off, take my teams motto,
alcohol out the bottle,
Live' like we just hit lotto.
B-tches do'n their thing,
sip'n Singapore slings,
mercy-less like Ming,
phat diamond rings.
Plus drugs,
Female thugs,
sip on Gin & Tonic till they vomit,
and still driving home from the clubs.
It's about playaz max live wires,
riot insightors,
go 10 rounds with real prize fighters.
With beef thats deep, throw hunderds.
6 pack,
you just throw your panties on the gods stomach.
I'm not the boss but I'm the man,
I lounge in parts of Japan,
were going on tour with real live bands.
I got it off you, Yes the double breast,
keep the vest on my chest,
'cause I'n runnin round with the best.
Black man,
Cop a Lex for my lady
3.25 carats, we talking Ice baby
ayo chill...
(Laughs...)

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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>