

In My Business (feat. Rocko)

Gucci Mane & Waka Flocka Flame

I'm really stepping up my game
These bitches gotta start paying me for this
Can't get no more free Randy Got everything, I got everything
I cannot complain, I cannot
I don't even know how much I really made, I forgot
It's a lot, fuck that, never mind what I got
Nigga don't watch that cause I
Came up, that's all me
Stayed true, that's all me (Yeah)
No help, that's all me
All me for real
Came up, that's all me
Stay true, that's all me
No help, that's all me
All me for real
Money on my mind, you should think the same
J's on, pinky ring
Dogging these hoes, I need quarantine
In the same league, but we don't ball the same
Oh! She want all the fame
I hear that shit all the time
She said she love me
I said, "Baby girl, fall in line." OK
Made a million, off a dinner
Fork, watch me switch it up
Walked in, "Ill nigga alert! Ill nigga alert!" (Damn!)
You need that work, I got that work, got bitches in my condo
Just bought a shirt that cost a Mercedes-Benz car note
From the A to Toronto, we let the metal go off
And my dick so hard it make the metal detector go off
This that sauce, this that dressing
Givenchy, nigga God bless you
If having a bad bitch was a crime
I'd be arrested (True)
I touched down in '86
Knew I was a man by the age of 6
I even fucked the girl that used to babysit
But that was years later on some crazy shit
I heard your new shit, nigga hated it

Damon Wayans homie don't play that shit

I get paid a lot, you get paid a bit

And my latest shit is like a greatest hits

God damn

Ain't no wishing over on this side

Y'all don't fuck with' us and we don't fuck with' y'all, it's no different over on this side

God damn

Should I listen to everybody or myself?

Cause myself just told myself, "You the motherfuckin' man, you don't need no help."

Cashin' checks and I'm bigging up my chest,

Ya'll keep talking 'bout who next,

But I'm about as big as it gets

I swear ya'll just wastin' ya'll breath,

I'm the light skinned Keith Sweat,

I'm a make it last forever,

It's not your time 'cause I ain't done yet,

Look, just understand that I'm on a roll like Cottonelle,

I was made for all of this shit,

And I'm on the road box office sales,

I'm getting paid for all of this shit,

Ask you to please excuse my table manners,

I was making room for the table dancers,

'Cause if we judging off your advances,

I just got paid like eight advances, God damn!HOE, SHUT THE fuck UP

I got way too much on my mental

I learn from what I've been through

I'm finna do what I didn't do

And still waking up like the rest do

Not complicated, it's simple

I got sexy ladies, a whole Benz-full

And to them hoes I'm everything

Everything but gentle

But I still take my time

Man I guess I'm just old fashioned

Wearing retro shit, that's old fashioned

Nigga, see what I'm saying, no closed caption

I paint pics, see the shit

Good sex, need to hit

Keep a bra on the floor

Year round like season tickets

I plead the fifth

Drink a fifth

Load the nine

Leave you split, in the half

Smoke a half, Need a zip

My new girl is on Glee and shit
Probably making more money than me and shit
I swear to God I got 99 Problems but a bitch ain't one
I got 99 problems, getting rich ain't one
Like I got trust issues
I'm sorry for the people I've pushed out
I'm the type to have a bullet-proof condom
And still gotta pull out
But that's just me
And I ain't perfect
I ain't a saint but I am worth it
If it's one thing, I am worth it
Niggas still hating but it ain't workin'
Lil' bitchOh Me. Oh Me. Oh my. I think I done fucked too many women from the 305
'Fore the end of this year, I'll do King of Diamonds, three more times,
Smoking on that kush all in our section like it's legalized
Girl, you can't always have your way, sometimes it be like that
They don't really fuck with you like that, they ain't never did me like that
I just took my time, you got your shine, I let you eat like that
I been taught never to loan somebody what you need right back
And I need that shit right back (no more free Randy)
I'm blessed than a motherfucker,
Niggas been stressed than a motherfucker
Niggas gettin' nervous, clutchin' they chests like a motherfucker,
Damn that's a motherfucker
Tell the truth, I don't listen to ya,
'Cause I don't like being lied to
And that ship won't sail,
And that wind won't guide you
Daddy was in jail we was talkin' through the window,
Like a motherfucking drive-through
That was back then man,
Now my niggas rich enough to do whatever I do.

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

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