

No Reason (feat. YG, Jeezy, Nipsey Hussle & RJ)

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, 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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