

Well Done

Tyga

[Chorus - Tyga] Tell them bitches I'm the man
Money over bitches nigga that's the plan
Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe
Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe
Niggas said they ballin', they in the stands
If it ain't about business, don't shake my hand
Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe
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[Verse 1 - Tyga] Pop a, motherfuckin' man
Walker clear the way, it's an ambulance
Fire truck get to the fire in advance
Hot flow I just I just gave the track a tan
Ain't a damn thing, we poppin' champagne
Girl say they choosin' rootin' for the other team
I put her in the 'vibe', like the magazine
You see it's rainin' hundreds, cash get the cream
The cream get the money, the money make her scream
Nothin' personal it was just a quick fling
But now im back to me, paper off the shelf bitch
She just wanna get drunk, get fucked, taste dick
Maybe make a new friend, get in Benz with him
This ain't no simple life, you dancin' with a star bitch
Yeah, so keep my spotlight bright
'Cause I'ma be in it all night
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[Verse 2 - Tyga] All about my paper ain't another feelin' greater
Came up like elevators, now I ball like a Laker
They like my freestyles, but they gon' have to pay me
Candy red 'Maro tell them bitches now or later
6 speed brand new car smell flavored
Look up in the sky, thank God that we major

It's tax to be made, world full of danger
So we gon' count it underneath the table to be safer
Ace paid in full, all hundreds big jewels
Stones kinda heavy, Slick Rick the rule
Gotti got a 'Nali, man the raws in the groups
See me Pauly out the roof
Son flyin' in the coupe
She love it 'cause the feelin' fuckin' on a million
Fly you in the mornin' right now, we chillin'
Stuck in the moment, then she back to her life
I'm back to the money, 'cause money my life
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