

# Bet That

## Gunplay

Sittin' high, still ridin' dem big whips  
Still fly, still grindin', getting big checks  
Still thuggin', still leanin' to the back  
You can bet that, you can bet that  
I ride, I shine, nigga, you can bet that  
I smoke, I drink, boy, you can bet that  
22's, 24's how we roll  
I'm a dope rider fa' sho  
Everyday me and my dog we wylin'  
7-Tre 7-5 dope ridin'  
And we ain't trippin' on nothin', just vibin'  
Big 9 with me 'cuz a fuck nigga tried me  
They already know, how I let him go  
Kill his ass and make sho' at his funeral  
How the hell a O.B. gon' try me?  
I'm O.G. on and off TV, see  
Middle fingers in the air, tell 'em fuck y'all  
Tryin' to hate on my dawgs, hell fuck nah  
Why you hatin' on a nigga like that  
Why you tryin' to stab a nigga in his back  
I know some niggaz don't like this  
But them niggaz is the reason I'm like this  
Fuck niggaz done made me mad  
I'm 'bout to snap an' put this K on his ass  
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I smoke, I drink, boy, you can bet that  
22's, 24's all we roll  
I'm a dope rider fa' sho  
Hey, I pull up Bentleys, lookin' like they not annoyed  
Trunk popped up lookin' like a Tonka Toy  
If you don't like it you know can get that Almond Joy  
Deez nuts nigga, wuddup Trick, I got ya boy  
I'm clickin' over, lemme tell her I got another call  
Ridin' wit my trunk popped up like I'm 'Above The Law'  
Tires wet and nigga they still drippin' Armor-All

Tell me you gon' fall, and I ain't got to use the arm at all  
Bet Daddy finna Trick 'em, finna flip the paper  
Chamillinator, me and Trick we finna shred a hater  
Tip the dinner waiter Trick 'em like we finna date her  
Get off ya sleeves let 'em breathe like a ventilator

Hey, what can I say me and the King Of M.I.A  
Finna, hey, finna touch ya niggaz and ya finna pay  
Stay wit it hey, you we ain't finna play  
Snatch ya off the wheels and you can watch ya rims spin away  
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I smoke, I drink, boy, you can bet that  
22's, 24's all we roll  
I'm a dope rider fa' sho  
In the club wit my dogs we wylin'  
Two straight coup gray dome ridin'  
Look at cha boy go so many hoes  
Look in his mouf he got so many gold  
I'm sippin' and I'm goin'  
Whole click, that's how we rollin'  
Stay fly, stay right if ya didn't know  
And that's everywhere that we go  
All I wanna do is  
Drive my Chevy through years  
And let 'em sweat the candy paint  
Ain't it right? Ain't it tight? Ain't it nice? Yes  
Niggaz like, "Who painted that?"  
Candy apple green, lookin' mean anywhere  
Tweety seat with the digital dash  
And a swat just right in the ass  
They wanna know what I got in here  
I got shit when it hit betta run 'em up outta here  
They ain't neva heard nothin' like that  
And they ain't even turned the bass up yet  
I love aggressive music  
I smoke, I listen to it  
I drink so much sometimes  
I think I need to quit but I can't do it  
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