

Vice (feat. Juicy J & Wiz Khalifa)

Chevy Woods

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(Chevy)

Bitch ass nigga ain't nobody feelin' that
you got a whole lot of mouth I could kill you with a rap
that's 16 in the magazine one chamber and
could knock as many down as I wanna - Will Chamberlan
Yeah, I'm buckin' seats like a nascar
view from the beach condo that's the plan all
y'all niggas suffering hard
I'm rollin up wine glass sippin off of the loft
yeah, that's a couple of counts
I don't watch it, I know
I rarely see the amount
I'm out in Memphis with Juice
We into the ballin' for real
you niggas talkin' like you're scoring numbers out on the field
never fake em for real
my name is good on the spot
now it's presidential suites but still keepin' it copped
no need for the bar
we can send you some shots
I know they mad cuz they can't afford what's out in that lot

[Chorus]

(Wiz)

And when it comes to this paper we're gettin all it
That means you fucking with gangsters
Soon as we walk in the door we get the party started
That means you fucking with gangsters

(Juicy J)

Trippy niggas, we don't give a fuck
Hopped out a brand new
Panned at my reflection
Mob niggas comin' through

Bitch, clear the section
Doobie to my lips
straps I come equippted
live a trippy life, every day I'm in the strip
We be throwin 100s
you be throwin 1s
we marinate our lean with our blunts
Call my young nigga, what the count reads?
Call my young nigga, bring him back to me
Call my young nigga, he got what you need
I get high as a bitch, Fergie from the Black Eyed Peas
Make that bitch bite down have her dancing on her knees
I treat her like a prostitute, she bringin me a fee
Real money give niggas who I hang with
Jackson, Grant, Franklin, people who I came with
I'm still ballin'
Juicy J will never quit
Broke ass nigga, I don't speak your language.
[Chorus]
(Chevy)
Fly gangsta shit, nigga.
They don't want to sell me shit now I don't need to buy
three piece suit clean and I don't even try
bags for my bitch, nigga, cuz she likes shit
and cash for my niggas, half of them endited
that's game recognize game
and my niggas know
house shoes on rich gang stitched in my row
fly niggas just a belt that you're tryna price
we gettin' to it everyday same thing tonight
G shit from the block, you already know
the homie told me we gon get it, had to let it go
yeah been where the weed at
you know I wasn't trippin, man, I just couldn't see that
now I'm trippy getting faded with my drink
got beginning of the pack for the cash you know I lead that
(?) language I ain't never speak that
but my homies on the left side, yeah they see that

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