

(You can tell)

I got a lotta people wanna steal my shit

I got six 12's you can hear my shit

Man, I really be trunken, man, I really be beatin'

You can hear when I'm comin', you can hear when I'm leavin'

I got it hooked up the sickest so ain't no since in competin'

Man yo shit is the cheapest, you might blow out ya speakas

And we blowin' and all, I got warrants and all

Done looked down at the phone, I done missed a few calls

Me and boosie was thuggin', ballin' out on the rent

He was tellin' me sumthin' but I couldn't much hear it

'Cause the music was bumpin', I could barely much see 'em

'Cause we was smokin' on sumthin' that we just got from Korea

All the hatas was watchin' as they was checkin' the paint

All the bitches was jockin', they look at us and faint

We done came to the top but niggas thought that we can't

Man this lil' nigga trippin', he done waste all his drank

On my brand new interior you know the leather is mink

But I'm way past straight so that ain't nuthin' to me

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Now when I cut it up to 8 you hear that boom, bing, bow, bam
I block around the club, they be like oohh, we got dam
Everybody lookin', tryn to see who I am
Cut that numba 9 on when I play that trill fam
2 supa charged amps with the airconditioner fans
The pipes sound good and the motor is a man
Lil' mama wanna ride but I sorta made plans
I gotta go get my cousin cause he fresh up out the pen
Then I'm goin' scoop Webbie, he goin' park the drop top
Just got my 94 caprice up out tha chop shop
Six pioneers mounted up in a block box
Me and shell buckin' give a fuck if the cops watch
Old jams make then old folkes wanna pop lock
Check me if you want, get yo stupi ass glock popped
Every wipp a nigga ride gotta be top notch
We don't play a song in that bitch if it ain't got knock

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