

# YG

## "How To Make It In America"

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(VERSE 1)

ok my name yg and i came to play ,fuck then i bust a  
nut where i aim her face  
yeah ima real niqqa i aint got time to fake the glock like  
a fan high blow yo mind away  
im on the grind i told my momma fuck a 9 to 5 i get  
money fuck bitches thats what i live by  
im laughin in yo bitch pussy like  
hahahahahahahahahahahahaha but anyways im  
gettin pay  
yeah i get it how im livin treat the game like a spider in  
my house i gotta kill it ok big dick banner yeah yo bitch  
know  
we outside spokin that indoor and momma benzo and  
my momma benzo im a cute young niqquh and my  
momma friends know  
give her a bottle of cirrock and a thiz pill and if she aint  
fuckin throw out the wind shield

(HOOK)

real niqqa real niqquh i aint never lie change hoes like  
channels got these bitches televised  
hit that puff-puff now a young niqqa hella high and  
could show you how to make it in america  
how you ridin how you ridin on 24 -inches hotel room  
weed drinkin 24 bitches yuhp  
yuhp thats how im living niqqa never check the price  
livin fast like i gotta second life  
Mac Miller  
uhh a hundred thousand in the breaf-case like i won  
the sweap-stakes  
party with a rich stacratich bitches bring the cheese  
plate(plate)  
im really am this and you just seem great weight of the  
world on my shoulders til my knees break  
give'em E-pills tell'em be still i got them doughnuts for  
you and they creamed filled  
got expensive clothes you exstence a flow designer  
brands that you'll never own no  
a second phone that im never on eatin filet mignon  
from her restaraunt and thats pussy not before money  
yeah its mac miller yg 400 so hit me up with that dutch  
to split he mad that lil white boy fucked yo bitch(sorry)

next time you better cuff that chick cuz she aint never  
gonna get enough of this (cuff yo chick)

(HOOK)

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(VERSE 2)

ok im ridin through the city with top down like the first  
day of summer niqqa's hot now

i got bars that flow put you on lock-down this aint a  
weight room but my niqqas got pounds

i hit the block then i bounce yeah a young niqqa gone  
just gave yo bitch dick she keep blowin up my phone

what the fuck is goin on tell that bitch to leave me 'lone  
she only look good in my whip or in a thong

ok i meet a bitch key the bitch fuck her then i leave a  
bitch fuck her with the lights off she aint even see the  
dick

and if she look bad you know ima eat the bitch now she  
all on a niqqa like trina brick

im on mars and my flow on jupiter wrist go dumb but  
my chain go stupidder im the shit bitch

ill have yo niqqa scoop it up and heavenly father can  
you protect me from lucifer

(HOOK)

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