

Bob "MJ"

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Let em hate
Cuz I'm straight
I've been ballin on these niggas all day
They gonna have to call a nigga MJ
I've been ballin on these niggas all day

I'm Hotter than a sauna
Hotter than a summer
Throwin shit down, call me California
Kush is my cologne yeah you know the aroma
I make the whole club open like a soda
I got hella haters, haters on my boner
Cuz I'm ballin on these niggas quota after quota
Nowadays everybody got something to say
Like a fuckin interviewer on the phoner
Where the girls with a good head on your shoulder
When I'm on campus show me your diploma
Good brains, good student
Go crazy, go stupid
It's me east side bachelor
Kicked back kush'ed out to the maximum
Fly like traveler, high like a passenger
On purp, on lavender
So I laugh as I pass you up
When you running down the sideline
Niggas on the bench trying to grab at ya

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And you know don't even know what I got
And you don't even know when this dropped
And you don't even know what I'm about
You know you know you know it won't stop

You talking about money than you calling my name
You talking about flipping money than you talking my
game
You talk about gettin money than we talking the same

You talk about small money than you talking it lame
I'm with that so mellow, whole other level
I'm gunna tell her to get in the trunk, heavy metal
5.0 yeah bag is little
Guess whose back
Uh huh no riddle
Two bad bitches
Guess whose in the middle
315 yeah guess whose eating biddles?
Used to eat kibbles, but the dis wont get it
If it don't come fully equipped then don't get it
The seats ain't leather my man then don't sit it
If you ain't got no rubbers on hand then don't hit it
Here what I tell ya man? don't play with it, nope nope
don't play with it
I collect money like child support
I gotta get it cus I gotta pay child support
Cus my baby momma think I'm at the slot machine
I like soccer moms I'm on the soccer team
From the block to the board room
We can do it in the streets or in the court room
I put a hoop in the house that's a court room
Now a nigga shootin jumpers from the fourth room

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Drinks on us, freaks on dick, haters on hush
All eyes on us everything you see the Suvs pull up
Down like that whenever we creep up
And we slide to the back and we stay linked up
Why the hell they hating on us
I'm living my dream don't wake me up
Ballin so long It's boring
Ballin so long I'm yawning
Haulin so long that I gotta let the flow cool off cus my
feet just
Scorching
Anybody trying to get up on my level better have to feel
misfortune
And you ain't never seen this brooke
You like "can anybody tell me where the door is?"
I will never ever ever have a shortage
18 damn months been touring

And I don't ever see my house, my couch, or my
bedroom set seems foreign
But I always knew there'd be bitterness
These niggas speak fluent gibberish
Life can be ridiculous
So I ball like this on these hypocrites

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