

Bob**"We Still In This B****"**

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I'm in my zone I'm feeling it
Stop blowing my buzz quit killing it
So buy another round, They try to shut us down
Bout an hour ago but we still in this bitch
We still in this, we still in this bitch, we still in this
Turn this shit up loud
And buy another round
They try to shut us down
Bout an hour ago but we still in this bitch

I pull up, pull up, pull up, in that automatic cook up
B. Rich pull up in that rooster til we wake the fuckin
hood up
Got all these pounds of ganja, I work out I'm doin kush-
ups
Bobby Bands is in the building, pop that pussy, throw a
foot up
In the air, one time for a nigga like me, With a squad
like this
Where the team so strong,
And the flow so cold,
ain't nothin but some bad bitches in my clique
Wassup Eastside?
We in this bitch
They think they seein me, but they ain't seen shit
Girls on the pole, yeah they make me rich
Girls at my shows, wanna take my pic
Yeah, we can do this here all night,
can't tell me nothin can't tell me shit
All in my zone, all on my own
Open that pack, Rollin that strong
And we still up in this, won't turn down, won't go home

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I got big wheels on my ride
Spent bout 6 mills on my ride
You catch me swervin all over your side of town bumpin
bitch don't kill my vibe
Don't blow my hide just blow my guy
I'm so paid I'm so fly
Your baby daddy disrespect me black his eye, that's no
lie
I'm on my square, blowin circles in the air, of that
purple
Ima boss and you a worker, listen here boy dont make
me hurt you
You want trouble, I got plenty
How you want it, full or semi
I'm so rich so all that fuck boy shit you kickin don't
offend me
Don't get killed off in this bitch
I spit mills all in this shit
Boy it's been 11 years of this shit
Look at me now still in this bitch
I stand tall no cant fall
You pussy ass niggas can't touch it g
See me don't speak ain't nothin g
I'm in my zone nigga don't fuck with me AYE

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Juicy J stay in the club, me and all my niggas
All these bad bitches, all this free liquor
Surrounded by so many women one of these hoes
might be your wife
She lookin for a nigga that's ballin so tonite might be
her night
You know me
I stay stuntin low key
I threw tuition at onyx
Flip money fast lil sonny rich nigga I speak Ebonics
Gotta new car I paid cash
Gotta new crib with a weed lab
Crisp bills I need that
Fuck your team where the freaks at

Hundred deep in VIP niggas always hatin
I came in with a bunch of goons and I'm leavin out with
this lady
I got your boo in my Bugatti she bout to swallow my
babies
My system loud my weed loud no hair clippers I'm
faded TRIPPY

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