

## DJ Drama

### "Well Done"

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[Intro - DJ Drama] Let me let Active Hands talk  
DJ Active  
So you know there's no kitchen like our kitchen  
I don't like that rare, I don't like that medium rare shit  
Everything I make is well done baby

[Chorus - Tyga] Tell them bitches I'm the man  
Money over bitches nigga that's the plan  
Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe  
Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe  
Niggas said they ballin', they in the stands  
If it ain't about business, don't shake my hand  
Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe  
Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe

[Verse 1 - Tyga] Pop a, motherfuckin' man  
Walker clear the way, it's an ambulance  
Fire truck get to the fire in advance  
Hot flow I just  
Pop a, motherfuckin' man  
Walker clear the way, it's an ambulance  
Fire truck get to the fire in advance  
Hot flow I just I just gave the track a tan  
Ain't a damn thing, we poppin' champagne  
Girl say they choosin' rootin' for the other team  
I put her in the 'vibe', like the magazine  
You see it's rainin' hundreds, cash get the cream  
The cream get the money, the money make her scream  
Nothin' personal it was just a quick fling  
But now im back to me, paper off the shelf bitch  
She just wanna get drunk, get fucked, taste dick  
Maybe make a new friend, get in Benz with him  
This ain't no simple life, you dancin' with a star bitch  
Yeah, so keep my spotlight bright  
'Cause I'ma be in it all night

[Chorus - Tyga] Tell them bitches I'm the man  
Money over bitches nigga that's the plan  
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[Verse 2 - Tyga]All about my paper ain't another feelin'  
greater  
Came up like elevators, now I ball like a Laker  
They like my freestyles, but they gon' have to pay me  
Candy red 'Maro tell them bitches now or later  
6 speed brand new car smell flavored  
Look up in the sky, thank God that we major  
It's tax to be made, world full of danger  
So we gon' count it underneath the table to be safer  
Ace paid in full, all hundreds big jewels  
Stones kinda heavy, Slick Rick the rule  
Gotti got a 'Nali, man the raws in the groups  
See me Pauly out the roof  
Son flyin' in the coupe  
She love it 'cause the feelin' fuckin' on a million  
Fly you in the mornin' right now, we chillin'  
Stuck in the moment, then she back to her life  
I'm back to the money, 'cause money my life

[Chorus - Tyga]Tell them bitches I'm the man  
Money over bitches nigga that's the plan  
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