

## Marleys Ghost

### "Nothin 2 a Bo\$\$"

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[Yukmouth]

Haha... I can't believe you niggaz  
You can't be serious  
You really thought since 'Pac died the West coast fell  
the fuck off, huh?  
You thought since Dre ain't made a album, we flopped?  
Fuck that shit nigga!  
Rap-A-Lot for life nigga!  
Yukmouth nigga!  
West Coast don nigga!  
What's wit it punk?!  
It's nuthin to a boss nigga!  
We been ridin on dubb's that spin nigga!  
We been poppin bottles, nigga, since 'Pac was alive  
nigga  
The West Coast is back you faggot ass fucks!

[Verse 1]

I'm from the West Coast and never-ever crip-walk  
I'm like the Bird Man, platinum grill, big cross  
an I'm tryin to sell a few mill like Kris Kross  
I'm ultra cocky, tell a chicken get lost  
diss the boss an get ya lips ripped off  
I let clips off  
ya whole click soft  
what you know about a hundred on a wrist watch  
twenty on ya chicks watch  
loungin Gucci flip flops  
and I bang in the club like Rick Rock  
Yuk show you how to rock that real thug hip-hop  
they ride lo-lo's  
Yukmouth flip drops  
off the floor every year is a whip hop  
menage-a-trios all year if ya chick jock  
with ten karats in my ear like big shot  
Godzilla get the scrilla like Chris Rock  
an I'ma bring the West back when my shit drop

[Chorus - Benjilino]

To roll around on 24's  
wit plenty millions in a vougé

everything a nigga want..  
It's nothin 2 a boss!  
So much ice a nigga froze  
custom rides wit 310's  
until I die it's all West coast  
It's nothin big to a boss!

[Verse 2]

Yeah... if you gon' do it, do it right  
I'm in the blue and white  
rally striped Vipe leavin Peanuts wit a crew of dykes  
Tuesday night I got my game together  
I'm dangerous fella  
my rims spin like plane propellers  
an I'm down wit Prince James forever  
Rap-A-Lot fo' lia (life)  
Yukmouth, Scarface an Tela  
and ya'll know Yuk is off the meter  
for all you non-believers  
I spark the heater  
I'm what you call a block leader  
Why you hatin?  
I roll through ya radio station wit Gary Payton  
in a franchise Lac outside on cherry Dayton's  
an rock the new blue Burberry  
make every nation feel the thug vibration, uh  
my cars talk back like Michael Knight  
I got a hunderd on a Roy Jones and Tyson fight  
you wanna roll wit baller, well tonight's ya night  
I rock ice cause the price is right  
step it up hater. Yeah

[Chorus]

To roll around on 24's  
wit plenty millions in a vougé  
everything a nigga want..  
It's nothin 2 a boss!  
So much ice a nigga froze  
custom rides wit 310's  
until I die it's all West coast  
It's nothin big to a boss!

[Verse 3]

Every day I'm poppin a bottle, and poppin a tag  
fourty G's in a Gucci bag, I'm coppin a Jag  
two-hundred G's in a Louie bag, I'm coppin a pad  
wit the dragon shaped tool in the bag  
What you know about that?!

What you know about chronic an Hypnotic  
coppin Lamborghini's from 310 an Simbalic  
drop stretch Hummers, twenty-four inch rims on it

??? skin interior wit the suede trim on it, wait!  
I came in the game wit mobsta tales  
I hit Mr. Chow's for meals, crack lobster tails  
at the mall wit a model who only buys Chanelle  
you wish I fell, but I prevail, Yukmouth is ill  
I rock the 'Wheels of Fortune' like Pat Sajack  
in a black Maybach  
I'm tryin to bring the Bay back  
in a A's throw back and a A's hat  
Yuk a beast, and bleach couldn't fade that!  
What?!

[Chorus]  
To roll around on 24's  
wit plenty millions in a vouge  
everything a nigga want..  
It's nothin 2 a boss!  
So much ice a nigga froze  
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