

Mekons

"Vice"

Visit "[Vice](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

TGOD

Miami Vice

Uh

Top off speeding, they say I'm the bad guy

[Verse 1: Chevy Woods]

Bitch ass nigga ain't nobody feeling that
You got a whole lot of mouth, I can kill you with a rap
That 16 in the magazine, one chain brin
Can knock as many down as I wanna, Wilt Chamberlain
Yeah, that's bucket seats like a Nascar
View from the beach condo that's the plan
All, yall niggas suffering hard
I'm rolling up, wine glass, sipping off with a laugh
(haha)
Yeah, that's a couple of counts
I don't watch it, I know, I really see the amount
I'm out in Memphis with Juice, we into balling for real
You niggas talk like you scoring, never out on the field
Never fakers for real, my name good in the spot
Now it's Presidential Suites but still keeping it cot
No need for the bar, we could send you some shots
I know they mad cus they can't afford what's out in that
lot, Oh

[Hook: Wiz Khalifa]

And when it comes to this paper, we getting all it
That means you fucking with gangsters
Soon as we walk in the door we get the party started
That means you fucking with gangsters

[Verse 2: Juicy J]

Trippy niggas, Nigga we don't give a fuck

Hopped up out a brand new Panamera flexing
Mob niggas coming through
Bitch clear the section
Doobie to my lips

Straps I come equipped
Living a trippy life, everyday I'm in the strip
We be throwing hundreds
You be throwing ones
We marinate our lean with our blunts
Call my young nigga, what the count read?
Call my young nigga, bring him back to me!
Call my young nigga, he got what you need!
I got high as that bitch Fergie from the Black Eyed Peas
Make that bitch bite down
Have her dancing on her knees
I treat her like a prostitute, she bringing me a fee
(Cash)
Real money get niggas who I hang with
Jackson, Grant, Franklin, people who I came with
I'm still balling, Juicy J will never quit
Broke ass nigga I don't speak your language

[Hook: Wiz Khalifa]

And when it comes to this paper, we getting all it
That means you fucking with gangsters
Soon as we walk in the door we get the party started
That means you fucking with gangsters

[Verse 3: Chevy Woods]

Fly gangsta shit nigga, yeah

They ain't wanna sell me shit, now I don't need to buy
Three piece suit clean and I don't even try
Bags to my bitch nigga cus she likes shit
And cash with my niggas
Half of them indicted
That's game recognize game and my niggas know
House shoes on
Rich Gang stitched in my robe
Fly nigga, just a belt that you tryna price
We getting to it everyday
Same thing tonight
G shit from the block, you already know
The homie told me we gone get it, had to let it go
Uh, yeah, been where the weed at
You know I wasn't tripping man, I just couldn't see that
Now I'm trippy, getting faded, where my drink at?
Beginning at the pack for the cash, you know I lead that
Shit your language, I don't ever speak that
But my homies on the left side, yeah they see that

[Hook: Wiz Khalifa]

And when it comes to this paper, we getting all it
That means you fucking with gangsters
Soon as we walk in the door we get the party started
That means you fucking with gangsters

Visit [Mekons](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.