

# Mya "24s"

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(Chorus)

Money, hoes, cars, and clothes, that's how all my  
niggas know  
blowin dro on 24's, that's how all my niggas roll (2x)

(TI verse 1)

In a frop top chevy with the roof wide open  
my partners looking at me to see if my eyes still open  
cause I been drinkin, and I been smoking  
flying down 285 but I'm focus  
its a four fifty four, where it says I raise comotion  
white leather seats, as fresh as air forces  
doing bout a hundred but the track still bumping  
number 8 on nwa straight out of compton  
pull up at your apartment sitting 24s  
and the dope boys, saying the kids running in  
the clicks start dealing and the broads start choosing  
and the cars been parked but the rims keep moving  
sign pictures by the hundred, to the youngins in the  
hood  
cause I ain't hollywood, I come from hood  
I'm use to it, if your rear view shaking and your seats  
vibrating  
24 inch jays got the chevrolet shaking

(chorus)

Verse 2

I'll make a mill and I'm satisfied, I'll get the rest  
at the age of seventeen, entertaining the rides, I want  
the best  
I refuse to get a 9 to 5, I'm a flip my keys  
been paying my dues since 89, trying to get my cheese  
diamonds gleam when I'm on the scene, they know its  
me  
ain't no dream or no fantasy its T I P  
brought busting, like a baby do a blanket  
5 karats on my motherfucking pinkie, half of hennessy  
and belevedre  
what we drinking, pimps send for broads  
what the hell you niggas thinkin, yall niggas spend a

weekend in the  
islands in the fall, 24 inch rim shining when I'm riding  
cause I'm ballin  
I'm calling out shots like a pool shark  
my tools spark, when I fool yall, yall foold hard in the  
wrong place  
and the wrong time, I got a strong mind  
to grab my dro nine, and shoot at your ass for a  
longtime  
but I'm a get that ass, all dog, fuck around with the  
click  
get shot like a dick with a stick, cause yall lost  
cause I'm a ball at all costs, spit game at a dame, look  
around at  
this thank til she falls off

(chorus2x)

verse 3

I'm not bouncing little shorty, I'm relaxing right now  
I probably still be trappin if I wasn't rapping right now  
bragging about pistols at the house, guess whos  
strapped right now  
keep a talking I'm a lay you on your back right now  
wanta act right now, get smacked right now, I'm a  
bankhead motherfucka  
I don't know to backdown, clown down talking  
to your friends, talking about what you making  
I'm 21 in 10 deep, that shit to me ain't nothing, getting  
played by  
the niggas getting head, for the change, my lead  
wanta spray  
and your dead with decay, they ain't ready for the raid  
pay heavy for the yay, tell my class to kiss my ass, I  
make a 11 everyday

Chorus2x  
cause

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