

Soulja Boy "The First"

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Hit me on my iPhone, boy I get my grind on
You just dropped a new hit, but why that sound like my
song
Platinum plaques and marble floors when I cut my
lights on
Nike gang checks everywhere, bitch soon as I ride on
First off lets get one thing straight
I'm smashin out farrari, fuckin up the hand brake
The hentai on the kush got my lungs, its amazing
Just smoke a gold bar, roll up later and

I'm skating, just skating
Paper chasing, for my haters
I'm skating, just skating
Paper chasing, for my haters

Camo shorts, fresh as fuck with a purple T
Yellow diamond brightlin, it cost 200 Gs
It ain't to many people on the map ain't heard of me
When I step inside the club I be like 30 deep

I'm chillin, gold grillin
28 inches on it so I'm gettin wit it
You know what I do, you know what I does
SOD money gang, go and throw it up
I'm chillin, we chillin

Is you chillin, tell me how you feelin
I'm chillin, we chillin
Is you chillin, tell me how you feelin

Every track I'm on, you know the kids straight mash it
Internationally known for rockin all the latest fashions
VIP in the club, holding no glasses
and everyday I set a new trend for the masses
Super fresh swag, you know I go too in
She said she got two friends, you know I got to bend it
The SLR and AMG, I drop the top of the convertible
now hate on me
Talkin racks on racks, yeah that's that swag talk
Slow motion in the club, yeah that's that swag walk
A fine dime piece, yeah that's what that swag brought

A drop top bugatti parked on that asphalt

I'm chillin, gold grillin

28 inches on it so I'm gettin wit it

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