

Tyga

"I'm Done"

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[Intro-Tyga]: How you gon' hate on me in the Club?
Nigga I ain't even in the Club, Hahahaha.

[1st Verse-Tyga]: (We-Well Done) Ha! Killin Nigga's,
Last Kings.

Get'em Roll up on'em, In a Bentley Mothafucka.

Go Realer or Go getter.

Go get a Hoe Nigga, Betta Hold your's Nigga.

I'm Sick, Throw Up-Throw Up This Liquor.

Mo Money I got it, Bitchex They Problems.

That to me, Yeah They Bout it.

Master P., So Many Albums.

Unreleased, Sh-Shit in my Closet.

Louis Vuitton && Bloody Bottoms.

Bitchex Spot'em, Yeah I'm Stylin.

T-Tyga Prolly Fly, No Mileage

Cheah I put them Bitchex on it.

(Ahh!) California Man, Gold on my License Plate.

Ladies Man Lady, I know wat them Bitchex Like.

Little Mike, Mike && Ikes, Candy Colored Cup of Ice.

Out of Site, Out of Mind, She qon' Spend tha Nite but
don't Waste my Time.

I'm 2 Miles Away from the Hollywood Sign.

King of the Hill, Nigga don't Look Down.

Party at Polo House Right Now.

All these Bitchex on the Prow. (Ahh)

Look at my Flow, Look at my Eyes.

Tell me what you see, Don't Lie.

Mothafukin G, R to the E, A to the T, E-S-T.

Last King, Look at my Ring

Tell that Bitch to get off my thing.

My Girl in here && she off that Drinkâ€¦ I'm off that
Mink.

Fur, Murder, Swerve && Make the Jet Skii do a Hurtle

You's a Mothafuckin Turtle, Knock you down like Burtle

Uhh.

Straps on my Side like Urkel, Boy I'll Hurt ya, Turn ya

Face Purple.

Nigga's wanna Talk, But ya Convo Worthless.

These Converse Yeah, All Black Chuckers.

I'm dat Nigga, (Yep) You jus a Nigga. (Yep)

One Mo Year, Yeah I'ma be Bigger.
Don't Call me Tigger, Jack the Riper
RIP this Beat then I eat you for Dinner.
(Ahhch!!)
I'M DONE!

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