

Tyga

"Swimming Pools"

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Love, hate, niggas, hate
Bitches, hate, me, I can't
Faded i might faint, faded i might faint
My mind went blank, mind went blank

Now I done grew up round some niggas that caused
me some drama
Swear when you make it, niggas say you owe them
Swear they think they yo mama
Everybody put they hands out, they always aks me,
they know that I got it
My biggest fear is going broke, can't say no, that's my
problem
I wanted that Rolls Royce, young boy, looking to make a
bad choice
And I got fucked up, when mom went to jail, I heard a
little voice
Back of my head, back of my mind, dropped out of
school but a nigga did fine
I ain't tellin you to drop out but if you do make use of
your time

I say why they hatin on me? I'm just tryina get my guap
I'm just tryina set my family up
First, believe in one God, then stack your paper higher
bitch
Get your money, stack your paper higher bitch

We ain't never fucked with cops and that's never gon
stop
And I'm posted at the tippy top
So get your money fast then stack your paper higher
bitch
Get your money, stack your paper higher bitch

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Ok, I'm taking my time and taking your dinner

These bitches, these bitches cold blooded like winter
I'm looking at faces that I don't remember
I'm all in my zone, Karl Marlone, taking these shots,
abusing my liver
It's mine, I spend it, it's mine, I'm gon spend it
Ah, doomsday, doomsday, these niggas weak like it's
a Tuesday
Niggas get looney like a tunes sake
Everything well done like two steaks
Who they? They ain't from LA, they fall off like
November days
They worried about your sales but at the end of day,
who getting paid?

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