

Tyga "Well Done"

Visit "[Well Done](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro - DJ Drama]

Let me let Active Hands talk

DJ Active

So you know there's no kitchen like our kitchen

I don't like that rare, I don't like that medium rare shit

Everything I make is well done baby

[Chorus - Tyga]

Tell them bitches I'm the man

Money over bitches nigga that's the plan

Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe

Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe

Niggas said they ballin', they in the stands

If it ain't about business, don't shake my hand

Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe

Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe

[Verse 1 - Tyga]

Pop a, motherfuckin' man

Walker clear the way, it's an ambulance

Fire truck get to the fire in advance

Hot flow I just

Pop a, motherfuckin' man

Walker clear the way, it's an ambulance

Fire truck get to the fire in advance

Hot flow I just I just gave the track a tan

Ain't a damn thing, we poppin' champagne

Girl say they choosin' rootin' for the other team

I put her in the 'vibe', like the magazine

You see it's rainin' hundreds, cash get the cream

The cream get the money, the money make her scream

Nothin' personal it was just a quick fling

But now im back to me, paper off the shelf bitch

She just wanna get drunk, get fucked, taste dick

Maybe make a new friend, get in Benz with him

This ain't no simple life, you dancin' with a star bitch

Yeah, so keep my spotlight bright

'Cause I'ma be in it all night

[Chorus - Tyga]

Tell them bitches I'm the man

Money over bitches nigga that's the plan

Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe
Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe
Niggas said they ballin', they in the stands
If it ain't about business, don't shake my hand
Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe
Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe

[Verse 2 - Tyga]

All about my paper ain't another feelin' greater
Came up like elevators, now I ball like a Laker
They like my freestyles, but they gon' have to pay me
Candy red 'Maro tell them bitches now or later
6 speed brand new car smell flavored
Look up in the sky, thank God that we major
It's tax to be made, world full of danger
So we gon' count it underneath the table to be safer
Ace paid in full, all hundreds big jewels
Stones kinda heavy, Slick Rick the rule
Gotti got a 'Nali, man the raws in the groups
See me Pauly out the roof
Son flyin' in the coupe
She love it 'cause the feelin' fuckin' on a million
Fly you in the mornin' right now, we chillin'
Stuck in the moment, then she back to her life
I'm back to the money, 'cause money my life

[Chorus - Tyga]

Tell them bitches I'm the man
Money over bitches nigga that's the plan
Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe
Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe
Niggas said they ballin', they in the stands
If it ain't about business, don't shake my hand
Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe
Everything I do well-well-well-well done hoe

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