

J Lethal

"We Still In This Bitch"

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[Verse 1: J Lethal]

In case you haven't heard, bitch I am a martian
And you pussy ass rappers still be the target
Yes, I'm in my zone and I'm coming for the throne
And I got yo' bitch all over my bone yes
I'm in my zone, I'm feelin' it
Any track I step on, ya know I'm straight killin' it
Bitch don't blow my high, just come and blow my dick
I explode just like a bomb because she know how to
make me tick
I'm on that Purp, I'm on that Widow, stuff them both
inside a blunt
Get money, fire bitches just like I am Donald Trump
It's Jay F. Tae, and the F would be for flamed up
I got this game on lock, better yet I got it chained up
I am the Human Torch, so you know I bring that fire
Bad bitches, money, weed is all a real nigga desire,
hoe
I mix that lean, then take a sip
She give me brain, scholarship
I fuck this beat, no censorship
You niggas fake and counterfeit
I kill this beat then get acquit
Okay, yes, I will admit
I be faded all the time, and right now I am blowed as
shit
I'm high as hell, I'm drunk as fuck
I make it rain, they thunderstruck
I run amuck and pussy niggas, yes I got that semi
tucked
Heed my words, don't fuck with me
I'm the King and I decree
We will ball forever and fuck you if you disagree

[Hook: B.o.B]

I'm in my zone I'm feeling it
Stop blowing my buzz quit killing it
So buy another round
They tried to shut us down
About an hour ago
But we still in this bitch

Turn this shit up loud
And buy another round
They tried to shut us down
About an hour ago
But we still in this bitch

[Verse 1: B.o.B]

I pull up, pull up, pull up in that automatic cookup
B Rich pull up in that rooster 'til we wake the fucking
hood up
Got all these pounds of ganja, I work out, I'm doing
kushups
Bobby Bands is in the building, pop that pussy throw a
foot up
In the air, one time for a nigga like me with a squad like
this
With a team so strong with a flow so cold, ain't nothing
but some bad bitches in my clique
What's up Eastside
We in this bitch
They think they seeing me
But they ain't seen shit
Girls on the pole yeah they make me rich
Girls at my shows wanna take my pic
Yeah we can do this here all night, can't tell me
nothing, can't tell me shit
All in my zone, all on my own
Open that pack, rollin' that strong
And we still up in this bitch, won't turn down, won't go
home

[Hook: B.o.B]

[Verse 2: T.I.]

I got big wheels on my ride, spent about six mills on my
ride
You catch me swervin' all on your side of town but bitch
don't kill my vibe
Don't blow my high, just blow my jock, I'm so paid, I'm
so fly
Your baby daddy didn't respect me, black his eye, that
no lie
I'm on my square, blowing circles in the air, of that
purple
I'm a boss and you a worker, listen here boy don't
make me hurt you
You want trouble I got plenty, how you want it full or
semi
I'm so rich so all that fuckboy shit you kickin' don't
offend me
Don't get killed of in this bitch, I spent mills all on this

shit

Boy it's been eleven years of this shit, look at me now
still in this bitch

I stand tall no can fall, you pussy ass niggas can't
touch a key

See me don't speak ain'tt' nothing G, I'm in my zone
nigga don't fuck with me

[Hook: B.o.B]

[Verse 3: Juicy J]

Juicy J stay in the club, me and all my niggas

All these bad bitches, all this free liquor

Surrounded by so many women one of these hoes
might be your wife

She lookin' for a nigga that's ballin' so tonight might be
her night

You know me I stay stuntin', lowkey I threw tuition at
Onyx

Flip money fast like Sonic, rich nigga I speak Ebonics
Got a new car I paid cash, got a new crib with a weed
lab

Crisp bills I need that, fuck your team where the freaks
at

Hundred deep in V.I.P., niggas always hatin'

I came in with a bunch of goons and I'm leavin' with out
with his lady

I got your boo in my Bugatti, she bout to swallow my
babies

My system loud my weed loud, no hair clippers I'm
faded

[Hook: B.o.B]

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