## Sauce Money "What's My Name"

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"sauce motherfucker" "bitch niggas listen"
"i represent that shit, nigga bombs it son" (repeat 4x)

"you niggas heard 'pre-game'"
By sauce motherfucker for you lame motherfuckers"

Ain't no stopping, cats just dropping Hear guns cocking, fuck it, still rocking Thug niggas and thug bitches give me my props and Playa-hatin' motherfuckers cock-blocking Cats got it twisted, I'm the next nigga Sauce motherf-ing, check your text, nigga I fuck tracks raw dog when I sex this A rebel, I'm on some malcom x shit Let the tec spit, I'm gunning 'em all All these new niggas y'all pump, I'm running 'em all Ain't nobidy fucking with the shit I do If you disagree slightly, I shit on you, what I'm just with it, tell from my riches Keep my cars tinted, all my bitches Love the bigga nigga cause I grind a lot Try to calculate my figures cause I shine a lot Keep my fingers on the trigger til I find a cop You know my style, all my fucking lines be hot I share these niggas, clear these niggas It's my time, how dare these niggas

"bitch niggas listen"
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Niggas is sick, once I dig in your chick
Heard all them rumors, sauce, getting rich is a bitch
Confidently I spit, my clique is the shit
The more weight I gain, the more bitches I get
How ironic, hooker made off like me
With no album out, came off like me
First single, watch it take off like beats
Squeeze the eight off like me, skate off like me

I know these cats ain't about they bids
I stay ready, I doubt these kids
Want it, or you work on it
You ride my dick so much I put a turnstile on it
Only fair now, pay your fares now
Spit snare rounds for spare clowns, no fear now
Rhyme or skit asshole, it's time to split
You just passing gas, nigga, I'm the shit
What's my motherfucking name? (sauce
motherfucking)

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"i represent that shit, nigga bombs it son" (repeat 4x)

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I'm the defiant vet you cats try and wet Wanna be jordans, ain't even kobe bryants yet Sauce money ain't no half-ass rapper Act fast rapper, stack cash rapper Hood past the hoochies cute, stack lucci, duke Rock three-quarter gucci boots Internal revenue, that's money up the dookie shoot (what?) high off of hennessee shots Enemies plot, but my memory got Sixteen with one in the head, gunning with lead Cats like to gossip? here's something to spread: Sauce money coming, better get ready Fuck you vets, I don't squeeze to touch your chest My flamer got me aiming at your upper esch Unstoppable, when I'm on a block with a heater If you love me, wait to you hear little jeeter

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Recognize, nigga

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