

Various Artists "24's"

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Money, hoes, cars and clothes
That's how all my niggaz know
Blowin' dro', 24's
That's how all my niggaz roll

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In a drop top Chevy with the roof wide open
My partners looking at me to see if my eyes open
'Cause I've been drankin' and I've been smokin'
And flying down 285 but I'm focused

Four fifty four's aces, I race Porsches
White leather seats, as fresh as Air Forces
I say I'm doing 'bout a hundred but the track still
bumping
Number 8 on N.W.A., "Straight Outta Compton"

Pull up at your apartment, sitting on 20 somethings
And the dope boys hollin' and a kid runnin' in
The clicks start dancin' and the broads start choosin'
And the cars been parked but the rims keep movin'

Sign pictures by [Incomprehensible]
'Cause I ain't hollywood, I come from the hood
I'm used to it, if your rear view shaking and your seats
vibrating
24 inch Dayton's got the Chevrolet shaking

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I'll make a mill' and I'm satisfied, I'll get the rest
Underaged civilian in the tightest ride, I want the best
I refuse to get a 9 to 5, I'm a flip my ki's
Been payin' my dues since eighty-nine, trying to get my
cheese

Diamonds gleam when I'm on the scene
They know it's me
Ain't no dream or no fantasy it's T-I-P
Brought busting, like a baby do a blanket

Five karat VVS's on my motherfucking pinkie
Half of Hennessy and Belvedere
What we drinking, pimp squad send for broads
What the Hell you niggaz thinkin'

Young nigga spendin' weekends on the islands in the
fall
24 inch rim shining when I'm riding 'cause I'm ballin'
I'm calling out shots like a pool shark
My tools spark in the dark when I fool marks

Y'all fools hearts in the wrong place at the wrong time
I got a strong mind to grab my chrome nine
And shoot at your ass for a long time
But I'm a get that ass hauled off, fuck around with the
click

They'll be lookin for your dick wit a stick
Nigga y'all soft, so y'all lost, 'cause I'ma ball at all costs
Spit game at a dame, make her ride on this thang
'Til she falls off and sucks balls off, I got the

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I'm not boucing little shorty, I'm relaxing right now
I probably still be trappin' if I wasn't rapping right now
Bragging about pistols at the house, I want 'em
strapped right now
And keep on talkin' folk, I'll lay you on your back right
now

I want ta act right now, get smacked right now

I'm a buck a motherfucker, I don't know to back down
Clown down here fakin', frontin', talkin' 'bout what you
makin', nothin'
I'm 21 and 10 years deep, that shit to me ain't nothin'

I'm raised by the niggaz gettin' head from the jays
Lose your leg when I spray, end up dead from the 'K
Stay ready for the raid, paid heavy from the yae
I told my class to kiss my ass, I smoke 11 everyday

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