

What Ya Used To (feat. Hit-Boy)

Rockie Fresh

Again got the car with the crib
Really get it how I live, this ain't what you used to
Somebody finna open up the door
Got the Louis on the floor like this ain't what you used to
A shorty says she wanna take a trip, got a pool take a dip
Like this ain't what you used to
Nah, this ain't what you used to
Nah, this ain't what you used to Racquetball without those gems, magic gets made when the
lights get dim
And shorty ass fat but her waist real slim, might get a Evo or a X5M
Roll with the winners where the winters ain't cold
We chasing the heat while we traveling the globe
Waking up to breakfast, got the Gucci on the robe
And the diamonds in the bezel like they cutting on the store
What you wanna do, you and your crew
You're coming through, come spend the night
You living right, might change your life
Money ain't a thing, I could clearly pay the price
And nah the real legends do the same thing twice
Got a DC ' bitch that loves to use the word slice
And every time I hit it then she wearing nigga ice
She said that we bad but I ain't taking her advice
I'mma keep rolling up and I'mma keep pulling up
If I tell you that I got it then don't even doubt it
Talk about a comma cause the youngin been about it
I tell you 'bout the hustle cause I always been right at it
Into every situation tried to get some ends about it
At 17 my bitch was 35, I had a vet
It's how I'm living and that boy ain't even made a check
They ask me how much would I put up on the placing bets
I would bet everything, I knew I'll always be a king
Shorty fell in love, it was just a fling
She be in the lab, show a nigga sing
Home girl hating on her, she might intervene
Back of my mind I'm just hoping that they do the team
Young niggas winning on this side, so in love but you'll never dig right
I say these hating ass niggas can't ruffle my fathers
Or touch on my leathers
Success is my mental, looking at all my endeavors
She poppin' it steady, I swear that I'm ready
To lock it down, give her life like she Martin and Eddy
They yelling young and the realest cause I show cold?

Tsunami all on these bitches, you niggas just make it rain
I'm taking trips to Japan, everything's? at hand
My whole team on fire, nigga, NBA jam
Screaming HS87, HS87
Me and my youngins about that fatty, all about that fatty
Guap, lean or cheddar out the deli, get in line
We the shit, boy, coming lead a life with young Rodney and Hit-Boy, bitchx2

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>