

Vice (feat. Juicy J & Wiz Khalifa)

Chevy Woods

TGOD

Miami Vice

Uh

Top off speeding, they say I'm the bad guy Bitch ass nigga ain't nobody feeling that

You got a whole lot of mouth, I can kill you with a rap

That 16 in the magazine, one chain brin

Can knock as many down as I wanna, Wilt Chamberlain

Yeah, that's bucket seats like a Nascar

View from the beach condo that's the plan

All, yall niggas suffering hard

I'm rolling up, wine glass, sipping off with a laugh (haha)

Yeah, that's a couple of counts

I don't watch it, I know, I really see the amount

I'm out in Memphis with Juice, we into balling for real

You niggas talk like you scoring, never out on the field

Never fakers for real, my name good in the spot

Now it's Presidential Suites but still keeping it cot

No need for the bar, we could send you some shots

I know they mad cus they can't afford what's out in that lot, Oh

And when it comes to this paper, we getting all it

That means you fucking with gangsters

Soon as we walk in the door we get the party started

That means you fucking with gangsters Trippy niggas, Nigga we don't give a fuck Hopped up

out a brand new Panamera flexing

Mob niggas coming through

Bitch clear the section

Doobie to my lips

Straps I come equipped

Living a trippy life, everyday I'm in the strip

We be throwing hundreds

You be throwing ones

We marinate our lean with our blunts

Call my young nigga, what the count read?

Call my young nigga, bring him back to me!

Call my young nigga, he got what you need!

I got high as that bitch Fergie from the Black Eyed Peas

Make that bitch bite down

Have her dancing on her knees

I treat her like a prostitute, she bringing me a fee (Cash)

Real money get niggas who I hang with

Jackson, Grant, Franklin, people who I came with

I'm still balling, Juicy J will never quit

Broke ass nigga I don't speak your language
And when it comes to this paper, we getting all it
That means you fucking with gangsters
Soon as we walk in the door we get the party started
That means you fucking with gangsters Fly gangsta shit nigga, yeah They ain't wanna sell me
shit, now I don't need to buy
Three piece suit clean and I don't even try
Bags to my bitch nigga cus she likes shit
And cash with my niggas
Half of them indicted
That's game recognize game and my niggas know
House shoes on
Rich Gang stitched in my robe
Fly nigga, just a belt that you tryna price
We getting to it everyday
Same thing tonight
G shit from the block, you already know
The homie told me we gone get it, had to let it go
Uh, yeah, been where the weed at
You know I wasn't tripping man, I just couldn't see that
Now I'm trippy, getting faded, where my drink at?
Beginning at the pack for the cash, you know I lead that
Shit your language, I don't ever speak that
But my homies on the left side, yeah they see that And when it comes to this paper, we getting
all it
That means you fucking with gangsters
Soon as we walk in the door we get the party started
That means you fucking with gangsters
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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