

# OJ (feat. Fabolous & Jadakiss)

## Young Jeezy

What you know about champagne every night  
Bad bitches everywhere, Barry White  
Hit the things, I could bury white  
Countin' up a million dollars every night  
Hit the mall blow up  
Kinda hard when you're sleeping on Dolce  
Wake up drinkin Rose  
Killin' that white bitch, OJSmokin that exotic, grinding that forty  
All around trippin', I aint talkin bout touring  
Yeah, countin' money til ya boring  
Mad?, that? where you goin'  
Flat screens on the walls, iMacs  
Michael Turners on decks, hand bags  
Dirty white, yeah the kat stacks  
We don't sleep round here, we take cat naps  
Wesley Snipes, its the money train  
Swear the work came faster than the money came  
Sometimes the money be faster than the cars is  
Feds aint watching and then them broads is  
Could end anyday and you know better  
Now you watch the frito lay, yeah you know cheddar  
Double bags at the spot, luggage in the place  
Louie V on deck, luggage on my waist  
I woke up sayin' I aint drinking no more  
Same night in the spot drinkin' Coco  
Loso, bad bitch think she know so  
Got a man cuffin', think he popo  
She tryna go below the belt, thinkin' low blow  
I'm thinking oh yeah, he thinkin' oh no  
I'm on my high horse, thinking Polo  
Got the 9 on me so I think I'm Romo  
Uh, I'm about that life  
Bring you in the game, let you meet my wife  
Married to the, asking am I gettin cheddar now  
They say I do, like a wedding vow  
That AirTran we flying for cheap  
And you niggas sleepin' on me, hope you die in your sleep  
OJ, yeah probably don't get it  
I'm the best that ever did it and got away with it  
Italian money and everything with 'em  
Gloves don't fit 'em so they gotta acquit him  
Aint nobody seen it, but everybody heard it

The whole town hatin', they waitin' on a verdict  
Tell 'em niggas pop off, I'm waitin on a drop off  
I aint leaving the block til I knock the box off  
Yeah taking care of the whole fam  
Bought the Porsche gave the M to my old man  
More money more problems  
More grams, more real estate, more land  
At fight night I be ringside  
I let them things fly, just put 1.5 under my kingsize  
I look at the world through a kings eyes  
I was born to spit bars and sling?  
I aint wealthy yet but I'm quite rich  
I just gotta keep killin' that white bitch

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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