

Dedication

2 Chainz

You gotta known how to have fun when you get these checks man. Nah, I'mma put this on your camera. You need... I'm bout to tell you right now. Tell me what I need. Tity Boi. Tity Boi. You need to tell Cris go on let you go. Young Mula it out, we have fun over here, we just eating. We having fun, we just doing stuff, we don't even care about. (Go get my shit). Young Money, we

careIf it wasn't for Wayne, it wouldn't be
A lot of dudes in the game, including me

We was smoking that gas in '03
Was gon' sell a few bags to Lil Fee
Couple years removed from HBs
I went to Eastover before Katrina

Remember going to Magic riding in my B-mer
And this was way before FEMA, and you was rappin' and singin'
And I was slanging the Ps and smoking nigga like Newport
Comin up off of Too Short, my underwear was my hoop shorts
And then I went on tour and recorded a song on your tour bus
And that was '08, that's the first time I met Drake

When I hit your cup with that drank, had a nigga stomach like waitThat my dog, that my dog,
that my dog, yea, that my dog, that my dog uhh, that my dog, that my dog, that my dog, that my
dog, that my dog, that my dog, that my dio, yea that my dog

You relocated to MIA

You told me shawdy this where I stay

I came down to pay a visit

You told me Zoe Pound and them was trippin

And you, you wasn't dippin'

Had the M-16 and with the extra clip, ready to act ignorant

Ridin' off in the Phantom, and Mr. G he was driving

Pumpin' that Playaz Circle, you told me that we was riding

And I told you that I was rappin', I told you I wasn't writing

You said Luda was foolish because he wasn't excited

That was way before Tyga, I saw Nicki with Gucci

You said, "You can make a million rappin' 'bout some pussy, I did."

T, Fewq, Mally Mal, shining like Armor Oil

You can ask Mack, I was YM 'fore all of y'all

Stunna said I reminded him of Johnny

In this world you either selling or you buyingThat my dog, that my dog, that my dog, yea, that
my dog, that my dog uhh, that my dog, that my dog, that my dog, that my dog, that my dog,
that my dog, that my dog, yea that my dog

You tatted your face and changed the culture

You screamed soowoo and them gangstas loved it

You bought a Bugatti so you can flex

And most of the bad bitches your ex

Ride 'til the wheels fall off and they got wobbly

Duffle Bag video, we shot that bitch on Godby
You was holding a sty-ry, I had more gold than a pirate
They said it ain't about stylin', what they tryin' to kick knowledge
Duffle Bag Boys, yea I can't forget Dolla
In going to get the money, it's some words that I follow
I swallow my pride, smoking endo outside
Straight from Collegrove, I'm reporting live That my dog, that my dog, that my dog, yea, that
my dog, that my dog uhh, that my dog, that my dog, that my dog, that my dog, that my dog,
that my dog, that my dog, yea that my dog
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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