

# Vice City (feat. Black Hippy)

Jay Rock

Big money, big booty bitches  
Man, that shit gon' be death of me  
Big problems, I must admit it  
Man, that shit gon' be death of me  
I pray to a C-Note, my mama gave up hope  
I can't stand myself  
I just bought a new coat, I might go broke  
I can't stand myself  
Big money, big booty bitches  
Man, that shit...Turn me upSin City, Sin City  
Sin City, Sin City  
Big money, big booty bitches  
Tell the truth, nigga, I'm lost without it  
7 figures for a headline  
You want some stage time, we can talk about it  
Niggas actin' like they be rappin'  
Like nice on the mic, truly doubt it  
Go against the kid, y'all don't wanna live  
That decision is hella childish  
Rose gold for my old hoes  
They ain't satisfied then I sit 'em down  
10th grade, I gave her all shade  
But now she got some ass, I wanna hit it nowI don't lease, I just all out feast  
I put a blue Caprice on Gary Coleman  
Bomb head and some cheese eggs  
That's a new raise and a signing bonus  
Fall in this bitch  
Like some good pussy, can't stand myself  
So good, she so hood  
She a cheesehead, patty melt  
GED with some EBTs, and some DVDs  
That shit was happening  
She reel me in with some chicken wings  
And some collard greens, that shit was brackin'  
Just cracked me a new bitch  
Bust a new nut on her nigga's jerseyMy bitch get off at 9 o'clock  
So I had to shake her 'round 7: 30  
105, I'm stomping fast  
With these big guns, I'm hella dirty  
Get caught with this shit  
I ain't comin' home 'til like 2030I got big money, big booty bitches  
Man, that shit gon' be death of me (death of me)

Big problems, I must admit it  
Man, that shit gon' be death of me (death of me)Big dreams, no superstition  
Man, that shit gon' be death of me (death of me)I pray to a C-Note, my mama gave up hope  
I can't stand myself  
I just bought a new coat, I might go broke  
I can't stand myself  
I just might ban myself  
I just might... GOD! I'm focused feeling blessed  
Cause my eyes be the truth  
I'm focused feeling blessed  
Cause my eyes be the truthMental window blurry as a bitch  
Still lookin' out it  
So much money off the fuckin' books  
Could write a book about it  
Took a minute, no, wait a minute...  
Let me think about it  
Bout 10 years, Crips, Bloods  
Sweat and tears, and we still countingHad a real thick bitch named Brooklyn  
She fucked the whole squad  
Now every time I land in Brooklyn  
They fuck with the whole squad  
I'm more spiritual than lyrical  
I'm similar to Eli... Why?  
Cause I'm wearin' black shades  
And I'm headed west with the word of GodI think I'm finally ready to talk about it  
These niggas just talk about it  
Homie you don't play me for no fool  
Poppin' bottles like enemigos  
Ay dios mio, I'm so cold  
Get so deep in that water, water  
They should call my johnson a harpoonFeed the needy, don't know graffiti  
Paint her walls like a cartoon  
Beat the pussy up so bad  
Send her home with some war wounds  
Loaded off the 'gnac, hit her from the back  
Goin' 'cross her head... bar stool  
Touch her soul 'til I curl her toes  
Then it's time to reload, then it's part twoDamn near 30, still set trippin' cuz  
Where you're from, I'mma see about it  
Last year I made 10 million  
That's where I've been yeah, a private island  
Smoking something, on autopilot  
Got too many cars, I might crash a whip  
New 'Rari pedal barely tapping  
Nigga, vroom-vroom, yeah I'm rich bitch  
Got two Rolliers but one missing  
Think my daughter flossing, she in Kindergarten  
Got one crib worth two cribs  
And my front lawn, yeah that's water fountain

You be talking boss, saying big words  
Like philosophies, man you weird homie  
What it sounds to me that you broke as fuck  
And your bitch gon' leave and that's real homie I got big money, big booty bitches  
Man, that shit gon' be death of me (death of me)  
Big problems, I must admit it  
Man, that shit gon' be death of me (death of me)  
Big dreams, no superstition  
That shit gon' be the death of me (death of me)  
I pray to a C-Note, my mama gave up hope  
I can't stand myself  
I just bought a new coat, I just might go broke  
I can't stand myself  
I just might damn myself  
I just might... GOD!... GOD!

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>