

Dope (feat. Nipsey Hussle)

King Lil G

Bitch, I'm dope, way too dope
I'm talking 'bout a motherfucker had to sell dope
I had to chase dreams, I was in the ghetto
With a tattoo artist and a few extendos
I had to make moves, it was confidential
Bring the drama to your ass like we banging Death Row
My bros both started in the west side
With an alpine bumping all the bass lines
I snuck out my house way before the bed time
With the goons in the G ride on the test drive
Guns in the stash, who the fuck wanna trip?
I fuck with your hoes, but don't fuck with my clique
Murder your style, we smoke loud in this bitch
Gang unit pulled me over when they seen us in the whip
Gang unit pulled us over when they seen us in the whip
I didn't want to do it but I had to sell dope
I didn't want to do it but I had to sell dope Momma tried but there any no thing like homie love
I keep on getting faded
Momma tried but there any no thing like homie love
That's how we do it in LAI got a forty on my waist, MAC in the safe
Thirty in the clip like back in the day
Grind till we shine, stacking the safe
Act like a bitch, you get slapped in your face
Money man bleed the block till its said and done
Fuck his word, don't compare this till his credit run
Said he's trying to get some birds out, who's selling some?
Am I fucking with it? No, I never know
Always talking on the plane to get the cheddar hun
Drinking all the statin, lean I got a belly, huh?
That's my nigga Jay Rock, he can tell you how
I'll be in the back of that back just watching belly, huh?
With my feet up, drunk on like a litre
Hello, nice to meet you, you should be my señorita
Mamamia, how we went to sit up?
And that pussy getting beat up
I didn't want to do it but I had to sell dope
I didn't want to do it but I had to sell dope Momma tried but there any no thing like homie love
I keep on getting faded
Momma tried but there any no thing like homie love
That's how we do in LA

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