

Yukmouth, Nothin 2 A Bo\$\$

f/ Benjilino

* send corrections to the typist

[Yukmouth]

Haha... I can't believe you niggaz

You can't be serious

You really thought since 'Pac died the West coast fell the fuck off, huh?

You thought since Dre ain't made a album, we flopped?

Fuck that shit nigga!

Rap-A-Lot for life nigga!

Yukmouth nigga!

West Coast don nigga!

What's wit it punk?!

It's nuthin to a boss nigga!

We been ridin on dubb's that spin nigga!

We been poppin bottles, nigga, since 'Pac was alive nigga

The West Coast is back you faggot ass fucks!

[Verse 1]

I'm from the West Coast and never-ever crip-walk

I'm like the Bird Man, platinum grill, big cross

an I'm tryin to sell a few mill like Kris Kross

I'm ultra cocky, tell a chicken get lost

diss the boss an get ya lips ripped off

I let clips off

ya whole click soft

what you know about a hundred on a wrist watch

twenty on ya chicks watch

loungin Gucci flip flops

and I bang in the club like Rick Rock

Yuk show you how to rock that real thug hip-hop

they ride lo-lo's

Yukmouth flip drops

off the floor every year is a whip hop

menage-a-trios all year if ya chick jock

with ten karats in my ear like big shot

Godzilla get the scrilla like Chris Rock

an I'ma bring the West back when my shit drop

[Chorus - Benjilino]

To roll around on 24's

wit plenty millions in a vouge

everything a nigga want..

It's nothin 2 a boss!

So much ice a nigga froze

custom rides wit 310's

until I die it's all West coast

It's nothin big to a boss!

[Verse 2]

Yeah... if you gon' do it, do it right

I'm in the blue and white

rally striped Vipe leavin Peanuts wit a crew of dykes

Tuesday night I got my game together

I'm dangerous fella

my rims spin like plane propellers

an I'm down wit Prince James forever

Rap-A-Lot fo' lia (life)

Yukmouth, Scarface an Tela

and ya'll know Yuk is off the meter

for all you non-believers

I spark the heater

I'm what you call a block leader

Why you hatin?

I roll through ya radio station wit Gary Payton

in a franchise Lac outside on cherry Dayton's

an rock the new blue Burberry

make every nation feel the thug vibration, uh

my cars talk back like Michael Knight
I got a hunderd on a Roy Jones and Tyson fight
you wanna roll wit baller, well tonight's ya night
I rock ice cause the price is right
step it up hater. Yeah

[Chorus]

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wit plenty millions in a vougé
everything a nigga want..

It's nothin 2 a boss!

So much ice a nigga froze
custom rides wit 310's
until I die it's all West coast

It's nothin big to a boss!

[Verse 3]

Every day I'm poppin a bottle, and poppin a tag
fourty G's in a Gucci bag, I'm coppin a Jag
two-hundred G's in a Louie bag, I'm coppin a pad
wit the dragon shaped tool in the bag
What you know about that?!

What you know about chronic an Hypnotic
coppin Lamborghini's from 310 an Simbalic
drop stretch Hummers, twenty-four inch rims on it
??? skin interior wit the suede trim on it, wait!

I came in the game wit mobsta tales
I hit Mr. Chow's for meals, crack lobster tails
at the mall wit a model who only buys Chanelle
you wish I fell, but I prevail, Yukmouth is ill
I rock the 'Wheels of Fortune' like Pat Sajack
in a black Maybach

I'm tryin to bring the Bay back
in a A's throw back and a A's hat
Yuk a beast, and bleach couldn't fade that!
What?!

[Chorus]

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wit plenty millions in a vougé
everything a nigga want..

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