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 Rollies 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 homieI 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!

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