

# Switch Lanes (feat. Game)

Tyga

When I switch lanes, phantom doors swing  
Arm out the window screaming money ain't a thang  
Call it automatic bang, bang, bang  
Call it automatic bang, bang, bang  
Rari switch lanes, diamonds in my chain  
Been around the world all the hoes know my name  
Call it automatic bang, bang, bang  
Mr. automatic bang, bang, bang Fuck a nigga up, louie belt match the chucks  
I'm in the club with raw nigga, 10 racks a tub  
Back it up like a u-haul, rake ass is up  
Spades in my ice bucket, rub that for luck  
Racks in my cargos, Audemar stupid  
They say she in love with me, stay away from cupid  
The Panamera's sick, Lupus  
T-Row show them how we do it Swiss signs do it, my new bitch  
A nudist, peace like a buddist  
Cooler than cool-whip, give brain don't be stupid  
Faded like boozy, cut like a crew neck  
Arm out the window, another check, another rolex  
Mo' less, the moet, the mo' sex, I must say I bought her the P Jet, more than a piss test  
So I wake up, I'm fucked up, my ex tryna' make up Wake up, telling these bitches to get their  
cake up  
Wake Up, shooting my babies all on her make up I'm running through all these hoes, Brandon  
Jacobs  
Lambo doors up, sitting just like her legs  
Eat it off from the club, rather fuck hoes instead When I switch lanes, phantom doors swing  
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Call it automatic bang, bang, bang  
Mr. automatic bang, bang, bang Never tell a bitch I love her  
Money talk Chris Tucker  
Got a chauffeur, and a driver  
I don't lease it, I'mma buy it  
I'll be on the broke diet  
You ain't eating but you biting my style Motherfucking strike, light-lightening  
T-Carti, my bitch like Bugarri  
I walk in the spot, all these bitches bogart me  
Spent 30 racks, I'mma make it back tomorrow  
Pull up with a big titty bitch like Toccara You ain't never seen a rari, look like a safari

Tyga riding shotgun, snake print cardiAir, I'm in them like airs  
2500 nigga call them Nikes rare  
See them niggas hating, but I don't really care  
Gold bottles coming, tell them bitches light flares  
Snow on my wrist call that rollie big bear  
See it in the light though (woah) Rick FlairWhen I switch lanes, phantom doors swingArm out  
the window screaming money ain't a thang  
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Call it automatic bang, bang, bang  
Mr. automatic bang, bang, bangPull up at the barber shop, chop off the top of the Phantom  
Bitches screaming A, we're no where near Atlanta  
Maybe she a rockstar, maybe she a sinner  
Fucking with them lottery boys, now she a winner  
I'm all in that Virginia, I mean that vagina  
Get lost in that pussy, nigga you will never find her  
Eat it like lasagna, eat it like E-Honda  
Shout out to my nigga Breezy, and beat it like Rihanna  
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