Nigga Shit (Swoosh)

SAINt JHN

[Chorus]
Swoosh, I'm ballin'
I don't know the fuck them niggas call it
But out here nigga we call it the wave
On my nigga shit you know we go retarded
So I'm like swoosh, bitch, I'm ballin'
Like I don't know what none of ya'll call it
But baby I be gone in the mornin'
So It's champagne and models in the mornin'

[Verse 1]
First of fuckin' all, I was tryna ball
Word to Renny Penny countin' pennies at the jar
Starter jacket raw, Gucci loafers, nah
Learn to keep a secret, don't repeat what you saw
Flames trappin' raw, goin' door to door
Hammer in my bookbag, no respect for the law
Beamer for the car, but that's a '94
And breaks didn't work, and we was still goin' hard
Bitch, I've been a star, I know I'm a star
I've been Ghetto Lenny except without the guitar
We build the repoire, silk and cigars
And money comin' in, all hail to it, lord, nigga, much love
[Pre-Chorus]
Had her up and down, it's a mothafuckin' Sunday
Who, who the fuck gotta go to work Monday?
Who, who, who gotta set their money up?
Who? I really wish you little niggas let go

[Chorus]
Swoosh, I'm ballin'
I don't know the fuck them niggas call it
But out here nigga we call it the wave
On my nigga shit you know we go retarded
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[Verse 2]
Ghetto Lenny, no guitar, ayy
You ever been to Bogotá? Ayy
I got a girl, oh, I forgot, ayy

This Diplomatico cigar
She like gold bottles, or whatever, so I buy it or whatever
So she try it or whatever, on a diet or whatever
She a model or whatever, she a model or whatever
Got me spendin' like a nigga hit the lotto or whatever
True
[Pre-Chorus]
Had her up and down, it's a mothafuckin' Sunday
Who, who the fuck gotta go to work Monday?
Who, who, who gotta set their money up?
Who? I really wish you little niggas let go

[Chorus]
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