Who Do You Love? (feat. Drake)

YG

I'm that nigga with the plugs
I'm the nigga who got homies that be sellin' drugs
I'm the nigga on the back street
With the fat heat, niggas better run like athletes
I'm that nigga, I'm that nigga
My Bank of America account got six figures
I'm that nigga on the block
Police pull up, I'm tryna stash the Glock
You that nigga on the low-low
You're the nigga, you're the one that be talkin' to the po-pos
Porsche sittin' on Forgi's
Niggas can't afford these
The Panamera shittin' on the 9-11
I call my homies, not 911
I'm the nigga with the juice
But I'll never do my nigga like Pac did Q
Bitch, who do you love?
Bitch, who do you love?
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Bitch, who do you love?
Bitch, who do you love?Champagne
I got a shorty name Texas Syn
She got a buddy named Young JB and now you know the deal
We turnt up in the studio late night
That's why the songs that you hear are comin' real tight
OVO crew, nigga, thought I told you
If you a player in the game, this should hold you
And man shout my nigga Game he just rolled through
Eatin' crab out in Malibu at Nobu
A lot of fools puttin' salt in the game
Until these women get the notion that they runnin' the game
They got money that they jumpin' on the pole to make
Did the motto, took a flight to the golden state
I'm the general, just makin' sure my soldiers straight
Had to leave my nigga, homie got an open case
But I'm big on the west like I'm big in the south
So we gon' pay some people off, we gon' figure it out
And my name too big, and my gang too big
Young Money shit, me and Lil Wayne too big
I'mma crush that ass even if it ain't too big
I would pinky swear but my pinky ring too big
Wassup

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I'm that nigga on the block
With the fat heat; run like athletes
I'm that nigga, I'm that nigga
Bank of America account got six figures
I'm that nigga on the blockBitch, who do you love?
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Bitch, who do you love?
Bitch, who do you love?Nigga we straight and we hood
Ain't nobody ever gave us shit
When you see us shinin' it's because we steady grindin'
We stay paper chasin'
Separatin' the real from the fake
The fake from the real
We livin' to die and dyin' to live!
Nigga, that's why we got so many women
I'm tryna go deep, hit them asscheeks
Bust them guts, make her cum
Bitch, you know the game!
Ain't a motherfuckin' thing change!
Bitch! Who do you love!?

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