

# Vice (feat. Juicy J & Wiz Khalifa)

## Chevy Woods

TGOD

Miami Vice

Uh

Top off speeding, they say I'm the bad guy Bitch ass nigga ain't nobody feeling that

You got a whole lot of mouth, I can kill you with a rap

That 16 in the magazine, one chain brin

Can knock as many down as I wanna, Wilt Chamberlain

Yeah, that's bucket seats like a Nascar

View from the beach condo that's the plan

All, yall niggas suffering hard

I'm rolling up, wine glass, sipping off with a laugh (haha)

Yeah, that's a couple of counts

I don't watch it, I know, I really see the amount

I'm out in Memphis with Juice, we into balling for real

You niggas talk like you scoring, never out on the field

Never fakers for real, my name good in the spot

Now it's Presidential Suites but still keeping it cot

No need for the bar, we could send you some shots

I know they mad cus they can't afford what's out in that lot, Oh

And when it comes to this paper, we getting all it

That means you fucking with gangsters

Soon as we walk in the door we get the party started

That means you fucking with gangsters Trippy niggas, Nigga we don't give a fuck Hopped up

out a brand new Panamera flexing

Mob niggas coming through

Bitch clear the section

Doobie to my lips

Straps I come equipped

Living a trippy life, everyday I'm in the strip

We be throwing hundreds

You be throwing ones

We marinate our lean with our blunts

Call my young nigga, what the count read?

Call my young nigga, bring him back to me!

Call my young nigga, he got what you need!

I got high as that bitch Fergie from the Black Eyed Peas

Make that bitch bite down

Have her dancing on her knees

I treat her like a prostitute, she bringing me a fee (Cash)

Real money get niggas who I hang with

Jackson, Grant, Franklin, people who I came with

I'm still balling, Juicy J will never quit

Broke ass nigga I don't speak your language  
And when it comes to this paper, we getting all it  
That means you fucking with gangsters  
Soon as we walk in the door we get the party started  
That means you fucking with gangsters Fly gangsta shit nigga, yeah They ain't wanna sell me  
shit, now I don't need to buy  
Three piece suit clean and I don't even try  
Bags to my bitch nigga cus she likes shit  
And cash with my niggas  
Half of them indicted  
That's game recognize game and my niggas know  
House shoes on  
Rich Gang stitched in my robe  
Fly nigga, just a belt that you tryna price  
We getting to it everyday  
Same thing tonight  
G shit from the block, you already know  
The homie told me we gone get it, had to let it go  
Uh, yeah, been where the weed at  
You know I wasn't tripping man, I just couldn't see that  
Now I'm trippy, getting faded, where my drink at?  
Beginning at the pack for the cash, you know I lead that  
Shit your language, I don't ever speak that  
But my homies on the left side, yeah they see that And when it comes to this paper, we getting  
all it  
That means you fucking with gangsters  
Soon as we walk in the door we get the party started  
That means you fucking with gangsters

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