## YG, Who Do You Love? (ft. Drake)

I'm that nigga with the plugs

I'm that nigga who got homies that be sellin' drugs

I'm the nigga on the back street

With the fat heat, niggas spear 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 9-11

I'm the nigga with the juice

But I'll never do my nigga like Pac did Q

Bitch, who do you love?

## [Drake:]

Ì got a shorty name Texas Syn

She got a buddy name 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'm a crush that ass even if it ain't too big

I would pinky swear but my pinky ring too big

Wassup

Bitch, who do you love?

I'm that nigga, I'm that nigga

Bank of America account got six figures

I'm that nigga on the block

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 block

Bitch, who do you love?

## Bitch, who do you love?

Nigga we street 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!?