

# In My Business (feat. Rocko)

## Gucci Mane & Waka Flocka Flame

I'm really stepping up my game  
These bitches gotta start paying me for this  
Can't get no more free RandyGot everything, I got everything  
I cannot complain, I cannot  
I don't even know how much I really made, I forgot  
It's a lot, fuck that, never mind what I got  
Nigga don't watch that cause I  
Came up, that's all me  
Stayed true, that's all me (Yeah)  
No help, that's all me  
All me for real  
Came up, that's all me  
Stay true, that's all me  
No help, that's all me  
All me for real  
Money on my mind, you should think the same  
J's on, pinky ring  
Dogging these hoes, I need quarantine  
In the same league, but we don't ball the same  
Oh! She want all the fame  
I hear that shit all the time  
She said she love me  
I said, "Baby girl, fall in line." OK  
Made a million, off a dinner  
Fork, watch me switch it up  
Walked in, "Ill nigga alert! Ill nigga alert!" (Damn!)  
You need that work, I got that work, got bitches in my condo  
Just bought a shirt that cost a Mercedes-Benz car note  
From the A to Toronto, we let the metal go off  
And my dick so hard it make the metal detector go off  
This that sauce, this that dressing  
Givenchy, nigga God bless you  
If having a bad bitch was a crime  
I'd be arrested (True)  
I touched down in '86  
Knew I was a man by the age of 6  
I even fucked the girl that used to babysit  
But that was years later on some crazy shit  
I heard your new shit, nigga hated it  
Damon Wayans homie don't play that shit  
I get paid a lot, you get paid a bit  
And my latest shit is like a greatest hits

God damn  
Ain't no wishing over on this side  
Y'all don't fuck with' us and we don't fuck with' y'all, it's no different over on this side  
God damn  
Should I listen to everybody or myself?  
Cause myself just told myself, "You the motherfuckin' man, you don't need no help."  
Cashin' checks and I'm bigging up my chest,  
Ya'll keep talking 'bout who next,  
But I'm about as big as it gets  
I swear ya'll just wastin' ya'll breath,  
I'm the light skinned Keith Sweat,  
I'm a make it last forever,  
It's not your time 'cause I ain't done yet,  
Look, just understand that I'm on a roll like Cottonelle,  
I was made for all of this shit,  
And I'm on the road box office sales,  
I'm getting paid for all of this shit,  
Ask you to please excuse my table manners,  
I was making room for the table dancers,  
'Cause if we judging off your advances,  
I just got paid like eight advances, God damn!HOE, SHUT THE fuck UP  
I got way too much on my mental  
I learn from what I've been through  
I'm finna do what I didn't do  
And still waking up like the rest do  
Not complicated, it's simple  
I got sexy ladies, a whole Benz-full  
And to them hoes I'm everything  
Everything but gentle  
But I still take my time  
Man I guess I'm just old fashioned  
Wearing retro shit, that's old fashioned  
Nigga, see what I'm saying, no closed caption  
I paint pics, see the shit  
Good sex, need to hit  
Keep a bra on the floor  
Year round like season tickets  
I plead the fifth  
Drink a fifth  
Load the nine  
Leave you split, in the half  
Smoke a half, Need a zip  
My new girl is on Glee and shit  
Probably making more money than me and shit  
I swear to God I got 99 Problems but a bitch ain't one  
I got 99 problems, getting rich ain't one  
Like I got trust issues  
I'm sorry for the people I've pushed out  
I'm the type to have a bullet-proof condom

And still gotta pull out  
But that's just me  
And I ain't perfect  
I ain't a saint but I am worth it  
If it's one thing, I am worth it  
Niggas still hating but it ain't workin'  
Lil' bitch Oh Me. Oh Me. Oh my. I think I done fucked too many women from the 305  
'Fore the end of this year, I'll do King of Diamonds, three more times,  
Smoking on that kush all in our section like it's legalized  
Girl, you can't always have your way, sometimes it be like that  
They don't really fuck with you like that, they ain't never did me like that  
I just took my time, you got your shine, I let you eat like that  
I been taught never to loan somebody what you need right back  
And I need that shit right back (no more free Randy)  
I'm blessed than a motherfucker,  
Niggas been stressed than a motherfucker  
Niggas gettin' nervous, clutchin' they chests like a motherfucker,  
Damn that's a motherfucker  
Tell the truth, I don't listen to ya,  
'Cause I don't like being lied to  
And that ship won't sail,  
And that wind won't guide you  
Daddy was in jail we was talkin' through the window,  
Like a motherfucking drive-through  
That was back then man,  
Now my niggas rich enough to do whatever I do.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>