Tyga, Ozuna, Switch Lanes (Feat The Game)

[Hook]
When I switch lanes, phantom doors swing
Arm out the window screaming money ain't a thang
Call it automatic bang, bang, bang
Call it automatic bang, bang, bang
Rari switch lanes, diamonds in my chain
Been around the world all the hoes know my name
Call it automatic bang, bang, bang
Mr. automatic bang, bang, bang

[Verse 1: Game + Tyga]
[Game]
Fuck a nigga up,louie belt match the chucks
I'm in the club with raw nigga, 10 racks a tub
Back it up like a u-haul, rake ass is up
Spades in my ice bucket, rub that for luck
Racks in my cargos, Audemar stupid
They say she in love with me, stay away from cupid
The Panamera's sick, Lupus
T-Rawwwww show them how we do it

[Tyga]
Swiss signs do it, my new bitch
A nudist, peace like a buddist
Cooler than cool-whip, give brain don't be stupid
Faded like boozy, cut like a crew neck
Arm out the window, another check, another rolex
Mo' less, the moet, the mo' sex, I must say
I bought her the P Jet, more than a piss test
So I wake up, I'm fucked up, my ex tryna' make up

[Game]
Wake up, telling these bitches to get their cake up
Wake Up, shooting my babies all on her make up
I'm running through all these hoes, Brandon Jacobs
Lambo doors up, sitting just like her legs
Eat it off from the club, rather fuck hoes instead

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[Verse 2: Tyga + Game]
[Tyga]
Never tell a bitch I love her
Money talk Chris Tucker
Got a chauffeur, and a driver
I don't lease it, I'mma buy it
I'll be on the broke diet
You ain't eating but you biting my style
Motherfucking strike, light-lightening
T-Carti, my bitch like Bugarri
I walk in the spot, all these bitches bogart me
Spent 30 racks, I'mma make it back tomorrow
Pull up with a big titty bitch like Toccara

[Game]

You ain't never seen a rari, look like a safari
Tyga riding shotgun, snake print cardi
Air, I'm in them like airs
2500 nigga call them Nikes rare
See them niggas hating, but I don't really care
Gold bottles coming, tell them bitches light flares
Snow on my wirst call that rollie big bear
See it in the light though (woah) Ric Flair

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[Verse 3: Game]

Pull up at the barber shop, chop off the top of the Phantom
Bitches screaming A, we're no where near Atlanta
Maybe she a rockstar, maybe she a sinner
Fucking with them lottery boys, now she a winner
I'm all in that Virginia, I mean that vagina
Get lost in that pussy, nigga you will never find her
Eat it like lasagna, eat it like E-Honda
Shout out to my nigga Breezy, and beat it like Rihanna

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