

I got jewels, plus wheels  
Pullin' up in your grill, I'm so trill  
Your girl want Cosmos, Cristeels  
And she feelin' around for them pills

Bitch I'm trill, bitch I'm so trill  
Nigga I'm trill, nigga I'm so trill

I got my steel, I'll peel  
Pulling up on your grill, I'm so trill  
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G's up, rev them V's up  
Federali's trying to reach us to keep us  
Flooded pieces, diamond size Reese's pieces  
You know who he is, nigga talk show like Regis

King Push flow prestigious  
Hoes suck me like leeches  
X and Os, tick-tack-toes  
Fuck 'em, duck 'em, let them go

On to the next, got this in the decks of them Cali low-lows  
Houston, candy paint, screwed up vocals  
New York, Range Rov, sit on mo-mos  
Pusha in that Bentley, G T O, no

Flow chameleon, worth 'bout a million  
Sell Bolivian, Feds in oblivion  
Bitch Brazilian, purse reptilian  
Took her from far off island like Gilligan

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It's me ma, you ain't dreamin'  
Star struck bitch damn near stopped breathing  
So real that hon' ain't believin'  
Out my bracelet, she can't make rhyme or reason

Soon as you get your heart involved  
That's when I fall back love, au revoir  
So international, French Riviera  
Love for foreign cars would explain my Carrera

Who cares when these fools talk  
Don't mean jack 'til that tool gotta talk  
Icy wrists help me to cool off  
And the second hand on this bitch it moon walk

Reminds me of how I applied myself  
And why I now ride with Tiptronic help  
Bankroll on overload  
I eeny meeny miny moe them hoes, I'm so trill

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So many different things make me trill  
Start with that B with wings over the grill  
Maybe how my way with words make me mills  
Or maybe it's my way with birds digital scales

Young, restless, talk so reckless  
Two hundred thousand up in my necklace  
Four of ya Hummers wrapped round my neck bitch  
I ain't mention the Rolly red neck like Texas

To y'all ill wishers who wanna take part  
In me getting robbed, well follow ya heart  
And I'll waste ya, hell I raised ya  
Even let 'em cheat from my paper

Why does wealth make them hate me  
And make chicks hearts so achy breaky  
Rarely do I toot my own horn  
But y'all fellas got too far gone, now come back

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