

Yeah, told Spitta roll up and he pulled up on
Everybody know that that's my N.O. homie
Started way back, I give a shot out to Tunechi
All them other rapper's niggas certified coochie
Used to wear Gucci and I still do
All that shit so old to me it's mildew
Old money still got the lil face
I was trapping when L.A. Reid was LaFace
Alright, André my favorite rapper
Raw paper, my favourite wrapper
All of these baby rappers starting to look like lady rappers
Dead beat rappers, never change they baby pamper
I used to serve your favourite rapper, now I smoke it for example

I bought pounds just to smoke it
Pounds, just to smoke
I bought a pound just to smoke it
A pound, just to smoke
Walk in church smelling like it
Hop out the bird smelling like it
Jumped out the Porsche smelling like it
Already know what it's smelling like it
Walked in the church smelling like it
Hop out the bird smelling like it
Jumped out the Porsche smelling like it
You already know

I got stars in my ceiling, mama how you feeling?
Chinchilla dragging on the floor with my gold pendants
Done it for my city just to show 'em I can get it
Hella cold with it, yeah dawg you know your nigga
Been down with Tity since me and Tune were visit
Hit him for the killer quickly he came through with it
Had to dually truck it was shitty
I had the Bently
We shot a video with a few bitches
The casino scene was flipping, straight rolling
Hot box the box chevy, shit look like a explosion
Two of the coldest niggas smoking
Rolling, millionaires and we homies
That's dangerous you know it

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