

No tint on the window, still can't see if I'm in it
Cause my seat back low, and my car full of smoke
Can't stop for them bitches, tryna get in this dough
Chandelier these ceilings, Italian marble these floors
From my one bedroom apartment who knew where I would go
I didn't pay they cut my lights they pay me now I light up shows
Ridin' round in my Rolls, in my terrycloth robes
Various hoes is plotting to get carried over thresholds
But I'm already married, me and this paper we so mofuckin' happy together
I swear I was good but it made me better
Paved the way for the capital letter, B
Stoned like a statue of me perpetually
Let me roll

Money coming in, records coming out
My niggas getting rich, bitches at my house
All this shit I got
Plotting on a million right now, it'll never stop

And if you talkin' bout chopping a brick then count me in
If you talking 'bout hitting a lick then count me in
If you talking 'bout selling some pills then count me in
Told my homie I'm gon' win, but his reply was when
If you talking 'bout selling some piff then count me in
If you talking it's gon' get me rich quick then count me in
If you talking 'bout stacking some chips then count me in
Cause my baby need some shoes, my girl need half on her rent
They tryna nail me them coppers they tryna nail me
Jet Life, Mackavelli good guy faith don't fail me
No stranger to this danger rolling with my Mac-11
All black Mac-11 man them niggas hella jealous
Not just smoking it I sell it, tryna make a million
Had to get it on my own, wasn't nobody else gon' give me
A goddamn thing we was taught sky's the limit
Never quitting keep pushing stop bitching at least we living

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