

They got cups in here? We might got some liquor  
Damn  
East side (Turn the beat up some)  
Trauma Tone, uh

I could pull up with you a couple spots and have you poppin'  
Open the door for you, I know everybody watchin'  
Understand I got options and I place you on top 'em  
But it's your spot to lose  
This life come with some rules, we laced in real jewels  
Champagne ain't nothin' new, swear that's just what we do  
Whether the camera on or off, we still lookin' cool  
Niggas mad I been stuntin', so I hear they huntin'  
My OG hipped me to it, I know how y'all comin'  
You come run up on me, I swear, you get laid out for nothin'  
My homies down to slide for me 'cause they really love me, uh

Shout out my watch, it's real, shout out my bitch, she real  
Shout out my hood, they real, shout out my label, it's real  
Shout out my watch, it's real, shout out my bitch, she real  
Shout out my niggas, they real, shout out my Phantom grill  
East side on mine just like every time, lowriders outside  
Got foreigners in a line because I can't decide  
Which one I'm tryna drive, I'm, like, too fuckin' high  
But, yeah, I'm still gon' slide, might pick that sixty-five

I'ma pick you up, I might show you off  
Put some diamonds on your neck, baby, fuck the cost  
We turnin' heads when we walk, skin so soft  
Leather so soft, adjustable exhaust, I'm cussin' off  
I told you I can show you what we go through  
Now, baby, quit playin' and come fuck with a boss  
We poppin' Ace of Spades bottles for no reason at all  
I was just checkin' on you, that's the reason I called (How you doin', baby?)  
I keep shit lit, that's it, look at my wrist, that's him  
Look at my bitch, God damn, bitch got ass like sheesh  
I'm that nigga still, shout out my bitch, she real  
AP watches still, bitch, I'm healthy still

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But, yeah, I'm still gon' slide, might take that sixty-five