

Humble this, humble that  
Underrated this, underrated that  
This year I'm pulling up on niggas boy  
Correct

I just hopped out in a fisker  
Money on my mind, I ain't for the bullshit  
[?] fell off, well I'm just getting rich, wrist glow  
These stones cost the salary of a pitcher, major

Since Skypager I been getting paper, single  
Ronald my feet in all flavors, I'm labelled  
With a bad chick from Barbados  
She thick like she putting sugar in the mashed potatoes  
Rolling cookies from the coast getting elevated  
Putting haters in hell, oh well they just mad I made it  
Let it burn  
I'm at the top, wait your turn  
I be smoking so much all these ashes fill their urn  
Talking what I earn  
I'm still spinning from '09 this rapping a goldmine  
I'm running through the goal line  
My day ones protect me like the Denver Broncos O-line  
I'm Payton in his prime, quarterback and calling shots  
How he black and call the cops

I used to be a hard top fanatic until I copped a drop  
Threw Ds on that boy and got rid of all the stocks  
All these Air Ones in my closet you'd think I had Nike stocks  
BCG Stan socks, vintage Daytona watch  
The Paul Newman, car boomin' like a stick of dynamite  
Setting shit off these other bitches ain't rhymin' right  
(Bitches ain't rhymin' right)  
(I'm setting shit off, these other bitches ain't rhymin' right)

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