

God is the greatest but I'm hearing Illuminati doing favors
2 Chainz, six watches, hundred million, two pockets (Huh)
Double M (M-M-M-M)
Ricky Renzel A.K.A Lemon Pepper (Hahahaha)
Been the biggest, still the biggest (Biggest, M-M)
A.K.A up in your baby mama, nigga, haha
Toni!

Beat up and battered the block (Yeah) came from not having a lot (Uh)
Want my American pie (Pie) rich like arrogant guys (Guys)
Burn you then play with the fire (Fire) know you get buried alive
Can't walk a day in these shoes, these don't come in your size (Yeah)
You hot, apparently not, woke up wearing a watch
Two Cuban links, trapping like cheetahs, got various spots
From weed to powder, powder to rock
Been having masks and gloves in my car (Car)
I take a 'shroom and stare at a star (Woo)
Shit I own this motherf*cker, I stand on the bar
You always posting cars and never post your home décor
Versace robe to the floor (Uh) the dead bolt on the door (Dead)
I pray for Italy, spent my honeymoon on the water
Got cribs in Cali and Florida (Yeah) I love her, so I support her
I got a scale and a Ziploc, may I take your order? (Alright)
The hustle in my aorta, I dodge another reporter (Skrtrt)
Before the pandemic, still wouldn't f*ck with Corona
Look, that paper callin' and I reply
Spread that money like disease, I, why?
My wrist cost 100 Gs, I, I
I handle my B-I, I'm, young, rich and Black
Bitch, I'm, young, rich and Black
Uh, I'm, young, rich and Black
Mm, get ya, get ya, mm, young, rich and Black
Mm, uh, I'm young, rich and Black

I'm living proof when you real, you see the truth as it is
The hardest spirit's age cannot be gauged by the counting of years
And it don't matter what amounts in your account, you ain't rich

Without the grace of God's blessing, money don't mean shit
Might work the best on planet Earth, so I never abuse it
Can't drink, smoke or sniff it, gotta listen to use it
Shit's so fire, I get a million people high when I move it
And when the cosmos collapse, I'll still have passion for music
Young, rich and Black (M-M-M-Maybach Music)

Twin Phantoms in the city, niggas know who's really winning
Why you tell us what you spending? 40 karats on my finger
Way I'm living, money linger, time to get another Bimmer
I could count a million cash, at three mil', my hands'd tingle (Boss)
Kilo after kilo, blow my winnings out in Reno (Boss)
Candied out the Chevy, new motor, I got the beat on (Huh)
Trapping out in Tampa, Tom Brady face on the C-note
Autograph my jersey, on Thursday the hoes get peed on (Woo)
Bitches on the furlough, let her come back if she's fertile (Fertile)
She just a surrogate, I told her name her son Lil Birdo
When you're on a money team, you gotta hit 'em where you hurt 'em
Offers for my catalogue, I guess it's just the way I word 'em (Boss)

Cyntoia Brown back, I pray she living with a purpose (Yes)
Contacting her mans overnight, her ass so perky (Huh)
Man, Polo out in Soho, go for dolo on these verses
In the Phantom on the phone, I blow one then I pull the curtains
Look, that paper callin' and I reply
Spread that money like disease, I, why? (Huh)
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MWA Music