

I can't feel my face, uh, I can't feel my legs, uh  
Too busy, I'm countin' up bread, uh  
You can get hit with the lead, yeah  
I'm with a freak-ass bitch right now, she tryna give me head  
I ain't Gunna, but I'm pushin' P, yeah, I'll never leave my mans

Can I geek up in this bitch? Woah  
Just give me my bread, I'm fuckin' these hoes, I don't give a fuck 'bout this bitch, uh  
I jump on the stage, I'm rockin' these shoes, get money and turn around quick, uh  
No matter the rain, no matter the snow, I'm keepin' that bitch on my hip  
I promise I'm makin' 'em dip  
I want some money, that's it  
My bitch like Harley and shit, uh  
Bro gon' get popped like a zit, uh  
Money on money, I'm rich, uh  
I put Chanel on my bitch, uh  
I just spent ten on my—  
I just spent ten on my 'fit, uh  
You don't get money like this, uh  
Cuff your ho, I cannot, I pour fours in my pop  
Can you take me to my cell? I can't fold, I cannot  
I can't even tell the time, all these diamonds in my watch  
And I'm always on my grind, you can call me Tony Hawk

Yeah, do she really want me or do she want me for the fame?  
Got cash, got racks and now she gon' scream my name  
I'm with you, stay solid  
Your jewelry be so flawless  
You a snake, it's so obvious  
Only want me 'cause I'm poppin', yeah  
They say, "Oh, my God, he hard," bag Goyard  
Said she fuck with me, should've said that from the start  
Raf Simons, Louis V, my budget fuckin' large  
That shit large  
You got cash on you (Yeah), you got a bag on you (Yeah)  
You got racks on you (Yeah), bitch, you got ass on you (Yeah)  
What you do when you ain't got nowhere to go?  
Yeah, I'm missin' you, I had to let you know  
Yeah, I had to let you know  
I can't trust no bitch, yeah, it is what it is  
Model ho, she bad, lil' shawty live in the hills  
Yeah, these hoes get badder and badder  
I'ma hit, then leave you after  
Can't stay, that shit like bad luck  
I been focused on gettin' my racks up  
Yeah, you get fly, you just don't get flyer than me  
This ho burnt out, why the fuck is she lyin' on me?  
Jeep Trackhawk, I hit the gas, watch me tear up the street  
Yeah, watch me tear up the street

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