

(B-B-Bankroll got it)

Hey, you know you some pressure (pressure)
Tights, gallery sweater
All the niggas still gone sweat her
Don't nobody fuck her better
Than me
Me, me, me (me, me, me)
Me, me, me (me, me, me, yeah)
Got you stuck on me

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She postin' like she's taken, but she's single when she see me
She's stuck on me, she'll never, ever leave me
I been grindin' in the stu, I know these L.A. streets need me (L.A. streets need me)
Sweatin' like I'm off a Perc', workin' hard, gettin' greasy (gettin' greasy)

She know I'm the best one for her in the end (like what?)
Me and my homies gettin' lit with you and your friends (like huh?)
This Mercedes hybrid's not a regular Benz (bars)
This a different type of money, bitch, this cash don't bend (this cash don't bend)

Asked her where she goin', said she leavin' (said she leavin')
I could tell by how she look, that bitch fiendin' (like huh?)
Yeah, no, she can't be for real (like what?)
Fuck it, we even (like bye)

Bet they wish they would've did a nigga back (did a nigga back)
'Cause now I'm up, worth more than a couple racks
Crazy girl on my ass, tryna figure out where I'm at (where I'm at)
And this girl stuck on me like the tap (like huh?)

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