

It's that shit you could get high to  
That shit that you could vibe to  
Ride through  
I slide too

I only think about wealth, that's why I say to myself  
Some do, but I don't need no help  
My shit is top shelf  
When your pants cost 2 bands, you don't need a belt  
I reek of money Dior with a slight reefer smell  
They showing love for the moment but wanna see me fail  
Not a chance in hell  
My shit legit, I used to send packs in the mail  
Free my niggas from them cages just praying for bail  
Residue and wooga shells, that's all I know  
Can't remember the last time I touched a remote  
I'm smoking weed just to cope  
The system ain't built for niggas so I don't even vote  
Although I'm rich, I won't even boast  
I seen the most  
Niggas rich as hell turn broke  
Times get too tough and niggas turn to dope  
I started as a young lord now I'm the GOAT  
And keep your mouth closed, that's one of my oaths  
You know

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