

Ayo

I put it down, like the stakes is high, huh  
I hate a nigga that sit around and just wait to die  
I meet a bitch, then make her drive or make her fly with bricks  
And tell her "Hit me when you stabilize"  
Them the hoes that'll take a ride  
That's why I barely date outside of my race like a Asian guy  
I go broke, I'ma make a pie  
Or turn a deuce into seven-thirty ones like it's late July, huh  
In the jungle with boy  
I got my first brick and treated it like it was a bundle of joy  
, huh  
Where I'm from, it's a void  
If you ain't buyin' at least one burge, you under-employed  
I used to cop from the Florida boys  
Now I'm ignorin' noise while gettin' top inside a foreign toy  
Bitch, your man is a corner boy  
That only re-up with seven grams, we call him Quarter Roy

Yeah, yeah

Uh-huh

You know what's up, yeah

Y'all know how I got this shit, I had to cop a lot of 'caine  
If them shots did not exchange, uh-uh, our ride is not the same  
Big Lamb' truck, 2024, the body not the same  
And that's the old one, the baby GOAT like Bryce and Bronny James  
This my life inside a rage  
Let me show y'all what it's like behind the stage  
Because in rap, the pay cycle ninety days  
Between that, the streets movin', most likely, I'll be paid  
I need a brick and theme music from the likes of Isaac Hayes  
Droppin' pocket change for floor seats, the Lakers/Rockets game  
Now we got a sports firm, look what a high became  
Three bricks and my nephew four, they both a toddler age  
I put a block of y'ay' in a blender while he potty-train  
I was good with one foot in like receivers in college games  
I'm the chief, I buy guns and give pieces tribal names  
Uh, told the plug "I'm gettin' close, on the way, I'm with Speshal"  
He said "Bring a box of shells and a case of Modelo"  
Yeah, and a case of Modelo  
A box of shells and a case of Modelo