

Ayo, a body drop, that's how I send a message
Niggas want me dead but I didn't stress it
They put prices on my head, so who interested?
Y'all 'bout to cry rivers, hope y'all niggas took swimming lessons
Never stressing a hater concern
Just major returns from big investments
And business methods
I got pictures of y'all bitches naked
Y'all just got added to a list of other hoes I didn't mess with
I'll show you how to get your bag straight, at a fast pace
I'm the teacher, you're the classmates
I can teach you about businesses and tax breaks
The difference between percentages and flat rate
Street credit but my shit cash based
And the detectors ran into my last place
But y'all don't see me stressing with the sad face
'Cause my trap straight
So much traffic, should charge ad space
Y'all the ones who despise us
Y'all bitches better start moving wiser
That's a Uber driver
And I ain't trying to diss the Uber drivers
This for the ones that act like the boss
When they just the supervisor
Everyday I make a new deposit
My music show you I'm not human
I'm a moving object
See, they lock me in a room with doctors
Tell me "Rap on camera" so they can watch
And review the process
A rare study, my tears bloody
Only got love for the plug
'Cause that's the one that was there for me
Them other niggas wasn't there for me
Bitches fucking for hair money
Man that slut couldn't dare love me
The small town did my man muddy
He thought he had a fair jury
Got hit with damn near twenty
Trying to get that millionaire money
And if the feds running hair
I pray they don't get the chair to me
Trust!

Big body foreign with the stars in it
Club looking like a gym, how I ball in it
I just made another hundred thou'
So them niggas quiet down, shh!
The money calling
This that shit you used to dream about
Keep playing with that fire, let them demons out
Tell them broke hoes they can call me back
Roger that, that's the money calling