

Trust!

It's '95, it's hard to survive, you nam'sayn? It's a new world order, we gotta get our minds together. One of my favorite songs, we got a song called "Eye For A Eye": we in this together, son, your beef is mine
Ayo, ayo

I'm in the Range Rover with mob members, my fellas
All you see is plain Daytonas and Sky-Dwellers
'Bout to make more of you guys jealous
Crib one point seven- huh... (I-I-I-Invasion)
Ayo, I'm in the Range Rover with mob members, my fellas
All you see is plain, Daytonas and Sky-Dwellers
'Bout to make more of you guys jealous
Crib one point seven, came with a sauna and wine cellar, huh
I'm a expensive time-teller
Forty-thousand dollar grandfather clock made from Howard Miller
Go and ask your bitch how I met her
Sellin' pounds out of the Jetta, down south in Alpharetta
I'm more polished than you small-timers
I'm just tryna see my name four-sided inside the Forbes column
I ain't tryna have divorce problems, my hoe is solid
My bitches wear Louis Vuitton dog collars
Talk dollars, or you takin' notes
How you makin' jokes? How you niggas celebratin' broke?
Y'all some uneducated folks
I got two businesses, and them people investigated both
Broke niggas speculate the most
I'm at the table with the shooter, he givin' me estimated quotes
I never underestimated folks
I'm takin' air flights, you takin' stair flights, your elevator broke, huh
Drug dealin' created hope
When there wasn't a way, I made a boat off weight and dope, huh
You niggas never had strength
You flash rent money on IG, now where that cash went? Huh
You niggas never had sense
Now that all of my stash rinsed, can only speak past tense