

Money, power, and respect  
Make me mad, I'm spendin' a dollar, bitch, on Neff  
Louis V bag, 300 cash in a compressor  
Put 50 on all sixes on niggas, Geeski will tell ya  
Bitch, I'm feelin' rebellious, these niggas kill me  
I don't give a fuck how it really sound, I don't feel them  
Patek Pressies and Millys, paid two, three, and a nickel  
Diss me, we'll blitz you, tell me how much it's takin'  
Uncle real magician, ain't there, shit, he'll make it  
My young killas go crazy, I need to see niggas' statements  
I lost a million in Vegas, I'm gamblin' with my life  
Can't believe it wasn't sealed, now I know it ain't a pint

Wrong, right  
I pray my niggas live a long life  
And I don't even smoke, but I'm with all the shit  
So many of my bros probably hate that I'm rich, hate that I'm lit  
Wrong, right  
I pray my niggas live a long life  
And I don't even smoke, but I'm with all the shit, with all the shit  
I'm still with all the shit  
Free my niggas

Duffle bags full of cash  
A million in the stash, I'll make you niggas mad  
Remember me doing bad, gamblin' with my last  
Who helped me, nigga, who? Quarter million in juice  
Fuck squashin', I'm tryin' to shoot, Momma, this shit for you  
Can't imagine livin' without you, I just cashed yo house  
The road ain't that big, I'm holding it for your kids  
Got me cryin' all night, like damn, this really life

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