

Yeah

Niggas change, but the Patek stay the same
Sippin' all this check, I [?] pain
Nobody gave me shit, I had to make a name
Had to make a name, had to hit a stain
Faded bro was behind the wall, puttin' pain
Hundred thousand shots get you knocked
In the street, nigga, you switchin' up
Yeah, yeah
I spilled lean on my shirt
I spilled it on my shirt
Racks so big they hurt
Yeah, oh
That bitch tryna see what's up
She hate when I kiss my cup
My bitch, I ain't tryna fuck

You know I'm just taking my ways
You know I'm just tryna get
You know I'm just tryna get paid
I said, bitches want my place
Bad bitches in the way
I ain't ever gonna lie
Y'all niggas insecure, it's a shame
In the foreign, drop the top
Niggas die tryna pick up their line
You know, so much swag in the pot
[?] baby mama on top
Got the shit on lock
That's [?]
We ain't fuckin', baby, gots to go
Easy runnin' 'cause I gots to know

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