

Time to turn the heat up like it's Bali  
Throwing all these bands while we in Follies  
Horseman on my emblem, but it's headless  
Roof gone now we driving down to Venice

She so good at what she do I might bust a move  
Jaw been on a lock while I sprinkle molly rock  
How come when I'm coming down's the only time you need me?  
How come when I'm popping is the only time you see me?  
She so good at what she do  
Ain't no room for talking  
Ain't no room for talking  
Ain't no room for talking  
Mixing tinted liquor  
I ain't fucking with no white shit  
I don't trust an OP  
So many photos that I cropped

DNA trappings in my genes, yeah  
Bought myself a pair of Balmain jeans, yeah  
Remember when I traveled with that ball, yeah  
Remember when I sold them that rerock, yeah  
Mixing up that Raf with that Margiela  
Walking passed my ex now she get jealous  
Wait hold on had to put down on that Rari  
Wait, hold on, did that VLONE like I'm Bari

Pull up on the plug let him know I need a pint  
Don't ask for a sip, no, I'm not selling lines  
If she coming to the crib then she knows that it's a pine ting  
Hit it then pass it to my slime  
You try to dap me up after the show  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no  
You wanna sip my drink, yeah  
You wanna do my blow  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no

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I just ordered two more, now I got three different watches  
See my haters talkin'  
Make sure that they watchin'  
Real bosses listen, talking money when I'm talkin'  
Outline you in chalk  
Raf or Ricky, when I walk in  
Wylin' like I'm Stone Cold Steve, I fucked a bitch in Austin

Just pass me the rock  
I don't know how much I pop  
Dissin' Derek, that ain't wise  
88 bullets gon' drop him  
Chicken in the pot  
Got your girl watching my cock  
In New York I milly rock  
My shooter tote a 30 he can't hide it in his sock  
I am not a rapper, all these other rappers soft  
They hoping I fall off  
But bitch I'm at the top  
I'm just a brown boy from the block

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