

(YoungBoyBrown on my kid)
I'm runnin' it up [?]
Yeah, yeah

Time to go run it up (Run it)
A couple of packs, they came in and I'm mailin' 'em out
Ain't no time to be fuckin' up (Yeah)
I put on a shirt, then I put on my pants, I'm a boss (Yeah)
50K 'fore the sun is up (Yeah)
Pussy-ass niggas, they talkin' that fuck shit
I'm takin' another, they numb all of my problems
The pain that I'm feelin', it feel like you lost me

I'm making it rain like I'm sittin' in solice
The opps is outside and they lookin' like targets
I'm takin' my time but I ain't on my humble
Earned me these stripes while I moved through the jungle
And the engine he's drivin', that shit sound like thunder
And the first house I bought, I did that for my mama
And the first case I caught, I went down with a llama
That summer was hot, that shit felt like a sauna (Yee)
My ex wanna come back, rekindle the love
Soon as we fuck, she get hit with a block (Ooh)
Ice on my neck, on my wrist is a watch
Bustin' it down but I need me the star (Ooh)
Callin' up Thomas to sit down and plot
Time is of essence, I'm stirrin' the sauce (Ooh)
Rick Owens my T-shirt, my slippers, and socks (Yeah, yeah)
The money is callin', I can't take a loss (Yeah, yeah)
Everything hit when it drop like a meteor
Once I tasted that fame, I got greedy, yeah (Ooh, greedy)
At the top all alone, never needed 'em (Needed 'em)
And I'm wearin' some shit they ain't seen before (Ooh, they ain't seen before)
Came from the trenches, got family, I'm feedin' 'em
Same with my brothers, that plate, I'ma eat with them (Ooh, yeah)
Remember who was and who wasn't, don't speak to 'em
They wasn't solid so why would I meet with them? (Yeah, yeah)

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Where did I do it, I make it look easy
I spin on his block like I'm readin' a CD (Really, really, yeah)
Starvin' the fans, now I know that they need me (Yeah)
The pain that I'm feelin', you wouldn't believe me (Yeah, yeah)
'Cause that morning I woke up and turned on my TV
I got bread on his head, know my shooters ain't sleepin' (Pew, pew)
Back in the trap and I'm posted with demons
They cookin' up rock that was harder than cement (Yeah, yeah)
Prayin' the rats ain't involved, they ain't tellin'

Knowin' I traveled the globe as a felon
I fuck on his bitch when she get in her feelings
I came with the sauce, anybody can smell it
On top of that, none of my foreigners is rented
Puttin' these bands on her neck, all like weddin' (Frr)
Takin' these trips, I could pay with my debit
Swipin' a Patek, could pay with my credit (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

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