

Yeah my sole purpose
Long hair, speak Turkish
Twisted sisters out like the UniverSoul Circus
About to cop the crib furnished
Wood burning brick oven shit with the furnace
Quattro fromage
Big plate look like a lobster collage

I'm on the art and the food scene
Fuck rap, laying back, eating poutine
Matter of fact, couple raps'll make a coupe lean
While you see me in the shorts all weather
Whether Puerto rica bitches chilling on the boardwalk
Rockaway smelling like Georgi
Ready for orgies, slightly retarded
Breeding the porgy
20 seconds dead in the forty
All this money to be gotten
Hailin' from the rotten
Scotch make it neat, no socks on the feet
When I'm stepping the loafer
Creamy like the robiola
Guaranteed I'm getting box like an old controller
Baby momma catching cases
High speed chases
Fiends rocking the ID bracelets
You only live once, so fuck if I'm a waste it
I'm in France, stepping on grapes, you can taste it
Yeah, make cheese like the fromagia
Tatted chest cover pain wash the scars
Daddy disapprove of my life just like I'm Marvin Gaye
Keep the Dodge, I want the '87 Saab in gray

Stuff a shorty like the man a gut
Light tan on the shoe like banana nut

Strong odor off the weed like your grandma's butt
No attempt to disrespect, but my grandma blunt
But I'm known to eat expensive lunches
From the farm right to the table
Aired straight to the plate I doubt you could relate

Figs at the peak of their ripeness
Money off this music, motherfucker I like this
So cut the check

Ayo, the kush get flipped to a swan origami
Floating in the water
North of North Dakota
Dip to Barcelona Algeria connection
Pussy like a leather jacket
Been to hell and back
They tried to sell me back but they couldn't
Hookers by the hold chilling with Doc Gooden
Top is up for grabs so why wouldn't
Bronson be the one coming through with the gold belt