

I got that goose in the booth, no dash
Quarter tank, 2am, puff puff pass
Big body Benz no gas, swag
So when the party ends I'mma call a few cabs
Aaaahhh

Sipping that goose, smoking that ooooo lalala
Girls just wanna have fun, party like one, nanana
Spend my funds, ShowTibz Love, Tibs, Boyzn Bucks
Please don't kill my vibe, no Bambinos in my ride
Hot sixteen no pedophile
Guess I'm just, acting my age
Niggas practising hate
Went from 5 clippa to 25 steena a day
Sip champagne, when you order you should "Parlez Vous Francaise"
Then we can take this back to my place, so what you say?

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I got a fist full of Madibas in my hand
Catch me on a highway rolling with my gang
Khuli Chana pop your collar, phuz'utshwala man
Thank God it's a Friday, here we go again

And I be like uh oh, I'm so gone
I'm so faded, I'm so blown
Like how the hell did I get here, and how the hell am I getting home?
I don't care bring more kush
I don't care bring more domes
Keep popping that pussy for me, it's bottom line, stone cold
I go hard in the bank, fuck what you heard this my city
My eyes low, blowing dank cause only the realest ride with me
Mandela money that empowers me and a bunch of bad bitches that go wild for me
Cause I'm killing all of these bars bitch, now somebody order another round for me

I got Givenchy on my back, your mami on my lap
My bottom row? That's solid gold. Diwali on my neck
Egoli hoes chase phony bros, for Patek Philippe and Rolex
But that's how it goes, another episode, when I'm riding round in this Benz
My haters is quiet. My ganja's so loud
They call me Hip Hop Messiah flyer than your pantsula, woah
I'm drinking and driving thinking 'bout money and power
Smoking that sticky, eyes as chinky as Shinji Kagawa