

I've been winning for a long time  
I think it's written in my starsign  
Sauce, soul fire  
Wish you can see it with your own eyes  
Kick out the shoes, hop in the swimming pool (Splash)  
Who got the juice, who got the Liquifruit? (Cash)  
Who got the salt, who got the minerals? (Mhen)  
We at the top, we at the pinnacle

Finally made it to the big time  
Came a long way from the underground  
Tryna figure out  
How to keep my feelings inside  
While I'm looking out, I don't fuck around  
I been getting so much money niggas probably think I'm signed to Mabala now  
Summer after summer, if you never done it  
You gon have to shut your fuckin mouth  
I'm a god now  
Let the Lamborghini doors down  
Check the scoreboard now  
All my niggas wanna know how to score most sound  
Fuck this material shit  
Don't give a fuck what your vehicle is  
If you can't move crowds  
How many eras?  
How many times I invented a whole new style  
I remember niggas used to give up on their dreams to go do house  
Now I look around everybody got a 22 carat gold tooth smile  
I don't even want the credit I just wanna be remembered  
If a young nigga comes and ask saying  
"Mega you old school now, but how you still so relevant  
In an era where niggas sounds so American"  
No pride in their own heritage  
Whole vibes so negative  
Ain't nobody gonna remember them  
Dose of your own medicine  
House rent on the outfit, that's credit  
All my niggas on the couch here made it out here on merit  
Section full of guest men and they all got vendettas  
Best friends turn to ex-friends who worry about aesthetics  
Fuck em let's get it

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All of my niggas is litty  
All of my bitches is pretty  
Golden child of my city  
Hundred cows for the wedding  
Overseas like Benny  
Kicking ass like Kenny  
Cheddar cheese that's dairy

Fan love racked up  
Met plugs at the embassy

Don't shit where you sleep  
Don't eat with your enemy  
Mask on, mask off  
I keep looking through your energy  
Man up, act tough  
Why you niggas so sensitive...  
Slide in the DM with vaseline  
All of my niggas smoke gasoline  
I'm busy living my fantasy  
I ain't fucking with you backpack to the city rap activities  
Jam packed itinerary  
I ain't looking back like I'm driving meter cab or a black limousine  
Rack city rack rack city bitch  
Wack niggas catch guillotines  
Can't match my ability, is you feeling me?  
Yeah we on top of the pyramid  
Niggas smoking that cheap shit  
Still sipping on Benylin  
All my niggas rock vetements  
Y'all need to finish your weet-bix  
Time to reup on your vitamins  
I got two mandela pieces  
That's what I call born free shit  
Used to beat box now Reebok  
Throw me on some Bruce Lee shit 170 grand t-shirt  
That Givenchy shit  
No Dominos pizza

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Supa Mega had to promise me  
Don't forget about your honesty  
You gon always run like an allergy  
When a nigga ego match his balance sheet  
Me and B share a legacy  
Of bad grammar and a booking fee  
Both grandmas were bad mannered  
But they had character you can't tweet  
Different clothes see the two piece  
Stogie big enough for two me's  
You think it's ox skin, think I lost it  
Written off like I couldn't free it  
How ironic so much Gucci but no material or music  
I'm iconic, I on public I say your name you wouldn't do shit  
Different nigga no comparing  
Used to living off your parents  
Goofy lyrics on the air  
They took the Mickey I don't care  
My children in Disneyland, Paris  
It's the sauce, it's the antidote  
Got me traveling through Charles de Gaulle  
Steps in Lusaka I'm abroad can't get Mufasa'd by antelopes (no)

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