

Yeah my 9-5 turn to 9-11  
That's a nice porche  
But my time ticking  
Yeah these hoes tripping  
While my phone ringing  
Me and john g  
We be in the building  
We be working hard  
Its not easy  
Tryna get involved  
All these hoes tryna talk now  
Where were y'all when we was tryna talk  
Ima leave all this shit to God  
Keep my faith and keep working hard  
I can't trust you you a broad  
You telling lies yeah I know you fraud  
All these fake people everyone a fraud  
I learned to trust myself  
I ain't saying that ima alone  
I got a small circle  
And ima keep that hella small  
You a nice girl w a nice body  
Never thought I'd say I met a nice thotty  
That was one night at the night party  
She could play a playa play everybody  
I ain't never switching up on anybody  
She gon switch up fast when she got Bacardi  
She gon shake that ass cause she hella naughty  
All she want is bands that's what make her happy

You just hella fuckin stupid  
I don't need you, cause you be useless  
You gon talk try to abuse it  
I'm steady working on my grind making music

Yeah baby I'm a star  
Baby I'm star  
You don't broke my heart  
Then you turned me to a dog

Yeah  
Baby I'm a star  
Baby I'm star  
You don't broke my heart  
You had my back against the wall  
(Yeah baby I'm a star)

Can't trust you why would I  
Can't love you why would I  
U want a 9-5  
I'm working every night

You tryna change it up  
I'm tryna live it up  
Baby I gave up on you

You just hella fuckin stupid

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You gon talk try to abuse it  
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