

Scott, thank you for fucking with me  
Helluva made this beat, baby  
Yeah (think bout, when a nigga didn't have, when I told a joke)  
Hahahaha (ay, didn't laugh, ay)

I think bout  
When a nigga didn't have  
When a nigga told a joke and the bitches didn't laugh  
Now they all in my DMs, ready to sock it to my pocket  
All out of pocket, beggin' me to fuck with they ass  
I think bout  
When a nigga didn't have  
When a nigga told a joke and the bitches didn't laugh  
It's all gravy, I need cash before the ass  
Leave the car on, cause when I finish I'mma do the dash

20k my choosin' fee, you ain't got it, that's too bad  
Bape trenchcoat on, look like I left science class  
Bitch fire, her neck average, I call her C class  
Clip on that Glock long as hell, like Guapdad durag  
High as kites off these Kyries, had to pour up to come down  
Took that bitch to the fair since she like fucking with clowns  
Look like I did the Hokey Pokey, for that bag I turn around  
Up in Philly choppin' game with Trigga and OG Brown  
Bitch, how you like me now? Spent a bag on a smile  
Start a moshpit with the thugs like we up at Rolling Loud  
A fan stepped on my cleats, I start knockin' at the crowd  
Took the tag off my purples, I don't like my drip loud

I think bout  
When a nigga didn't have  
When a nigga told a joke and the bitches didn't laugh  
Now they all in my DMs, ready to sock it to my pocket  
All out of pocket, beggin' me to fuck with they ass  
I think bout  
When a nigga didn't have  
When a nigga told a joke and the bitches didn't laugh  
It's all gravy, I need cash before the ass  
Leave the car on, cause when I finish I'mma do the dash

I got a BeBe and a CeCe, you can call me Oscar Proud  
I be paranoid as fuck when my high start coming down  
Double park the pickup, them boys love me in the 'jects  
Cleat shopping with [?] and Ricky, got a 50 in his sweats  
Bitch asked me who I was when I whipped out a check  
Told the bitch I'm just visiting, I play for the Mets  
Cap so hard, I need a Von Dutch hat with the net  
Later on put on my bitch, she opened up, we play catch  
And I been feeling [?] since lil' mama checked me 80  
And I been eatin' good, mashed potatoes with the gravy  
And when I'm off this dog, I'm so outta  
Jerry Rice in my account, Warren Sapp all in my pocket

I think bout  
When a nigga didn't have  
When a nigga told a joke and the bitches didn't laugh  
Now they all in my DMs, ready to sock it to my pocket

All out of pocket, beggin' me to fuck with they ass  
I think bout  
When a nigga didn't have  
When a nigga told a joke and the bitches didn't laugh  
It's all gravy, I need cash before the ass  
Leave the car on, cause when I finish I'mma do the dash

You now listenin' to No Shame 3  
And when I'm off this dog, I'm so outta pocket  
I'm a clumsy motherfucker, I be breaking wallets