

Yeah, yeah  
You know  
She called me on my phone, asked me what I'm sippin' on  
Look

Louis in my cup  
Louis on my clothes  
Lou smoking gabagoo, we pass that pick n' roll

My white tee be so crisp, look like the fresh tips on her toes  
All my money straight, so Aminé never fold

I'm back on, back on, back on shit  
They thought was hard, I passed on bitch  
I'm Dre I get my Mac on, if that ass is fast I last long

Found solace in promises  
Kept by bitches who swallowin'  
All my kids, they keep gobblin'  
Write for who? They keep hollerin'

A&R's with the silencers, shot for us, but we silence 'em  
Niggas hate but they wanna be us  
Jealousy be so fond of us

Presidential on my wrist, now I'm the head of state  
Everybody want the fame, but don't know what it take

Can't be your true self while seeking validation  
Gotta learn to let go, that's infatuation  
I said, can't be your true self while seeking validation  
Gotta learn to let go, that's infatuation

So it's K to the, A to the  
A to the, K to the  
Doin' what we want 'cause we want nigga  
I said it's it's K to the, A to the  
A to the, K to the  
Doin' what we want 'cause we want nigga

Leases on your chain, leases on your chain  
Your ego got a ego, now your ego got a chain

Mi amigo pobrecito, be yourself and stay the same  
It's hard to keep your friends when you just friendly for the fame

More cap in this rap shit than your graduation  
Hatin' niggas be the ones out here congratulatin'  
I don't know who you are, beef ain't nothin' to moi  
Niggas be delusional, thinking we close but we far

You out of place  
Get my weed out of state  
Pretty bitches give me face  
On her knees like rolling trays

Got a main and bae

Don't care what these niggas say  
Ballin' fuck a resume  
Pull her hair, fuck the lace  
(That's very true)

I got plaques to give my kids  
But until I'm six feet deep, I will continue to run this shit

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Hatin' niggas I'm sick of  
When we talk you listen  
Fight in me my fist up  
Control shit like SZA

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Yeah  
Wake up, wake up  
Yeah, yeah  
Wake up

Gone for a moment but not forever, not for long  
Throw up your K&As  
Remind these niggas man, look

Hoes who used to play me get the Michael B  
My biggest haters niggas who didn't make the league  
Sold out dates  
Seen on seven seas  
Bluetooth connected to a thousand SUVs  
Y'all bought the same fit, but couldn't buy the steeze  
Rappers kick the same shit, but couldn't match the fee  
Bitch I'm in my bag, not in the industry  
The flow so player play this shit in the limousine  
Okay, rappers wrap it up  
KAYTRAMINÉ best rap album, competition none  
"Underrated," they tryna act like I ain't drop seventy one  
Sickamore said it best, all you niggas bums

These niggas keep on talkin' in my ear like I care, but I don't  
Shorty's unsending DMS, that rappers won't  
Talk to me dicey  
'Cause they know the verse is getting very, very pricey  
Call my nigga Richie when I need assurance  
503 in AZ, bitch I look like Terrance  
Know you listenin', but you don't fuckin' hear us  
Y'all can keep countin' me out, I'm just gone my carats  
I put Halle Berry in my close friends  
Why the fuck would all you niggas think I need anymore friends?

I don't like you rappers, I don't like you hoes  
Bitch I'm Calvin Klein and you are Kenneth Cole

Yeah, y'all talkin' like we equals when we know you smeagles  
Two face niggas don't understand we gone see through  
All that bullshit that you hiding  
True colors always show, it's always perfect timing