

Olympian

ASAP Ferg

Yeah

I run, run, run, I'm runnin' to the money now
Yeah, that bitch was acting funny but she love me now

I feel like Olympian, I'm runnin' now
'Cause I'm runnin', runnin', runnin' to the money now
I be gunnin', put the dick up in her tummy now
She in love with the crew, she with my buddies now
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I be gunnin', put the dick up in her tummy now
She in love with the crew, she with my buddies now, aww yeah

All black strap, I'm straight
Jewish lawyer got my case
Stars in the roof, white Wraith
Dice game, crack my bank
Out of town with a hundred pounds, Bobby Brown
Back then, I ain't drink
Head shot leave a nigga stink
Gettin' guap, fuck you niggas think?
Rollie on, lot of diamonds in it
Back account, lot of commas in it
Mansion, I'ma put my momma in it
Ask around, I'm intercontinental
I was in the rental with a seven
No concealing, you can see my weapon
Count a million, never see me stressin'
Ten or better, never any lesser
Who you know got it like I do?
I know the trap and I know survival
I already killed your main bitch
Tell her best friend she could die too (ahh)
Only foreign when we slide through, huh
I blew a check on the fit
Look at my neck and my wrist
I wanted a million before I hit thirty
So now I can flex in the whip
What are you on? I ride with a bomb
You gon' think Flex in the whip
I got respect off the rip
I got no respect for a snitch (no)
I'm talkin' incredible shit (yes)
This Sprite got a medicine twist
It ain't hard to tell that we rich

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Used to say I dressed so strange
Now I'm in the Wang, campaign

Jiggy, ain't a damn thing changed
'Bout to cop Cam, pink Range
Huh, yeah, I'm on a new level
Certified gold, at work with platinum
Already put mama in the house
Now it's time to build Fergie a mansion
Pelle jacket with the Trap Lord
In the back of the Marc Buchanan
I was nine in Versace
Wore Gucci with the Vans then
Used to Harlem Shake with the big shirts
Now my diamonds do the dancin'
My life is a movie, Steven Spielberg, Ferg
Nigga, light, camera, action
Mackin' bitches from a pageant, put that pussy in a casket
Tell Serena that I love her, fuckin' on my tennis racket
I could live in her palace, prolly put her in some Palace
But I'd prolly fuck it all up with a Love & Hip Hop ratchet
Huh, now I'm a loner, fuck 'round and blame it on Mona
Rich but I still love me a hood Dominican bitch with a Corona
Flexin' with a Tec and all the weapons, that is not your persona
My flow is hotter than a sauna, makin' all you rappers bipolar

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