Broad day with the SK

Big bands, no salary No you cannot not get all of me You not a shooter, you wanna be Go do what you want and you bound to be I know my mama so proud of me You want the money, what would you do? Bag it and thuggin', my boo with it to Wantin' that pressure, applying to Had to find myself and I made my moves Had to grind so hard so the gang won't lose Pop out, lil' bitch, I'ma bang on you Pop out, lil' bitch, it's a stain on you Chopper got a voice, it'll sing on you Big bands, no salary No you cannot not get all of me You not a shooter, you wanna be Go do what you want and you bound to be I know my mama so proud of me I know my mama so proud of me I know my mama so proud of me I know my mama so proud of me

Too much racks like I won the lottery Hundred bands in my Amiri jeans Come to the spot, Margiela all over me, huh Nigga talk crap, we gon' clear the scene All this drip on my body, I always got designer clothes Girl, you should already know Today hop in the Lam', next day I hop in the Ghost He say he gang, but he told, uh-huh Come check on my wrist, froze Yeah, two tone Rollie, Cuban link, uh Yeah, I'ma go and take a trip, uh You know I be everywhere it's lit, uh Ain't talking money, I can't talk to that man Free my niggas locked down, free my gang out the jam Need a money counter 'cause I got too much bands Niggas suck, niggas hate, but they all be fans

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