

I've been chasing dames, bitch get out my way
I didn't want the fame, one day you'll know my name
I've been chasing dames, bitch get out my way
I didn't want the fame, one day you'll know my name

Pull up in a two-seater, a two-seater (skrr)
Homie got a new heater, a new heater
Yeah, he got aim so watch out what you say
And my homies ride or die so they do as I say
Pull up with them all, tell em hit em all
I ain't gangster, but bitch [?]
I ain't got time for someone to be street
If you really want smoke dog, come and get some heat
Cause I've been so cold, don't know where's my soul
I've been on the road, did this on my own
They said I couldn't do it, I went out and proved it
Now it's game time, my time, dog just watch my highlights

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I've been trippin', sippin', prayin' on the floor
Prayin' I never die but shit, you never know
[?] lil bitch, what you stand for
Even if I left today, I'd probably reach the damn globe
I don't give a fuck (give a fuck), how you feel about me
White gold chain with some grills in my teeth
Like propane, I?
On sight, road rage, if you wanted some beef
All I really wanted was to feel accepted
All through high school I feel neglected
Now guess who hitting me up?
The same kids in high school that ain't give a fuck
But shit, I ain't never really trippin' about me
G-Star pants, 50K on my feet
I ain't never really trippin' about me
G-Star pants, 50K on my feet

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