

Yeah (Huh)

Wop, wop

Wop, wop

I'm a real money getter, I play point and the center
These Balenciaga's on my shoes a little bigger (A lil')
I need exotic and a big steak for dinner
She gon' give me head, and I don't gotta give her liquor
I just bought a five pack, put half a runts in it (In it)
Been on this block for days, he don't know the car tinted
Whole pint of Akorn, I'ma pour it 'til it's finished
All that street shit gone once a nigga get to snitchin' (Yeah)
Boy, you be sippin' hit, you don't know what you get (What you
gettin')
I don't keep the same roll, if you see it then I spend it
If I snap my fingers, I could really have you missing
Nigga come and work for me if you really want some chicken
If the narcs hit they lights, boy I bet you hear my engine
Boy, you lyin' on those beats, that is not how you livin'
Knock the hundreds off your throat with this long ass weapon
I just rolled three woods, that ain't nothin but a seven
Boy, my niggas really crazy, you don't wanna see 'em trippin'
Said I'm in a wheelchair, we can send his ass to heaven
Buy my bitch a Louis bag, I don't count that as a present
Buy myself a Fendi bag, it just hold my five-seven
What the fuck is going on, why you comin' to my section?
I'm a Detroit nigga, I'ma wear my bucks to heaven
Boy this Fanta came yellow, I'ma make it a little reddish
I keep a cold bitch with me, got a bad bitch fetish
Boy, you niggas so broke, prolly why they so petty
Niggas playin' whole games, I'ma make sure they get it
Bitch blowin' up my phone, I'm like when she gon' get it?
Baby, if I'm on the road, can you send me naked pictures?
Niggas sayin' slick shit, really tryna get they issue
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