

(Okay, this bitch hard)

I love bad bitches, shit, they love me back
I don't care if it's paid for as long as your shit fat
I picture me behind you with your face just lookin' back
Got a switch on this big .45, sound just like a MAC
Ah, I wanna see the faces you gon' make when I'm in that
Ah, I wanna choke you up and grab your hair and rub your back
Ah, I'm bustin' off them pills, I promise she gon' make a mess
Ah, I'm the richest nigga that she ever fucked, now that's the facts
Yeah, please don't get attacked
Yeah, she seen me, she attached
I remember making 5K off a play, now that's my jacket
My old bitch so lame, she hate her soul, that bitch ain't happy
Talk loud and you might get vanished
Better ask them boys what happened
I ain't wake up to no M's, then you ain't signin', boy, do magic
'Cause they put my name on niggas that don't even troll, they just be capping
Tryna pick what car I want, brand new Maybach or 911
Tryna pick which Glock I tote, got a 32 or 27
Tryna pick what bitch I want, my bitches bad, they all elevens
I get retarded with this drank, in that two liter, I dropped a seven
Ah, I heard you niggas having secret statements, y'all been telling
Ah, if I can't get no head, then I don't fuck, bitch, I can't settle
Yeah, all the labels offer me blank checks, they want me out
Yeah, I got bitches give you up my drawers, they all so selfish
My niggas know that I'm a clover, they is too, it's like we several
So all these diamonds on me now, I hand-picked, I know they special
Oh, he think he good, he walkin' 'round, just swinging—
He think he's good, he walkin' 'round, swingin' sour on his neck
I'm a rich—