(Damn, Percy)
(Rich nigga burp)
Okay Jones!
(Ha ha ha ha ha)
(Straight jacket)

You gotta wrap 'em three to four times, you know them shits' st ank

You can make a hunnid songs, but you still can't fix that face You can catch me any day of the week, I think I'm a bandit I got seven hundred horses truck, bitch, like it's a tank I'm in LA with my vatos, in Detroit I'm dodging potholes Last week I made one-fifty, tryna tell you, yo life not cold My nigga shoot him from the Bay, I swear to god his nickname [?]

Imma be so fuckin' happy when they hit you in yo top though It ain't the fact you got shit took, it's the fact the nigga we arin' it

It's the fact you wakin' up, puttin' it on, and that's embarras sing

Ain't no way he think he gangster, boy you need to move to Mary land

These niggas want some clout so bad, shit like heroin But let's get back to my rich life, [?]

Swear to god I spent a hunnid, made that shit back the next nig ht

I can show you pictures of yo bitch, all in my ice
You go broke on it, if I could buy it I could buy it four times
Boy you know just what I'm bangin', so my fade just what I'm cl
aimin'

Mad as hell I was in jail like, how the guards know I'm famous? I walked in to Helmut Lang but walked out of Palm Angels I'm a sniper, I can hit from out of town, I'm so dangerous She in love with diamonds, and they all over me It's like a thousand for my shirt, three hundred thousand for my links

I'm a young nigga, got ten Monclers but no mink
When I'm bored, I go outside and get on the jet ski
I feel like a Bentley, I feel like a Rolls Royce
I feel like a new Ferrari, I feel like a new Porsche
I feel like I'm famous now, bitches lied about abortion
Your label give you a percentage, me I get the whole portion
She could never leave me 'lone, shit I'm like a good torture
VVS on my ring, I switched the whole team
I really think that I'm a Celtic, all my bitches with the green
But not the color of my lean, serve a nigga through the screen