

(Ayy, Melly, what the fuck is that?)

Wide-body Tonka, I might pull up, jump the curb
Rick Owens jean jacket, got me feelin' like a nerd
Young nigga with them M's, why the fuck wouldn't I splurge?
Fly to Cali, pick a crop 'cause I'm the one who gotta serve
My jeweler Alex Moss, you got that shit from out the mall
My nigga love that food, for his chain, he got a par
Spent two-fifty on this trigger, I can't lie, that shit was stupid
Bitch, I'm a franchise nigga, I get money like them hoopers

I heard that they don't like me, I don't like them niggas neither
I got like seven cars and I got like nine divas
I'm ridin' with my switch, like glitch, it start deletin'
I feel like Melo with the braids, LeBron when he was in Cleveland
Six hundred for my steak, my appetite is spoiled
You know how fast I'll kill you, you play with my oil?
All my lil' niggas fiendin', they just wanna kill
But they like ridin' strikers and poppin' hella pills
Me and my niggas spankin', that shit just a setback
You know what happened last year, they still ain't get no get-back
I need that shit confirmed, I can't pay you for no shit bag
And I be smokin' big blunts of dude, I know they hate that

I miss gettin' twelve hundred for them 'Cats, I need my lick back
Ridin' wide-body lamb chop, I know they hate that
If I keep on pushin' pounds of strong, might have a six-pack
I kept pourin' fours and fell asleep, I took a great nap
I wish they had YouTube just for servin', I'd be on Drink Champs
Juggin' and I'm thuggin' while I'm drivin' with no seat back
Spent that all on drugs, I could've went and bought a V12
Fucked her once and blocked the bitch, got her blowin' my email

Heard the pack just landed, so I get high when I see mail
I'm a real gangster, so I only make a Gmail
Rockin' wide-body 'Lenciaga, Prada boots, walkin' sofa
Yeah, they locked my doggy up, but he done put yous on a poster
Percocets, I'm overdosin', no, this ain't no ibuprofen
I just popped a pink pill and watered down this pink dolphin
Pop out ARP and BPV, bulletproof the whip
Five-percent tint on the window, so you can't see in the whip
Off-White on off-nights, rockin' Vlone when alone
When I pop out, bitch, I'm drippin', draped in all type vintage Chrome
I could tell your dog a bitch, I could see him in a thong
Geeked up off a G6, I'm poppin' out, ain't goin' home

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