Too much lean in my cream I can taste it on my tonque You know it's 22 we used to make you niggas run Half these niggas pussy used to take you niggas guns Talking to my pop I'm like you the only one I done sonned so many niggas can't name my only one I got a choppa in the back but it ain't the only gun I just left out on the road I might be gone for a month I just left that bitch alone she moved on to a bum I just order crab legs but that was only just for lunch I had filet mingon but that was only just for brunch I told her wrap her coochie up cuz I don't even wanna touch This bitch head top notch imma be mad when I bust You so broke you ain't a crumb boy you barely even crust Ain't got no feelings for no bitch it be barely even lust I forgot you had a chain you always seem to have it tucked Told my bitch if she loyal she get titties and a butt I'm like what's wrong with this car why the engine in the trunk I just left Nieman Marcus put my bags in the front You work another nigga bag you can't even get a front

Bitch I got my reader I don't need no fucking scale
Imma do the dash way before I go to jail
Imma boutta buy a house way up in the hills
White bitches in the valley telling me to come and chill
Crazy back in school I used to copy off them nerds
Loaded to my sight used to load up to my sir
Found the dark web now I can never ever serve

Nah I feel like a nerd when I go out and work
This cost me 4 hunnid don't get makeup on my shirt
Most you bitches still ugly shit that makeup never work
I wasn't even gonna hit shit I blame it on the perc
Shit I would've been rich shit I blame it on them clerks

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