

Woah, woah, woah, woah
Woah, woah, woah, woah
(Yeah, blitt, yeah, blatt)
Yeah, woah, woah-woah-woah
(Ayy, JK, hol' on)

Bop, bop, bop, I slide with that chopper
I want the Yen, yeah, I want the dollars
Skinny, petite, y-y-yeah, she a model
I want some Christian Diors and some Pradas
She call me daddy, she call me papa
CSC, yeah, I want them commas
I am the GOAT, I am not a llama

Talkin' that money, then hit my line
Plain Jane on, I can tell my time
And the good drank got me out of my mind
Sippin' on red with a red eye
She like my dreads, she say I'm fire
Kick her out the crib, I tell her, "Bye, bye"
And shout-out to Tibs, you know that's my guy
I been blowin' up lately
My old friends lookin' crazy
My ex wanna have my baby
Sippin' Tuss, it got me lazy
And I'm a billionaire like Jay-Z
Back then, they tried to play me
I love the ones who hate me
And now my exes claim me

'Tana gon' slide with that chopper (Yeah)
Shawty on me and she too bad (Yeah)
Baby, I don't know you, better move back (Yeah)
And said you was the one, that was too sad (Yeah)
He tried to run up on me then he ran back (Yeah)
Chopper say, "Bop, bop," gave him a damn tan (Yeah)
I get the rackies, I feel like the band man (Yeah)
She see the guap and she doin' a handstand
Bitch, I be solvin' my problems, yeah (Oh, yeah)
I just be makin' my dollars (Oh, yeah)
It's the Angels, what they call us (Oh, yeah)
I get a check and I'm hittin' the mall up (Yeah)
Really, I do not give one fuck
I had to go and just boss up
You tried to cross me, you crossed up
You made a mistake and lost out (Ayy, JK, hol' on)

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