

Woah, woah, woah, woah
(Yeah, blitt, yeah, blatt)
Yeah, woah, woah-woah-woah

Bow, bow, bow, I slide with that choppa
I want the Yen, yeah, I want the dollars
Skinny, petite, y-y-yeah, she a model
I want some Christian Diors and 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 fye
Kick her out the crib, I tell her, "Bye, bye"
And shoutout 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

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