Ayy Telescope on the chop, don't get blast off Hold on, let me get these jacks off Point guard, hold on, let me get this pass off Hot as hell, bro, let me take this mask off Get a rental then I do an expedition I'ma go and scoop yo bitch, you gon' text her tripping Good 'Agas when I step, these the next edition I'ma call this bitch a lil' witch 'cause her head was wicked Talk spice, need a water bottle Go to sleep knowing that I'm gonna ball tomorrow I need drip, let's hit the mall tomorrow I was under, dawg, I'm what you call a fucking baller now Hang with the opps? You get backhand I cannot put you hip to this jack scam In Verizon like, "Can I get the Max, ma'am?" (Please?) Red bottoms with the yellow on 'em like a gas can King size bed with two hoes, getting tag teamed Outside where the birds chirp and the grass green Skrrt-skrrting, see an opp, they get their ass beat You gon' be the third one dead tryna tax me What you know about a blue check? Lift and pull, that's how you get into the pool deck "How you got wings? ", good Marcelo crewneck Feel like Missy, one shot'll make 'em two step Huh, ayy, you thought the song was over? Had to pull that lawnmower out, I don't talk to cobra Spikes with the red underneath like I walked in soda Just made a ten in TX, someone call DeRozan Bro caught a body untouched, flawless victory Only on the porch for them jacks, yeah, I'm in the streets Put that cheese on yo head, now it's chicken beef I got big shit on me, can't belittle me You my son, a lil' me Mike Amiri, boy, these bitches ain't even a little cheap New Dior sneaks, huh, with the little squeaks I can turn yo biggest crush into my lil' freak V12 engine but I still ain't got no fucking muscle Let the water trail out of Chase, that's a hustle puddle Got a rocket in my pocket, I can clutch like Russell Don't punch with knuckles, chopstick, it'll come and hunt you So many gift cards, it might bust the duffel AK got banana clip and a Russian muzzle I'm tryna fuck, I mean hump, not cuddle Twin sis put they head down, that's some double trouble Gon' check my phone, confirmation for some clothes Confirmation for some phones, confrontation? Up a pole Whole time I'm thinking, "Why they hating on the GOAT?" Da Vinci cold 'cause he painted on my toes Almost did my scam dance, this a funky beat Stan rude as hell, stomp around in them chunky sneaks You hear that? Fuck the beat Only nineteen, living life very luxury 2019 Benz coupe with the TV in

You really just ordinary, you just think you different

Heavy on the "fuck you", middle finger itching
You said you finna what, dude? I'll leave you missing
You a broke-ass bum, I'm sorry, bro
Lil' bitch jumped on the pipe, Super Mario
I been putting stats up, gotta guard me, bro
People talk most 'bout shit that they hardly know
Good BAPE on, am I shark or GOAT?
Two sticks cause fire, I'll start to smoke
Lil' bougie bitch, she won't eat none of that artichoke
Sub-Zero hit me in my shit, how my heart so froze