Huh, yeah (Getta Beats)
I can show you how to make some money like Getta
Yeah
Shit (ShittyBoyz)

I can show you how to make some money, shit
Huh, if you want to
Huh, like shit, if you want to
I can show you how to make some money if you want to
Thinkin' it is that, huh
Huh, pullin' cards what you won't do
Huh, like shit, it's what you won't do
Thinkin' it is that
Pullin' cards what you won't do

I was fourteen bustin' scams off the i4 Bro ain't got no heart, but keep metal, he a cyborg When you bust for a quick twenty, you want five more Shit, or like six, seven, eight, or like nine more Ten times ten, I'm a hundred, I'm like up three MC scammer, I'll be damned to let you touch me Chanels too new, I'll be damned to let you scuff these Your bitch on dick but I'll be damned to let her fuck me Yeah, I'm bougie, picky eater, ain't no veggies in my rice Spot up like Durant, yeah, bitch, I'm steady with the right Tell her what you want, we gon' be forever if you right You won't be able to fuck with me like never in your life I don't think you'll touch a hundred K like ever in your life Unky on his way back, he cut his tether with a knife When you make real money, you'll drop whatever in a Sprite Off-White 1's like I spend whatever on the Mikes But I don't, I punch 'em Twenty pair of Yeezys, we'll fuck around and stomp 'em Orange Joker stash, I might fuck around and dump 'em Aston with that two-oh run, it was somethin' Once upon a time, I was down and they laughed at me Now it's 2020 RTs when we drag Scatty Skinny jeans on like Squidward, I don't cat daddy Five-twelves got my teeth shine, I'm so jack happy

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I'ma knock your whole head off if you half-ass me
Told her that she get the whole heart, she get half actually
Bust half a band, why the fuck she always Snapchattin'?
Woke up in the fuckin' luggage claim, I'm in my damn baggie
Woke up forty floors up, where the fuck I'm at?
Talkin' 'bout you droppin' this and that, where the fuck it's at?
20K all blues, actin' rude as fuck in Saks

Touch down, spinnin' hoes, stiff arm, fuckin' running back Only thing that ever smacked Tron was the 'za Only person score more than Tron was LeBron Shoes Off-White, how the fuck was I on? Last night a blur, what the fuck was I on? Phew, phew, probably spinnin' foreign Tongue out while I slam dunk, I do the bitch like Jordan Bro mean muggin' opps, shit, I think he finna horse it I thought dinosaurs was extinct, naw, the whip, it's roarin' Bitch foreign, drip foreign, think I need a green card Thinkin' that you gon' pop off rap, you better dream hard Bro got helly connection 'cause he off three bars Think I'd still choose the fuckin' Glock if I had three arms Still wouldn't kick it with your ass if I had ten legs Wouldn't let you on my bike if that bitch had ten pegs Bitch, I wouldn't eat your pussy if I had like ten heads You couldn't spend the night even if the crib had ten beds

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