(Damjonboi)

Bitch, I had a status before Tom added my MySpace Condo out the way, when winter hit I'm finna migrate (Brrrt) My plays, my way, my chains, my pape', my apes, my drank You wish that you was me, don't you? Fly way the highway, pint help me hydrate Got the game on lock, a hunnid M's, I got the key for you You ain't a stacker, you got zero like Hector Zeroni (Shit) Clip glued to my pelvis, I step into Coney (Brrt) Lil' brodie Kenny Smith, how he jet in the stoley (Skrrt) Olympian, shit, how I'm feeling, my necklace a trophy VVs got my chilly, shit, I caught the sniffles J. Crawford, score a four off the dribble In that Bat Mobile, we spinned the block, they tryna solve the riddle (What? Too official, all I'm missing is a ball and whistle Shit, I'm speeding in the Demon, it's not a Camaro Living like the mob, Goodfellas, I'm Robert Di Nero (The boss) Rocking all this gold, I'm on top like a Pharaoh Pull up to the spot to get some gas, this is not the Valero When I'm rocking apparel, Yohji Yamamoto, boy I be dropping dineros Robbing through the hood, you might get shot with an arrow I was Prada'd up, double strapped, you was rocking some Aero (Yeah, yeah) My plays, my weight, my chains, my pape', my apes, my drank You wish that you me, don't you? Fly way the highway, pint help me hydrate Got the game on lock, a hunnid M's, I got the key for you I'ma give it all I got till I drop Fell asleep half way, couldn't even kill my pop Boy, this bitch filled with Wock' Gloves on, fill the chop It could be ten years, bitch, you know you still a opp Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha Look, bitch Spikes on the Loubs look like a porcupine Feel like D. Mitch, flying 'round with the .45 Two in the half pints, we poured up like forty lines

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Probably 'cause I'm off a ten, but brodie off the Xannies snoring

Catch him riding luxury and get his Rolls-Royce destroyed

Out in Troy with a sixty on a Neiman Marcus trip Shit, voices in my head, I feel like Randy Orton

Tripping on the road
Interview to a show, switching out my clothes

Amphetamines, opioids

We gon' park his shit

You asked the plug for twenty bags, I'm digging out the 'bow Carties with the pointers, I got boogers dripping off my nose Let me know, I'll flick that switch and get up in that mode All these vanillas on me, feeling gifted in the store Road runner, first dub, I did it in the O
Need a jersey that say "Maravich", how I pistol tote
Why the fuck he didn't shoot? I think his pistol broke
Jordan every time I drop, bitch, I'm 6-0
Bitch, I been the GOAT

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