

Uh yeah
Tata lol
I got money in the bank with the papa

Iced out, drip-drop, scrape pot, need pop
Pop rocks, Kate Moss, gotta floss, sip Voss
Ayy, what you 'gon do lil' bitch? (Whatchu gon' do?)
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Ayy, what you 'gon do lil' bitch? (Lil' bitch)
What you 'gon do lil' bitch?

Yeah, I'm a chief, though
Watchin' all these niggas tryna catch up as I cheef dope
Shawty love the records can't impress us 'less she deepthroat
Gotta bring some lessons for the fellas, this a freak show
Ain't a thing to tell us, used to sell us on the cheap, though
Now they linin' pockets, 'cause they noggin full of heat quotes
I ain't made for college and them dollars really speak, so
Motherfuck some knowledge, put some mileage on the Jeep, go
Out and break the silence 'til we pilin', then I reload
Came into the villa filled with women and some weed smoke
Papi gon' deliver, it's a given when the beat blow
Niggas only killers through the twitter, how you G's, though?
Niggas think they realer, droppin' filler, how you eat, bro?
Tried a lil' revival of your idols, it was weak folk
Every time you try you get denied, you better reload
Havin' thoughts of ridin' through my side, you better creep slow
And check the cheat code

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I'ma tell you straight up what I'm gon' do
Think I gotta poo
Think its kinda obvious I'm gonna take a shit on you
You got baby wipes?
Check my Gucci stripes (Stripes)
Teeth be flossin' so I got some golden pearly whites
People say this baby is so seasoned, I'm arugula
Half Danish sussyboy, my flow is so Wonderboy
Ya lady friend like came on over
Wonder where my trousers are
My Tommy drawers, my 'Sace drawers
I'm puttin' on some Gucci drawers
I lost 'em last week, and your bitch be nasty
Money blue, be mystic
Splash on her like Misty
Rollie on my wrist-y
Gettin cream like Cristy

Clarke, yeah, fuck a sixteen, baby

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Ayy, what you 'gon do lil' bitch? (Lil bitch)
What you 'gon do lil' bitch? (Yeah baby)

Hey, let me do some adlibs