

I just wanna cut loose, snip, fuck a job (Fuck it)
I can be my own boss, on God (Uh-huh)
Just cut my own check (Check), made my own bread
Ticking from the Patek (Tick-tick-tick, tick-tick-tick)
'Cause my Rollie fully dead, (R.I.P.) oh, on God
Yeah, people say I work too hard
But that is not your business, not your job
Yeah, people say I work too hard
Oh my goodness, oh my gracious, oh my God

First things first, let me tell you
I only take the money if the tint blue
She don't really care what I'm into
I did this for myself, I had a breakthrough

I'm 'bout my revenue, I'm 'bout my profit (On God)
All my lyrics stand as prophets (God, God)
And my last bitch was a goddess
I'm gon' make these hits, I promise (On God), I promise

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You can go the wrong way all you want
You lack the direction
Don't have the respect that you're lookin' for
Dead end wears a fancy dress
The dead friends care a little less
The rest chant for a little more

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