

pouch

bbno\$

I work, I grind, I make that bag
I search, I find, I take that bag
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Twenty-six shows sold out, now I know I'm cut out
Always gonna pull out, wait wait wait
I'm a trendsetter, no-one really better
Flaming like a pepper, yeah of course I lay the pressure
Hunting for a bigger bag, after all the pray
Hundreds on my plate, yeah I hit that buffet
Baby got some money, it ain't really cliché
Went dummy for a couple years and now it's time to play
Couple more cities that I think I shut down on the world tour
Yeah really seen all of it
30K merch in a month, my money come in lumps
Might spazz and tryna sell bib
Wrist so cold think I need mints
Whole wardrobe be filled with free fits
I'ma pull up on your girl but she tryna spend my shit
So I ditch her hella quick, oh boy I feel slick

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Bitch I'm a baby, got huggies on my fits
Yeah I'm not grown up but my cradle gotta drip
Why yo bitch, wanna give me couple licks (yeah)
Wanna flex up, put a diamond on my wrist (wrist, wrist)
No records, only hits, that's some big facts
She a misfit, come and get your bitch back
I won't ever sign shit, shred the contract
Always adding digits, yeah, never have to subtract
Check up on the growth rate, lady need to hydrate, said she wan
t a dick date
4 point bank rate, money made me fixate, bitch I ain't a lightw
eight
Peso or the queso, getting rich yeah, if you say so
Bitch I like my bread, buy my feelo, like I'm play-dough

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