

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 hellas 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 want a dick date  
4 point bank rate, money made me fixate, bitch I ain't a lightweight  
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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