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Yeah
Always working to get my aim close to perfect
When it's on, can't be nervous
Gotta figure out how to reverse it
Go on the offensive
Come out the situation the victor and not the victim
This that finger roll, Rod Strickland
Twenty points, twelve assists, I been doin' my shit
Been slinging raps like bricks
Been tried to tell them folks
But now they gotta hear about me poppin' bottles on my sailboat
My location exotic and so is my smoke
If baby girl body real then I might take her home
I got my first mil' and that shit turned me on
Turned me out, couldn't leave the grind alone
Hustle all I think about, knew some scents in my cologne
She spray some on her collarbone, tryna show me what she 'bout
But I'm plotting a heist in my hideout, yeah
I don't like to dream about gettin' paid
No limit on the cards, but I'd rather pay in cash
Took a trip to Morocco, I just wanna try the hash
But a stash on the bus, strictly for the stash
It don't smell like this then I'm cool, I'll pass
So many choices, which one should I grab?
Only fucked her one time and now she calling me her dad
Lemon, London, the weed leaf custom
Man, they goin' through my bag right when we leave customs
Cloud couches in the house by the flatscreens
I'm cool as ice but this pack mean
Cop heavy, yeah, C-O-D
Good beats, money, weed, I'ma need all three
Your weed man wanna be like me
Drop some THC syrup in some cold ice tea
Big Bern, I'm a legend with the bag, homie
I told her turn around and put that pretty ass on me
I don't like to dream about gettin' paid
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I don't like to dream about gettin' paid