

I live the life of a star, I got plenty of cars
You know the roof with the stars mix them up with the bars
Valet drivers try stealing our roaches
20 mil in one year I never been this focused
I got a .40 on my hip you know I keep that
They be coming home with money you know I need that
Everywhere I go I got a bag on me
I'm talking good smoke, put it in a box, watch that bitch float
When it land I be chilling in some white sand
Like some grams she put her money in the right hands
White vans for the killers and we all high
Small time drug dealer, yeah I push a hard line
Came a long way from a hard nine
Looking at a pile of money and it's all mine
Can't believe we made it this far
You can see the blue tint shining through the glass jar

We keep the streets flooded
You know who they call every time they need something
And I keep something fresh in the driveway
I'm racing police on the highway
Yeah, this a good life
Damn, right I live the good life
Real stones look bright when it's dark
God bless the dope game
I live the life of a star

I keep stunting
Keep something cause I have to
They get mad when they see me bring that back through
I'm buying everything they got, cause I need that
A quick flip it go fast out in Cleveland
I'm out in Akron, stacking
I was crab cracking and laughing before rapping
I used to get them butterflies when I opened the package
Now I let my little homie give me the call when it landed
And now my wrist all frozen
I'm blowing piss with the homie chosen
20 bitches in the lobby
Your baby momma all on me
Don't call me 'less you ready to work
All my homies get money and they still put in work
Frisco, thats the city where I'm from
We ride around half asleep
Guarantee that we on one

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