

Yup, yup  
I look up  
Cause I can't look down on you bitch niggas no mo, man  
If that casket ain't 24 karot gold when I die  
Then I ain't made enough fucking money man and that's real talk  
God

This my roll weed time  
Don't turn it into dead in the street time  
Her legs do the peace sign  
Know the hood so well don't need street signs  
Young rich and iconic  
Big titties I'm signin'  
Burnin' bitches and chronic  
Big white smoke clouds every time I talk, does it look like I'm in a comic?  
Everything I rock I designed it, realer nigga, won't find it  
Okay, I be stackin' that cheddar, bet that shit won't expire  
Got me ballin' so hard, I need me Jerry Maguire  
I made a mil before twenty-five, man and I ain't even no lie  
Bitch I ain't sayin' that shit to brag neither, I'm sayin' that to in spire  
I'm like, damn boy, fuck you sayin' boy?  
Hatin' on me, knowin' that you is a fan boy  
When I'm around you call me Cause like we fam boy?  
Rappin' like me let's me know that I'm the man boy  
Okay, Hennessy and Bombay is a real nigga entree  
I gave her my grande, my food is picante  
My girls is Beyonce, your boyfriend beyond gay  
I seen him hang with Deandre and they was lookin' like prom dates  
One time for my hood 'til I go in the ground  
I'm throwin' it up cause they holdin' me down  
I'm perverted as fuck, got a pole in the house  
Got your girl and your girl and they hoein' it out  
But you standin' outside cause no hoes is allowed  
If you work like I work, you would throw in the towel  
Once you get in this life, man, there's no comin' out  
And haters look at me like snow in the south  
Surprise nigga  
Man fuck it, I'm on, you off and I hope you die nigga  
Why you alive nigga?  
I'm stackin' dough cause my momma addicted to spas  
Yeah I'm the one that these hatin' niggas despise  
You better take off your fuckin' disguise, nigga  
Bitch-made it's in your eyes nigga  
Lies nigga  
Shut the fuck up, everything'll be fine  
Cause this my roll weed time