

Ali

Birdman

Rich gang
Rich gang
D-Roc

I got weed and the cognac
Riding in the jag
Give a fuck what nigga think about me yeah
My heart ain't got no feelings
My career ain't got no ceilings
I'm the goat like Muhammad Ali yeah

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One, uh
I'm selling packs and kept a shop up off the sale racks
I'm cutting deals, kept it real in the Maybachs
I put Beezo on, he bought himself a Hellcat
Nigga be begging, ain't no limit to what niggas ask
We open gate, it ain't no flood, we will pay it back
We get it back, little one fried, we'll pay it back
She want me buy the crib, nigga, so I did that
'Cause I already know what come with that
We got some cardinal rules, and we don't break them
Never loan a nigga money, never give 'em information
Never let 'em know what I'm doing and where I'm stationed
And never let a bitch get involved with situations
Blat

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Pour it up then
Pour me some more liquor in my glass
I got too much money to give a nigga my last
This is why I laugh
I love it when they fuss over how much money I have
And they was in the streets like I was, none of them lasted
I smoke and drink, but I'm a always be on that mask shit
The way I ball with my homies they think I'm Patrick
When I say my life is a movie, bitch I ain't acting
They know I'm straight from New Orleans, it's in my accent

That's where I am with it
They say what's up with you big whoa, I say whazhapin with it
I got that hustle in my blood, that shit was transmitted
And ain't no business going on without my hands in it

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