

Talk about it, make 'em talk about
Life to me is currency, prosperity, I got it
And your life to me is lifeless, like its livin' on life support
I license everything in my wallet, lightest boy with the biggest heart
Nigga play your part or parallel park your ego, next to me and violence
Next to me is definitely no one, I'm one of one
And I musta won that from anybody who had it, or better yet forgot it
Mack in the back of a 'Lac, with a mac in the back of the 'Lac
With a latch on the back of the trunk
Hit a punk in the back with a pump, in the back, 'till he's off balance
And I'm back in the front of the front of the future when you are mentioning
talent
And I'm in the back in the back of the block with a cop, wanna cop anybody's
allowance
Iraq on the block, he watch for the block or whatever
And cut, no cut, more guns, more guts, fuck boy, you fucked up twice, you fu
ck, consider you drownin'
Die in a lake with a date with a catfish, back flip head first smilin'
C-cry in the face of Jesus, we just pray we keep on stylin'
On you bitches, TDE, YMCMB business, bitch

Okay nigga ridin in a May-be, and I'm probably with baby
Dont talk nigga fuck you pay me, intercept your bitch like Bailey
Okay big money on this side, 100 grand for the whip my bitch drive
Need a new save money getting too high, dead presidents all in my Levis
Boy I swear this nigga be swagging, and I'm living lavish
Might cop me an Aston, Martin on 'em
Anything I drive I own 'em, bad bitch and that ass ain't normal
Gotta put that pound game on her, beat it up she deep in a coma
I'm super paid, 2 shows a day
My rollie gold, no time to waste
What it do Berg, my fuckin' brother
Keep that pistol by me like my lovely momma
Hot as the summer, cold as the winter
Stay on them charts, I heard that they plotting my timber
Young nigga, got a lot of flows
Any nigga don't believe me, I make it look easy easy out of control

Box full of choppers, hand on the trigger
Uptown gangsta, get it how we get it
Third Ward soldier, suicide rider
Militant minded, hundred mill on the counter
Hand pearly rug nigga, flame on the Bugatti
Christian Louboutin, Chanel for my models
Higher than Bugatti nigga, fishing on the fish scales
Nose diving for them hundreds, strapped up making mail
Fr-fresher than I been before
Higher than we even been, shining on them 24's
Junior doing time ho
On the grind ho, while he doing time ho

Ya know!
The time is money and money still was made baby
Eight months ain't stop nothing nigga
It's like jail was third base and my lil' nigga still came home, ya understa
nd

I'm from the hood where bitches hold coke in they baby diapers
That's why when the babies grow up damn they be like us
I came a long ways from rhyming up in crazy cyphers
Man I'm so happy my lil' brother came home from Rikers
Shout out to BP, Thugga, Flow and Fail Boy
My flow Lucifer, I spit hell boy
My heart numb, ain't no pain I can't withstand
And I hold my niggas down boy like a kickstand
Get off my nuts, stop acting like a bitch fam
Lil' nigga finish puberty, grow ya own dick damn
I went from watching time fly on Earl and Red porch
To cruising through the streets of Miami in a red Porsche
Me and Stunna fly, we should join the Air Force
Stand up niggas, the fuck you brought them chairs for?
I went from making money from people with crack habits
To thanking God I'm in a whole 'nother tax bracket
Amen