

I sold my soul to Illuminati
For a white chick in a new Ferrari (wait)
JK, I am hardly the type to sell my soul for money
Don't mean I ain't tryna bargain
I keep my enemies in the office
I give em' all the dirty work then keep the profit
I run this shit like tamagotchi
Hold on, wait
Where the bougie mommies?
Run up in your shit with the Uzi, mami
Gucci, mami
Your girl look sorry
My girl look clean as a new Ferrari
Where the doors go up like, "Damn!"
And if you decide to come through
With your weak ass crew

Bla-bla-bla-bla-ba
That's that shit you like to talk
I just wanna be on my Michael
On your face where I moonwalk
I don't milli rock on that block
I just really rock with them stocks
Cop that real estate on that block
Pass that down to all my kin folk
See, that's running shit, no funny shit
That top floor in that summer pent-house
With a beachfront under it
And I'm only rapping for the fun of it
I'm chasing summer all year long
I'm catching waves, that Billabong
That funk wave and my scent is strong
You say the greatest I've been involved
I can rap sweeter than a Cinnabon and
Still go harder than your monologues
With a ginger beer in my other palm
I might turn this shit to a molotov
You don't really want that
Run up on a nigga like, "damn, where the guns at"
I don't need a weapon nigga sharper than a thumbtack
I can trick your mind til you tell me where the funds at
Channel where the drums at
Hi-hat and snares and a dreadlock hair
Swing that shit like a nigga don't care
Hyphy ain't dead yah niggas just scared
Big boy pissing in your little underwear
And just in case y'all niggas ain't aware
We run this shit 'till the end of the year
So I made this song for you
And if you decide to come through with your weak-ass crew