

Six mg's, I feel like MJ
Still sick in my head, still standin'
It's that time of the night
Gonna' have the time of your life
You know I'm a drainer
Til' I meet my maker
And I'm gonna' do it later
I got gucci labels
I'm a paper chaser, I'm a paper chaser

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Who's that in the beamer, man its Yung Lean and Bladee
I guess that I'm having one of those days
I'mma pour some rosé for my dead homie
Don't know why they actin' like they know me
You don't really know me, okay, go away
I feel like my life is like a movie
My life is a movie, but it's nothin' to me

I know where to get it, I know where to cop
I hop out the beamer then I drop the top
Me and Bladee grindin', we get to the guap
My diamonds on fire, my Moncler on lock
Got all they keys, but I can't find the lock
Keep goin' forever, don't know when to stop
Neon green lights, I pull up to the spot
It's Neil Young, bitch you know I rock
When your bitch see me you know she get shocked
Money my shoes, money my socks
[?] Louis V my flip-flops
Pour out some champagne for my dead brodie
Still don't give a fuck I go hard for all my homies
They say they want the old me, but they don't know me
Me and Bladee show no love, money, we be foldin'
Holdin' onto the light like golden
Its Sad Boys, GTB, bitch we rollin'
Snow land nightmare's forever
We stay golden, stay golden
Stay golden, stay golden

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