

Nigga  
Yeah  
Yeah

Uh, I got racks stuffed all in my jeans now  
I got big plays, I can run a mean route  
I ain't never been no lame ass nigga, I'ma pop it  
I'ma run routes and catch the ball like DeAndre Hopkins  
Read up with the plug, got it all off today  
Got my wrist all in the bowl like I'm eating Frosted Flakes  
I ain't have to go to McDonald's, I'm ridin' with a ten-  
piece chicken  
You say, "Money ain't everything," I say, "That nigga done trip  
pin'"

Nigga, my hood, full of dope cookers (nigga)  
Blue-faced cardi, full of nose boogers (Bling)  
Gucci down, head to toe, goggles just the match (nigga)  
I be pullin' up in a what-kind-of-fuckin'-car-is-that  
Remember I ain't have no money, and them nigga laughed at me  
Now I stay with dog shit like I'm CredDaddy (nigga)  
Only way I lay down, nigga, yeah  
Only way I lay down, nigga, is if the feds catch me

I'll beat the fuckin' bowl into that lock the way I need  
I'll beat the fuckin' road 'til I put that bitch to sleep  
This is Merc City, I'm throwin' up, but I got brothers that Z  
And I'm screamin', "Free my nigga," today let my nigga free

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