

Was at the cookout with my other, other, other man, mm
That done got me into some motherfucking trouble, man, uh
Texas boy the way I love it, love it, love it, man, mm
All these new niggas they stealin', but it don't hit the same, uh
Feel it in your veins, uh, nigga, I love my gang, mm
That's why I fuck my gang, mm, why I fuck my gang, uh
Ain't no play today, these ain't just 808s, uh
This a murder case, uh, this a murder case, uh
Ain't no pushin' me, uh, uh, I change your head into Caesar
Ain't no hit on me, uh, uh, if that boy ain't seen it
He lucky that nigga still breathin', I don't know what y'all seein'
Take my shirt off, run off, then I swallow that nigga's semen

Uh, done being humble, so I had to flex
Way that I rack up my bands, make 'em sweat
Forty acres and a mule on my neck
Better to talk to me with some respect
Heard they ain't make it, I couldn't have guessed
I'll cut the RAM, my connects, they invest
And I'm chiefing the keef of a pound of the best
Doin' it right take a couple attempts
Had to keep climbing and catch the ascent
Made it look casual 'cause I'm the best
Studio gallery over our wrists
Hold on, exactly what do you suggest?
Where I'm aiming, ain't no use to a vest
When I'm on ten, I get cream
But the scene that I leave is grotesque, it's a finesse, yes

Way she throwin' it so fast, you'd think she need some Tommy John
Surgery, nurse gon' pass me over, give me that scalpel please
Diggin' through this shit like it was '06, Poké things
Green Lamborghini look like Bulbasaur and his dad (Wow)
Catch 'em all, uh, bubblegum ain't allowed, uh
Sittin' up on that terrace, drinking red wine with cantaloupe
Thousand-dollar phone, what the hell can't answer for?
I can't see the haters, man, uh, Harry Potter cloak
Let the shit rock, we comin' like a landslide
They don't call me up, they hit the cell, don't hit the landline
Feet up, sippin' hibiscus, ow, I burned my damn tongue
Sea salt on that cookie plate, I call that Atlantic crumbs, uh
She from Idaho, her friends call her tater thot, huh
She from outta town, she never seen the ocean, wow, huh
She asked me what's my favorite place to spend a lot? Uh
That depends like an eight-door bible box