

First Place

Bryson Tiller

Nah, I'm finna go bananas for real
Three, two

Yeah, hey, huh
We goin' Donkey Kong, straight ape shit, nigga
I ran up 25 million, fuck
Then a whole 25 million plus, yeah
I'm out of my feelings, yeah, huh
I'm puttin' my ceilings up, damn, huh
Gettin' my coin, hittin' that box like, huh, huh, yeah
Gimme my coin, hittin' that box like wham, bam, bam

Yup, run up 25 million, fuck
Spent it all on my children, yup, yeah (What's up, what's up, what's up?)
She starin' at the coupe, tryna peep what I'm drivin' in (Drivin' in)
Cully with the suicide doors, I'm feelin' alive, yeah (Alive)
Peep my drive, put a kite on my ride, I'm fly, huh, yeah
Out of my mind, first place winner, ain't come in no tie, nigga, huh
Look at my opps, they fallin' behind, yeah, yeah, yeah, huh
Waitin' on a nigga to cross the line, yeah, yeah, yeah, huh
Puttin' Don Juli' in the cup, it's mine, yeah, yeah, yeah
I might have to serve 'em up one more time, yeah, yeah, yeah

Oh shit, baby, I'm too legit
That's right, I'm racin' with no assist for real
New mindset, new whip, new deals
I'ma have to swap these out, new wheels
I see you got a shell, blue, chill
Niggas be mad, they too in they feels
Lettin' them bullets loose, no Bill (Bow, bow, bow)
I feel like a superstar, for real
Every day choose my car, for real
Wowzers, who would've thought this here
Bowser, bruise you dawg, for real
Press L, boost my car, I'm ill
I'm finna go lunar, dawg, for real
Should've been sooner, dawg, for real

Huh, huh, I ran up 25 million, fuck
Then a whole 25 million plus
If anybody deserve this shit, it's us, boy (Yeah, we up right now)
I ain't too good, come sit with us, boy
I show you how to run shit up, boy
Fuck the 9-5s and buses, boy

Ask who made me, I made me
They seen me fall, now watch me rise (Goin' up right now)
Don't try to race me to the finish line, nah (Ready, set, go)

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Lappin' these boys, I'm on my shit

Yeah, got my opps goin' sixty
Bry Tiller, I can't stop goin' sixty