

Self-Made

Bryson Tiller

Woo, yeah, yeah, yeah
You already know
Young Tiller
Let's go

Gucci on my belt, bought a necklace for myself
Bought Giseppe for myself, spent them blessings on myself
Donatello, that's a killer, I smoke purple out the shelf
She want Birkin, she want, Gucci purse, she want Chanel, got it

I spend that 'cause I earned it for myself
Got my shawty out the way and now I'm splurging on myself
You should worry 'bout yourself, I've been working on myself
I've been balling like I'm Curry, need a jersey for myself (I need a jersey for myself)
What's next? I'm nervous for myself
If I changed, I became a better version of myself
Bought a chain, bought two more, yeah, I deserve that for myself
And my neighbors look at me like, "How he purchase that himself?"

'Cause I'm a seven figure, self-made nigga
Blow the money, get it back the next day nigga (made it back, yeah)
Wow, what the check say, nigga?
I'm getting paid, nigga, need a chef and maid, nigga

And a Gucci on my belt, bought a necklace for myself
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Must've heard a hundred niggas say they made me (I made that nigga!)
So, which one you niggas made me?
Don't know who you talking to, not me, oh no, you can't be
They wan' be my fam, but my crew is sucker-lame free (Lame free)
I just want a yacht and a jet-ski
Pull up on your block, Icy Hot, Wayne Gretzkey (I pull up, pull up)
Fucking con artist, boy, you sketchy
Pretty but she messy, only wanna sex me

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Count that mula with my thumb
502, that's where I'm from
Used to stay on Hazelwood
You see trouble then you run (Run)
Word to Joker Noble, we don't do this shit for fun
100 million, then I'm done
Poochie laid out in the sun
Like I want

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Yeah, yeah, Gucci on my belt
Yeah, she want Gucci on her belt
Gucci on her purse
Gucci on that
Yeah