

When I land off in your city, my bitch is exclusive
At the top floor suite, made me exclusive
Ain't no use in rolling your weed, if it ain't
That exclusive and ain't no body topping me,
Yeah I'm so exclusive My money get old, call me Frank Zappa
And I'm the shit, put me in pamper
At the top floor suite, made me exclusive, ain't no use in rolling
Your weed if it ain't exclusive

Ain't nobody stopping me, I thought I told you so
I'm #1, go check your Billboard
Haaa, bitch nigga I'm cashing out
Gonna cop that "Rari" oh yeah I'm mashing out
I'm at the top floor suite, hey when they
Booking? I got my gold on, I see you looking
But shooters ride, so you can't took it
Oops I mean take it
Sometime I forget I made it
When I'm faded, I hit up Nard & B you know that's exclusive
These shoes up on my feet yeah they exclusive
Yeah, and I'm rapping with my eyes closed
And when I speak for the streets I spit it from my soul.

Look, when I land off in your city
On this type of flight there's no ticket
Better hold your girlfriend closer
Cause she choosing on the committee
She google phoning my business
She loose she known to be with it
But that thang there was so deep
Ass so wet your boy could soak in it
Man she so slippery
Plus she bow legged so there's more leverage
So she gon grip it, them windows tinted,
Roof with no ceiling Fuck emotional I won't rent em
No, I don't cake them hoes I don't spend a thing
These are mine I don't rent a thing
Bob and Cash on a private runaway
Ya'll niggas never seen a plane
Booku, booku, a nigga got bread on booku
Back of the whip getting blue tooth
Couldn't put my life on youtube
Now you understand what the goose do nigga
Your girl gone off too much liquor
And you can have your girlfriend back
But it's really up to you what you do
With her