Juice

Ca$h Out

Got choppers on choppers
Got bitches on bitches
My ho do the dishes
We play in them kitchens
My whip is on sixes
Got pounds of the chickens
Rolex's on wrists
Your bitches is missing

We in the trap house
We selling that loud
We cooking up O's
Come shop at my store
You liking my glow
I'm liking your ho
She put on a show
Do it on the low
A stack on her shoes
50 racks on my jewels
They say I'm so cool
I'm breaking the news
I'm breaking the rules
They try to keep up
I keep switching up
I keep geeking up
It must be the Yeezy's
Yeah baby mama the squeezes
The all on their knees-es
They thinking I'm Yeezus
My teacher is Jesus
My money got creases
My cars got no leases
My house got no leases

Down from the south
They seizing me up
Your ho texting me
She eating me up
She sucking me up
A ten in my truck
I'm getting my buzz
I'm killing you dubs
I'm feeling like Pablo
I rock Ferragamo
I just hit the lotto
Got green in the tacos
I'm getting my nachos
I'm getting my cheese
I'm balling [?]
I'm rocking the seas
My diamonds is water
I paid off my lawyer
I don't want your offer
Kill you for an offer
[?] they taught you
Can't smell like a fish

I cook in the dish
I out with your bitch

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