

I turn five to a ten
I turn twenty to a fifty
Fourty fourty hit your woadie shorty
Balmain, Saint Laurent with the Fendi
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I turn twenty to a fifty
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Whatchu want, tell me whatchu want (What do you want?)
Like whatchu want, Like what do you want?
Whatchu want? Let a nigga know
Let a nigga know, let a nigga know

You get hit, 40 all at you
I got your bitch on me, your mama on me and she birth you
Blowin' Uzi, I'm just off the shifts
Got your bitch on me, she all up on this dick
I am so turnt up

I don't give a mothafuck, I am the man
Stay hella manly, your girl my baby
[?], I am too lazy

Fergy gonna get 'em, youngin' doin' better
Uzi with Uzi hit him through the leather
Black Panther party, Huey with the leather
Feel like I'm him with the cheddar
Put 'em in the soup, portobello
Hit him in the head through his cerebellum
Nigga better tell him my uncle OG with a motherfuckin' felon
He'll dead him in a second if I tell him
Smoke a number nine for you with the [?]
He was on his way to his dreams
Then his dreams started derailing from a weapon
These kids I try tell 'em
Don't get caught with a weapon
Hip Hop police on the 'Gram
And they can't wait to get 'em

Trap, he smoking on midnight gas
Finessing a nigga with pounds of the swag
My bitches, they bustin', you niggas, you cuffin'
I trap out the bando them onions
Whatchu want, whatchu want, my nigga?
Got [?] in them Xans, wrappin' the bricks in saran
You don't want problems
Bitch I got choppers, Afghanistan
Migos Gang, A\$AP Mob, he might fuck around get robbed
30 gold chains I flex, but I ain't ever had no job
Turn twenty to a fifty
Tryna jump at Rich the kid, diamonds dancin' like Diddy
I trap in the kitchen with Whitney, Actavis killin' my kidneys