

Okay, hoes wanna fuck me for the clout, tea
But, they never can and they pouty
I'm smokin', on big gas, got me drowsy
But, no longer sleepin' in the county
Fifty-five M's in my bank, that's goals
Hatin' undercover on the kid, get exposed
Black and white Rolls, black and white all my hoes
She know it's a blessin' she get chose

Man, I just went bought a new scale, but it weigh out all the same
Got a new hair, kept it [?] like it's plain, ugh
Rappers fakin' flexin' for the 'gram all the same, ugh
How you say you real but you ain't got no real chains? Ugh
I could spot that bullshit from a mile away
Shorty like the way I smell, that's a prouder way
I'm bumpin' Shawty, in the i8, you know I'm straight
Y'all was hatin' in my comments, that's that time waste
Backtrackin' like you 'bout to drop a song on MySpace
I'ma go with my guerillas, that's that primate
Skraight up, me and money on a blind date
You just blind to the money, different mind state

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Okay, okay, the camera phone turn the traphouse to a porno place
In the lamb like my favorite place to fornicate
Twenty thou' in my pocket, that's a normal day (yeah)
Wanna get this shit like me, gotta formulate
Gucci on my frame and my bitch got a Karrueche frame (fact)
Got out of jail, changed my life like I'm Gucci Mane (fact)
You goin' broke and your team don't know who to blame (yeah)
I'm on a Harley bike, this ain't no Suzuki thing
Okay, look I got no time, I been doin' coke lines
We always on go time, we speedin' past slow signs
I'm seein' so much money, I pray that I never go blind
Last time I checked, y'all was finished before mine
Last time I checked, these i8 doors flyed
Up like a butterfly, I made the show fly
How you got so much drive and ain't got no ties?
Grippin' on the money like my hands were both pliers

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