I'm makin' bad decisions, numbers, I'm runnin' it up
Got in a fast collision, but lately I can't give a f*ck
I'm in my bag, gettin' it
Playin' with me is a bad decision
I'm makin' bad decisions, I gotta keep me some fire
I like to add, addition, I'm stackin' it up to the sky
I'm in my bag, gettin' it
Playin' with me is a bad decision (okay)

With my lil baby, she hold the three-

eighty like it was an infant
Once you get talkin' 'bout money, then suddenly you've got my i
nterest (skrt)
Could tell by the look in my eyes that I run the [?] I ain't li
ke the other guys
Thought that I metamorphized, the way that the butter fly
Dropped right on time for summertime, he think he a big shot
Tried to take food off of my plate, end up with rib shots
I ain't got a baby mama, but I roll around the city with the tw
in Glocks

And I got the bands on me like it's f*ckin' Woodstock
Told 'em if I could, I wouldn't stop
Instead I up the speed again while I got some good top
Back home, prayin' I'ma come and let the hood shop
'Cause I'm hangin' with the have-nots
Reminiscin' on the days we ain't had knots
Lookin' at the driveway feelin' like a jackpot

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