

Got this [?] I can't tell the price
Y'all some walkin' gimmicks, I can't do songs with Vanilla Ice
Keep it to myself so I just think it, I don't tell advice
And that jewelry fake as fuck, you broke and can't even sell the ice

Get that deposit back, y'all won't hear a word from me
But I still get you hollered at, hate the way these rappers don't be sayin' shit
But I'm proud to rap, I see where y'all cowards at
Went through my lil twisted fantasy then got my power back
Smoke on that sour pack, they was sleepin' on me, that's a power nap
I woke up, got mo' head than twenty shower caps
Y'all need controversy, did two million just off how I rap
Plenty blessings fallin' down in our lap
I'm the same kid ridin' in the Bugatti down Biscayne with Birdman
Could've stayed in the trap, but it don't make as much as these words can
Every time a rapper diss me, gotta look 'em up 'cause I ain't heard of them
I can tell it's all gimmicks, if it wasn't that, homie, I'd murder them
On the skreet blocks, shooters up in treetops
That pussy beatbox, bought her some new Reeboks
All my money legit but I'm still nervous when I see cops
New Rolex for all them times that I was on police watch

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