

Nike tracks
We don't do polo hats
Put down dirty soda
Get the racks
All my cars got custom motors in em
Trunk space in the front
Not in the back
Foreign rides and vintage Cadillacs
Sleep when I'm dead I can't act relaxed
In the streets my bro did acrobats
Ceo I can't be flippin packs

This a gun fight why you showed up with knives
Inflation the way that I been on the rise
I don't gotta spoil my bitch
Cause my bitch look at me and she know I'm the prize
In Daytona beach but its Tallahassee how we capitalize
You saying that you do it big
Must be the rearview cause that ain't the actual size
Count up a million in cash
Homie that's what I call getting high
That mixtape you dropping is trash
We can't play that shit up in the ride
200 I got on my dash
Keep me 200 whenever I slide
Slide on me you finna crash
Where you a seatbelt whenever you try

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Still got money stashed up in the mattress
Ceiling of the roads filled with asterisks
Moved back to my home town stuntin
Coulda bought a crib in calabassas
Play I'll put the 4 on ya chest
Fuck around I'm feeling fantastic
Shoe box full of money swipe the plastic
Haters mad they couldn't outlast it
Wrote the check I didn't have to ask it
Post the wins I didn't have to mask it
Stretch the opportunity elastic
Haters they mad at my wins but they gone multiply
Got no intent in me shrinking myself to fit in your tribe
Its only getting bigger you better hide
They said I wasn't gone win and that motherfucker lied
Pray for the sins of my past
Things that I done did to survive

In highschool I kept me some brass
Graduated to a new 45
They rolled me up like some gas
Couldn't stop me cause I had so much drive
Ain't no one gave me a pass
Fuck it somehow I still managed to thrive

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