

Pack still comin' in  
Park that Lambo Urus by the Cullinan  
Front him 'til the first time that he fumblin'  
Then set him up a couple times, it's humblin'  
I'ma get it on my own, there's so few I could really trust  
Feel like Chris Tucker, obvious that I've been in a rush  
If it ain't about a M plus, ain't nothin' to discuss  
Must be celibate or somethin' 'cause they ain't fuckin' with us

Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah

When you hustle all the time, there's no such thing as clockin' in  
If my homie miss the first time, he spin the block again  
Thought I'm Jadakiss and Styles P, the way I'm lockin' in  
Told her, "Throw 'way that Balenciaga, we can't rock with them"  
And a thousand horsepower only thing I'm hoppin' in  
You can't hop up on this Pete Davidson, you not Kim  
Rappers dissin' me and hopin' that they gon' be hot for ten  
If I put you in the scope, you ain't gon' ever pop again  
Never hit my bitch, just knock that pussy out the bedframe  
Paintin' on the wall, that came from Wes Lang  
Only court they catch me in is courtside at the Nets game  
Came from nothing, but I want everything

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Ayy

Got them packs comin' in and out, we took the paper route  
Had a shootout at my hood and I barely made it out  
All in, just me and my kin, stolo, flip the van  
Make you dizzy how I spin again, then I spin again  
Sorry grandma, I sinned again, how could I pretend?  
Rollin' over in your grave 'bout the way that I came in  
I was on demon time 'fore that nigga clocked in  
Would've thought I was a janitor, I snuck the mop in  
Said I couldn't bring my chopper, so I snuck the Glock in  
Snow bunnies in the drop top, I told her, "Hop in"  
Porn stars, on that bullshit like Dennis Rodman  
I be countin' all my numbers, you don't want them problems

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