

Don't worry 'bout what's in my cup, it ain't like I care
Don't think that I could get enough, somethin' light, I swear
Only backwoods full of runts in the car right here
Can't nobody tell me nothin', feelin' like it's my year
(In the kitchen and it's Taysty)

Look at the wrist, it's gorgeous
Open the garage and it's Porsches (Porsches)
The crib that I'm in a fortress
Now I got so many fortunes (Fortunes)
The car had a good performance
Still, I'ma upgrades the horses
Man, I got so many choices
There ain't no time to be humble, the checks that I'm gettin' e
normous

I fell in love with the speed
Still got my city on lock
When I hop in the drop, I ain't turnin' a key
She wanna give me the slop until I tell her stop
But that's never a thing
The condo was built for a king
Smokin' on wedding cake without a ring
Ring, ring on the phone
Money callin', I can't leave it alone
The hustle doubled like I got me a clone
The diamonds crystal clear like the patrón
Bitch play with my paper, I'm sendin' her home
Manifest everything on my own
If I said I want it, I set it in stone

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