

Off that vanity  
With choppers cause calamity, and folks gon' lose they sanity  
I'm stoned in Los Angeles, where bitches lose they sanity  
With choppers cause calamity, yeah

So proud of myself, I just went jugged me fifty grand (grand)  
Check inside my pocket, I'm a walkin' bidness man (man)  
Lookin' at my chopper, y'all don't want the bidness, man (man)  
When you winnin', they gon' talk that shit, don't give a damn (ayy)

Bitch, I'm turned up, want that Pusha T type confidence  
Rappers want be competition, chopper change your composition  
Turned up, I don't need to hear no opposition  
Crib look like the spot to fish in, fishscale that I got from bitches  
I'm turned up, feelin' large, y'all fuck boys don't try no shit  
That victory mirage, it's not real life, I'll fry your shit  
I feel like a beast, I turn up the heat, I had a lil beef I'm knockin' my list off  
Shawty just came to crib, she saw all the whips and asked why I'm pissed off  
Bitch, I got scars, they don't want me in charge  
We started this with bars, blues on me like Avatar  
Someone stopped me in the street, thought they'd seen a shootin' star  
That's just me inside my car, I smoke big backwood cigars, hey

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Show up after shows, who brought these hoes to the lobby?  
I showed up on the harley, turn this hotel to a party  
Know shawty think she in love when she get to poppin' molly  
Can't say that shit back, I'm sorry, we get drugs in by the dolly  
I'm too lit, I'm too pit, I'm too turned up with my clique  
I'm too real to be arguin' with y'all, beefin' 'bout a bitch  
I'm too focused on myself, that's why I'm on a winnin' spree  
I'm too drunk, too monogamous, in love with hennessy, yeah  
And my bitch so bad, she got big booty, remedy, hey  
Skrt off in the foreign car, that drive serenity, yeah  
One time this lil thotty sucked me, used too many teeth, yeah  
Had to kick that lil hoe out the damn vicinity  
Go for infinity, my flow more than the legs on centipede  
Keep it one century, can't talk 'bout real ones and not mention me  
Ben Franklin mentored me, and got sent for me, drive in my bentley  
They can't stop what's meant to be, I'm turned up like I'm meant to be

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Look inside my pocket, I'm a walkin' bidness man (man)  
Lookin' at my chopper, y'all don't want the bidness, man (ayy)  
When you winnin', people talk that shit, don't give a damn (damn)

Turned up, on a bitch, like I'm postal  
Postal, yeah, call that, call that goin' postal  
Turned up, on a bitch (ayy), like I'm postal  
Yeah, fuck, call that goin' postal