

Okay, before the rap worked, it was packs in the mail
I keep it a hunnid like the stacks in the bale
People from my city tried and actually failed
I say that I'm winnin' and it's factually real

Got my weight up, man, I mastered the scales
Long road to heaven, but it's faster to hell
I'm in the hellcat, mash through the veil
Reminisce 'cause I done put so many bags on the scale
I done put so many digits in the bank account
Guarantee we compare the numbers, ain't the same amount
Guarantee the next purchase bringin' all the haters out
Good thing I don't give a fuck, I'm on a paper route
Pussy, I done took care of the plan
Money for the lawyer fees, it take us out the jam
I am not impressed by a measly hunnid bands
You gon' have to run it up some mo' to make me stand, I'm a different type of man
I done seen me a hunnid 'fore the age of nineteen
I done flew out to countries, did all kinds of sight-seein'
She could tell from a distance I was on the right team
Money talk when I don't say a word, you know what I, mean

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