

Lil bitch, I got P's for the low
Lil bitch, I got keys to the door
I then got indicted already, I don't give a fuck
The police pulled me over, I'm shooting shit up
Bitch, I got verses for the high
You ain't got that verse money, then fuck nigga bye
My bitch bi, I'm straight
Then I get that cake, andale

Pull up on your bitch, like skudda skuh
Told the bitch, is you gon' hop in or what?
I know you wanna smoke this bud
I know you wanna roll with a thug
Fuck nigga wanna mean mug
Shoot his ass and his foot, then his mug
So the fuck nigga can't walk or can't talk
And I only smoke lime green, not the mothafucking rainbow
And my bankroll can't fold
Almighty Sosa, I'm saint hoe
But in God I trust, and frauds I don't fuck with, aye
But my bankroll got them rainbows, bitch

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Been trapping out grandma house
Had junkies knocking all at grandma house
Told they ass pipe down
You gon' get me in trouble, I'm only 16 now
Now I'm grown as fuck
And I got my own house
'Bout to bring a D, sold that shit out my own house
Bought a couple keys, sold that shit out my own house
Should see how I'm living now
Riding in a Rarri, riding real fast
Hop in that mothafucka, skudda skuh, doing that dash
Naw baby, I ain't gon' crash
All I fucking do is ride Nascar
Niggas wanna take that that far
Shooting them guns like Rambo
Loaded up with that ammo
With a suitcase full of that marijuana

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