

I pull up, baby, and it's magic
I hop up out the car, niggas talk, "What's crackin'?"
I pull up with the things, you know it's tragic
This bitch all up on my thing, you know it's the fabric
I pulled up blingin', you know it's the jewels
Horse shoes on my pockets, you know them the Trues
Only money call my phone, these bitches send me nudes
All this ice on my body and she give me flu

All this ice on my body, all this ice on my body
All this money in my pocket make hoes do the nasty nasty
She got right to the topping, I'ma put her out probably
I was screamin' "Cowabunga" 'cause her head so fuckin' gnarly
Then I got right to the paper, right to the paper
I'm a paper chaser, gotta run, I'll see you later
I'm a Rastafari, I don't need a taper
I don't crap out, bitch, I don't need a faker

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I got niggas that gon' shoot for me, bitches that gon' go for me
Bitches gon' locally, bitches gon' globally
Bitches think they Aiko, gotta suck my groceries
Bitches think I'm Geico, do I look like a chameleon?
Can't wait to be a billionaire, wanna be a trillionaire
I ain't no fuckin' wannabe, I wanna be my damn self
I'm gonna be a trillionaire, I'm gonna be a billionaire
She like, "Chief Sosa, where you goin'?" I'm gonna be a billionaire

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