

G-L-O G-A-N-G you know how we be
We be going wee
G-G-L-O you know we
Smokin' weed, I count cheese

Came through with that cash and that swag
Fuck a bag, put the racks in my pants
I went in Saks spent a sack cause I get it right back
Fuck your bitch give her back cause I get it like that
Came through with the hammer I don't dance
You want beef? I'ma turn you to a tranny
I don't wanna fuck your bitch, she want romance
I wanna fuck, don't wanna dance
I got a million in my pants now
I don't use no rubber bands now
Big bank take lil' bank, stand down
'Fore I pull the racks up out my pants now

I pulled up, million dollar cash down
'Cuz I got that sack now
All I talk is racks, all I talk is cash now
You not flexin', sit your ass down
What is you, a class clown?
Only language that I speak is million dollars cash down
Million dollars, million dollars, million dollars
Million dollars, million dollars, million dollars

Pulled up, trunk bangin', car swangin', now we gangin', war gangin'
Excuse me, I mean that we're gangin'
You want me in your club, you gon' have to let the gang in
Look here, I'm very well respected in the streets
Hop out my Emmy, and my wrist we got a P
I smoke dope, you be smokin' wack reefer
All the loud I smoke you think I spent a million on this weed
Told that bitch you had to go it's time to eat
She thought she was T, but she we
When I say "T" that mean two turnt, that's how I be
You want a show, you better million dollar me

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