

# Ambitions

ChillinIT

La-la-la-la, la-la, la-la  
La-la-la-la, la-la, la-la  
Come with me  
Hail Mary, run with me  
What do we have here now?  
Let's get high tonight  
La-la-la-la, la-la, la-la

Ever since 'Pac had ambitions of a rider  
I was gettin' billies like Maguire  
Rippin' thru the villi in a Chrysler  
All I know is rack, rack city, I rack in rack city  
Rack city girl, living like Tyga  
Women in designer, blow a couple hundred on my rider  
Spend the other hundred on the tyre  
Lookin' like a Jenner girl, I can get you wetter than Mariah (Shh)  
Stick it like MacGyver, swisher in the fryer like (Woo)  
You wanna talk the money then you push it to the choir  
Lookin' like a liar, when it comes to bars  
I'm the star of the cast like Idris on The Wire  
R-r-r-rock a microphone with the boom funk  
Mmm, yeah, I'm a freestyler  
Ever since a teen, pussy, money, weed  
That been in my genes, I been on fire  
Switch up the flow

Bitches get low  
Call me Sriracha 'cause Chilli the sauce  
Dickin' her raw, booty retarded  
I'm callin' her Cardi, I'm hittin' that raw  
Spliff in the draw, all things Versace  
With bitches that party in Christian Dior, like  
(Chill, answer your phone)  
My manager called, but I'm missing his call  
I'm missing his- argh (Fuck's sake)

I'm travelling Hell's Atlas  
Got a J in the valley, I'm all packed in  
Snakes in my fly, but they lie to my face  
Now the snakes on a plane, they Samuel L. Jackson  
Practice is all that it takes, you can't backflip  
All the money I make, you can't tax it  
We were friends, then I fucked all the friends in the end  
There's DiCaprio, you can't catch him (Woo)  
I'm lighting up a spliff  
Always been from Western when I fire off the clit  
Girl, why you on my dick?  
You emcees talk about weed like you Paddle Pop, lyin' on a stick  
You lying to your bitch, you ain't got getting money, motherfucker  
You ain't hustling, you buying shit on [?]  
You been hiring your whip  
Yeah, I catch mics, do dealies  
All I know is catch a flight, not feelings  
Wait, got a sesh and the ganja  
Border securities, gettin it past 'em  
Bless me a fiddy, no stress for the biddy  
Having sex in the city like Jessica Parker

So, heavenly father, forgive me  
Cannabis in my throat, got Valium in the coke  
Yeah, I'm throwin' with the bars, my fifties are gettin large  
And you call me Noah's Ark, there's animals on the boat  
When I'm lit up on the back seas  
Boats and hoes, can he pack it with the pack, G?  
Ocean to the back streets, yeah, I stick them my soul  
I been kickin' the goal, I'm El Masri  
Argh, lightin' up a spliff  
'Cause I've always been from Western when I fire off the clit  
Girl, why you on my dick?  
Emcees talk about weed  
But you Paddle Pop, Paddle Pop, Paddle Pop, Paddle Pop

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Hahahahaha  
Call me Sriracha 'cause Chilli the sauce  
Paddle Pop, Paddle Pop, Paddle Pop, Paddle Pop  
Hahaha  
Call me Sriracha 'cause Chilli the sauce  
Call me Sriracha, yeah, call me Sriracha 'cause Chilli the sauce  
Let it fade out for a bit  
Let these motherfuckers have the beat  
They can loop that shit  
Spit like that