

Nominee

ChillinIT

What they gotta be
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Nobody- nobody to a nominee

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Name your top floor, girl come and drop the key
Turn three, twenty fours
Charge five figures galore, if we gonna drop the beat
Head game so good, she got the top degree
The doctors want dollars to go on shopping sprees
Swallow me, double champ like Conner be
All up in her guts like colostomy
Designers what I've been in
Blow it in the breeze girl, fighting all my demons
You could be me ease girl, leaving while I'm dreaming
We could make a team girl, down if you're leaving
Made a mill', blew a mill' in only three months
Rappers taking money, brother, they ain't ever seen nun'
Three songs counting money while I bleed some
Wanna make money, take money, you gon' need some

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Bottles and packs, I'm on the top of the map
Of this, rap beef I ain't follow that or borrowing that
From UK copying tracks
The only beefs that I see is with the government tax, facts
I got super hidden funds yeah
I just hit the red carpet with my mum yeah
Got a baby on the way and she the one yeah
Ex overseas, with the money give them one care

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Been spliffing on the blunt
Twenty ten- ten, bad bitches in the cut
Cali Kush out in Aus, Ben Simmons with the Dunks
Converse with the All stars, someone get you chucks
Rolling with a gram of Bu

High with my wife, living life got a gram of Lou
Tryna' smash out, for a crash like a Bandicoot
Apples in the box, fourteen with the camera view
Used to hit the club with popped collar
Now I hit the surgeon for my woman, paying top dollar
Got a side girl, she a top scholar
Hit it from the back, while the bottom make the top holler
Still got a safe that I keep safe
Kanye West with the money for the petes sake
All the Kims looking slim, with the fleeked face
Worst off, tell her [?] it's her loss
Essentially none of yall are next to me
All these rappers never had the balls, y'all vasectomy
All you rappers all DM just to mention me
My spending spree cost me two million, check the record please
Girl got leg like a millipede, had her bugging out till the weed smoke killi
ng me
Made another mill' like Billie Jean
Seven figures digits one year, what they gotta be

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