

People tell me I'm a only get bigger
Not to give a fuck about all these niggas
Just a mister maybe I could use a missus
Trying to put a ring on the game, make it official
And we're so high, it's going down tonight
Girl tell me where you're at tonight
We can seal the deal, we can make this official

Hunger turns to savage, that's the story of my ends
To every time I made a hundred grand I lost a friend
Can you be here til the end? Will you be here til the end?
Or are you like the phony girls I know that just pretend?
I'm trusting you, you, take my palm I'll take you through
Dress on for that red carpet, it's cool I'll take you too, let's go
Official like a ref, you got me calling all the shots
Your love's a penalty and I ain't missing from the spot
I know your spots, so come and blow me like a whistle
O double F I put the C in official
Paid niggas love it, broke niggas hate it
90's baby on fire, every track gets cremated, yeah (burnt)
Olympic flow, I got the torch when I'm rapping
London boy in Cali, chilling smoking on that Cali Kush
All I do is rap and make these women wanna rap me
I just hope they feel me coming like that bitch who tried to trap me

My love is so official, yeah
My love is so official, yeah
And we so high, it's going down tonight
Girl tell me where you're at tonight
We can seal the deal, we can make this official

Baby say she dreaming 'bout greatness
I hope we had safe sex
Hand on my heart, you're my favorite
If I put my hand on your heart, I can take it
Runaway slave shit, trying to own a master
Cutting through the field got me whipping kinda faster
Cuts on my arm, thick stitching on my armor
Got cash money, all the Nickis will menage ya
Doesn't that alarm ya?
That's why I'm looking for the right girl
Who's sick with the chicken and does the rice well
Red bottoms, face of an angel, fly as hell
Sounds like miss universe in my world
And I'm leaning round the world and I'm I'm
Looking like the main course and you're on my side
And when you're screaming out Wretch
It sounds like music to my E A R yea

Look, I heard your ex say he want a second chance
Now she fucking with me, he ain't get a second glance
And my ex chick? Swapped it with the next chick
Might cop her an X3 just to get my ex pissed
But nah, wait, check this
She was moving reckless, cross her off the checklist

I'm sitting smoking, thinking bout all the time I wasted
And ho all them other girls were kinda basic
But I'm still upon my D boy shit, making D boy chips in a decoy whip, yeah
Thinking all the times I was doubted
I lost count all the times I've been counting
H and the base got the H on my waist
Wish all these bloggers would say this hate to my face
Real hustler, I turn an ¼ to a case
We just trying take it from the estates to the states