

I call the shots  
Smokin' cuz' I'm hot, bitch  
They want that ignorance I'll give 'em plenty then  
Boy I'm getting money feeling innocent (innocence)  
[?] out the hunnids like the cemetery  
Making plays across the globe they know my name  
They bite yo' flow and bump yo' songs [tryin' get fame???]

Imma let these niggas know we ain't the same  
Imma play the orchestra and pull the string, bitch

Bitch I'm driving through the city like I'm Max Payne  
And I f\*ck a bitch until she feel some back pain  
Breaking down the weed like the rap game  
And I'm not a rapper bitch, I am a bad case  
I'ont gotta speed it up at no fast pace  
Imma pull of on yo' ass like a drag race

Imma smoke a spliff, watch me activate  
And I don't wanna f\*ck bitch you got bad taste

Imma let these niggas know we ain't the same  
Imma play the orchestra and pull the string  
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Made a couple grand then I took a trip  
And I never went back but I miss it there  
Boy you like a sample that ain't never clear  
I f\*ck her, give her samples then I disappear  
Boy I glisten, glam like a chandelier (bitch)  
Hundred miles away you see me like I'm near (bitch)  
Niggas talkin' shit I don't ever hear  
About them doing shit so let's have a cheers