

Apartments

Clever

Karlton

Apartments, now I got six figures
When it's war we dig up old sticks
Cook this up

It's hard to see you through these Cartier
I see through the bullshit and you hardly there
Got a problem, got a lawyer, make it go away
I don't buy a pretty pistol just a throw away
Last month spent six figures (Ooh)
They mad if you rich if they ain't rich with you
I only get down with my people
Foot is in the door, tired of starin' through the peephole
You can be my people, long as you not the people
We coming for the world, this shit is Doctor Evil
I don't drink liquor, I don't need a chaser
She use my Chase Card, I don't chase her
Hundred dollar gram in the ashtray
Lord forgive me, I forgot about the bad days
Mindset made for a padded room
Born with a plastic spoon

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I remember I ain't had shit, nigga
When it's war we dig up old sticks
And it's raining, we ain't worried 'bout no evidence
I don't drink liquor, I'm a codeine chaser
Just be down with your niggas 'cause that's how I was raised up
Kill a opp and kill him twice, I'm right back digging his grave up
The coupe is red like Spiderman but I still won't save her, yeah

I don't ever got to worry 'bout kickin' bitches out
'Cause, ho, I hold the key, she never get to see my house (Yeah)
Growin' up, I ain't tell on him, they took a different route
Come by yourself, don't bring your mutts, I don't really know your dawgs
On credit peoples hand out.. never see my paw
I run around with pocket rockets like I'm Chris Paul
I'm tryna fuck, she tryna rest but I can't hit raw
Christian Dior, I like it fitted, I don't do big and tall (Yeah)
I buy a [?] break up Pandora meetings (Pandora meetings)
Two tennis bracelets just like Venus and Serena, yeah
In Palm Angels while he pull up in that demon (Pull up in that)
I pray [?] free me (Yeah)
I put four karats in my ear like I'm vegan (Like I'm vegan)
Money counter with the room just like I'm leaning
They feel your blood on the low like anemic
Million-dollar nigga, she gotta pay me for my semen

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Pull up panoramic, don't panic, yeah
I was hustlin' 'fore I signed to Atlantic records
My jewelry on, do you love me?
My jewelry on, don't judge me, yeah
Trappin' ain't dead, nah, man, that shit just need surgery, ayy
We servin' Fentanyl, then act like we in a hurry
Every day is a cash day
Want smoke like a ashtray
My lawyer paid, you can ask Chase
Stiff-arm a hoe I don't ass chase
Can't forget 'bout the bad days
I'm the hood general, you niggas round's pitiful
1600 block, all my niggas criminals, don't do what we'll do

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