

Bullet!

Yo' Cochise, a weh dem a seh?

Yuh, ay, yuh, ay

I got kicks on me like I'm playin soccer  
Yeah, she said that I'm looking very proper  
Yeah, shave my dreads like I'm Waka Flocka  
Yeah, gave her D like I'm playing lock up  
I'm charging up my chakra  
Yeah, yeah, you's a baka  
Ridin in Sonatas, uh  
Yeah, pop my collar, uh  
Tryna get some dollas, uh  
Yeah, dolla dolla  
Tryna get some dollas, uh  
Tryna get some dollas, uh  
Tryna get some

I'm running, running, running right to the check  
Ok got hunnids, hunnids, hunnids  
That's on my neck  
Ok, I'm stuntin, stuntin, stuntin, I never flex  
These niggas frontin, frontin, frontin  
These niggas fake  
These niggas mad  
Cause I'm getting the bag  
And it lookin real bad  
Yeah it look good when I sag  
Yeah my bitch on my ass  
And I don't even sag  
And it's cause of my pockets  
Cause they're filled with the cash

Niggas gon' hate cause they cannot relate  
We eatin good while they just washing plates  
You niggas lose while we winning today  
These niggas used while we fresh out the crate  
Get the hell out my face  
I won't do it, no way  
I got God on my side  
And I'm going his way  
I don't care what you say

Yeah that's something to play  
We don't live every day

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Tryna get