```
(Now, I got y'all fools this time, hit it)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Carlos is in here), yeah (Okay)
Yeah, yeah, prices going
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Prices going up, Stock X (Uh, uh)
Heard that boy he tried to make a fuss, I'm tell 'em stop that
Runnin' to the bucks, yeah, yeah, oh, that's a guap pack
Heard that boy talking bout what's up but he ain't 'bout that, 'bout that
Yeah, its over, I said it's over
I'm getting older, Louis V. Loafers
I don't do those, bruh, I say that's a no, bruh
Feel like Casanova, stick in the holster
She feeling so astounding
She floating like a mountain
And I drip down like a fountain
Somebody save him, he drowning, huh
I got out the mud, like a pallet, huh
Nobody copy the talent, huh
I wanna win like I'm Khaled, huh
I get the green like a salad, huh
Yeah, yeah, shoutout Jesus Christ
Yeah, he in my life, uh
I pray every night, uh
Pull up to the light, uh
Tell that boy goodnight
Okay, so now he act alright
Please don't kill my vibe
I've been on my grind
You can't waste my time
Get up outta line
I don't know her sign
You and me was so relaxed
Maybe we can double that
Get a rack and cuddle that
You know I've been over that (Hit it)
Huh, yeah, over that
Huh, yeah, I'm over that
I've been getting loads of that, huh
Get ahold of that, huh
Where the soda at?
Got her rolling back
I done got control of that
I done schemed the Cul-de-sac
I just threw a touchdown, I feel like the quarterback
Throw it to the running back, I know he ain't coming back
Made a play a couple racks, I got Ruby, where's Max?
I can't even take a nap, Watch Dogs, I ain't talking hacks (Hit it)
Prices going up, Stock X (Uh, uh)
Heard that boy he tried to make a fuss, I'm tell 'em stop that
Runnin' to them bucks, yeah, yeah, oh that's a guap pack
Heard that boy talking bout what's up but he ain't 'bout that, 'bout that
Yeah, its over, I said it's over
I'm getting older, Louis V. Loafers
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I don't do those, bruh, I say that's a no, bruh Feel like Casanova, stick in the holster (Hit it)