

Blicky! Blicky!

Bitch, I keep my blicky!

My left wrist be shining hard, I just paid like 50 (I just paid like 50)

Bitch, I got designer on, but that's just how I'm living

That bitch say he want some smoke, I pulled up with my blicky

Blicky, blicky

Bitch, I keep my blicky (boom)

Damn, my left wrist shining hard, I like to watch it glisten

Roll up with my diamonds on, and watch your bitch go missin'

Pull up with designer on, got Gucci on my slippers

No, I do not know you boy, but you can be my hitter

That boy look like a cigar, but you can't roll one figure

I got all the hoes, I got way more bitches than Tinder

Damn my left wrist sick as fuck, got more ice, it got sicker

When I'm in the bank, they show respect, they call me mister

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