

Woo, woo
Big bag alert
Yeah
You know we gettin' the most money, right?
We already got the most money, nigga
Murda on the beat so it's not nice

When you see me, big watch, fifty pointers in the bezel of it (You see it)
Big draco on me, you could never tough it (Ha)
Try to run down, you better think better of it
Told my shooter if it's smoke, then you better up it (Boom, boom, boom)
That bitch pussy good, but I could never love it (Not at all)
I dive in that pussy like I'm treasure huntin' (Splash)
She ain't really my bitch, but she my bitch (That's my bitch)
Took her out the hood, now she levelled up (Ha)
Uh, might put her in the CCs
The two Fs and the GGs (Talk to 'em)
The CDs and the DGs
And I pass the bitch off, CP3 (Hahaha)
We come, big strap, peon, get back
I am beyond this rap, we gon' click-clack (Brr)
Put my whole city on map, we won't get at
Niggas know what we on, get back, nigga, let this bitch breathe

I ain't done

Let this bitch breathe, big Rollie on sleeve
Big brodie sold kis, big forty on me
Two hundred on Vs, try to run up on me
Your mama gon' grieve, bro, you know we gon' squeeze (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)
Bro, you know you won't leave
You know we on go, bro, you know we don't freeze
Kutter hangin' out the car and he throw a light breeze (Brr)
Know we both sold raw and you know we sold Ps
Got the forty-four Colt like a Rodeo
Homie gon' bleed (Boom), put the hole in both knees
Gotta suck it if your pussy on bleed (Ha), let that bitch breathe

Bitch breathe, let that bitch breathe
Breathe, let that bitch breathe
Let that bitch breathe, bitch
Let that bitch breathe, let that bitch breathe (Woo)

Uh, I just got another bag, nigga (Woo)
Uh, I'm really tied in with the streets, I ain't just another rap nigga (Woo)
Yeah, and that's a fact, nigga
That ain't no cap, we be slidin' with the MACs
Nigga, thirty-two shot clips, call that shit Shaq, nigga (Brr)
Aimin' at your hat, nigga, put you on your back
Play with me if you want to, that'll get you whacked, nigga
MVP form, you can go and check the stats, nigga
'Bout to win a ring, then I'm winnin' back to back, nigga (Hah, hah, hah)
Roll another Back and you know I'm puttin' wax in it
Louis letterman, LV on the patch
I don't love no ho, I ain't gettin' too attached with her

Hit it from the back, then I say I'll holler back, gotta let that bitch breathe (Hahaha)

Uh, uh
Queen Caese

When you see me, Queen Caese, bow down when you greet me (Uh)
Full speed, I got the green like Luigi (Come on)
Lotta dark, diamonds dance, Chris Breezy (Breezy)
Known to do an AmEx greasy
Mani ain't the chick you can get right to (Uh huh)
Hit my line, highly doubt you'll get right through (Uh uh)
on my boots, that's my get right shoe (Ooh)
Griselda is the movement and the get right crew (Yup)
Slim waist, fat ass, make him blow a big bag (Ooh)
Deuce-deuce in the goose, want smoke, who mad? (Yup)
Bad bitch, big drip, with a whole lotta swag (Ah)
Five-six, fly chick, whole lotta ass (Woo)
Hit the club, pop Ace, throw a lil' cash (Cash)
Push a coupe, deuce-double-O on the dash
Ain't about the money, it's fuck 'em like Mr. Marcus (Fuck 'em)
Married to the money, tell niggas I'm off the market (I'm off the market)

Huh, don't get scared now, niggas
Let's talk about it, pussy ass niggas
If you don't know about it, ask your ho about it
It's up and it's motherfuckin' stuck there
Lights out for you bitches and you niggas too
Griselda forever
Big steppers