

Hola, hola (Brrt, brrt)
¿Qué pasa? Como estas (Brrt)
Yeah

White lines, blue hundred dollar bills
My young boy a wizard shooting for that big bag like he Bradley
Beal (Brrt, brrt, boom boom boom boom boom)
Yeah, pull up in that Rolls-
Royce, that shit was white until, yeah
My nigga got 10 bricks, 33 a piece
He told me, "That's a steal" (33 three a piece), yeah (Scottie
Pippen)
Pull up on your bitch playing Half-A-Mil (What up, baby?), yeah
Touched my first million dollars, shit gave me the chills (You
see this shit, nigga?)
Used to slide through other hoods looking for a kill
Now I got a villa full of bitches and they sniffing white lines
and popping pills (Haha, talk to em)
Yeah, they wonder how the fuck I'm still winnin' (They scratchi
n they head)
I got shot in my head and in my neck and I'm still grinnin' (Y'
all see me smiling right? Haha)
Yeah (Yeah) brodie on parole and he still spinnin' (That nigga
lurkin, he still active)
Got two Jesus pieces on his neck and he still sinnin' (Brrt)

Shit, tell me where I go from here
Tell me where the fuck I go from here
Where I go from here?
Tell me where the fuck I go from here
Where I go from here?
Where do I go?
Where do I go? (Hahaha)