

Brr

Cocaine, caviar and group with fishes
You see a bunch of rappers, I see a group with bitches
No broke niggas around me, that shit might rub off I'm superstitious
Direct deposit just came in that shit was too ridiculous
My music motivate dudes in the trenches using switches
Ain't even got to drop a bag them boys gon' do ya dishes
Bro got all that time he appealed it they reduced the sentence
And he still gotta do two digits
Word to my nigga Malice
Everything I spew malicious
That's just something to think about when ya'll do ya listens
Run at me, you running' towards a wall
Boy I ain't movin' inches
BJ might've fired the Yap
He like Buzz check my new invention
Yeah niggas can't control they emotions show they true intentions
That bitch was broke that made me lose my interest
I'm so in the league, I could leave for three years and still ain't losing distance
Look, it was rezzy in them pots and the pans, now it's tropical sand
I told her don't even pack we gon' shop when we land
Private villa, seafood tower lobster and clams
So paranoid some nights I sleep with this Glock in my hand
Havin' vision of niggas that I done shot with this can
There's niggas that I love I know tryna plot on my land
Whack em burry em in my yard, niggas plot on my land
I'm just that nigga boy look at my run
Look at all the classics I dropped in the span of six years
It would seem I did the impossible damn
Came a long way from when a nigga was shot in my van
Touring overseas I just had moshpit in France
Putting on for my niggas that's locked in the jam
I don't rock with industry niggas they is not my man

Uh-uh (Brr)

Flygod

Ayo

I don't trust no fuckin' body but this heckler
Just spent thirty thousand in the webster
You know the God
Nothing more nothing lesser
Jamaican rug hit him in his head and say bless up
Ayo Jamaican rug hit him in his head and say bless up
Ayo tell him bring the match the whip protect green satchels
Better be at you, time for a track suit
Prince Markie Dee on the stove wearing racoons
You just got it
I wore this shit fashion week last June
Balenciaga, Adida baklava
Chop the shock suede Maserati with the Prada top
American cups, patent leathers on blozzy block
Denim Tears Saint Michael top off Mardi Gras
I talk the sly you ain't caught it today
Still be in the hood got a house on the lake

Got album of year still get work from the Bay
Older Seven told me, if you gon play, you gotta play my nigga just seen the
boy
Stomach hurtin' he got to stay
Gave YN a new Griselda chain and the drac.