

Woo, woo

Don't minimize my grind I've been on
Killin' time since the minute that I signed
You ain't findin' these kicks, these shits is limited design
My mom pick the decor for the interior design, look (Get the house right)
We about ownin' properties, how it got to be
Too many shots, deceased
Then they mom's gotta sell dinners when they die
Like (Tss), that's the atrocity (It's fucked up)
Take your trap money, buy back the hood, that's my philosophy (Uh-huh)
But niggas be speedin' through life, high velocity
I'm in a drop, two-seater, bitch with me lookin' like Jocelyn
I'm askin' God to please Kalan and me (Haha)
Let me take on shoppin' spree
Niggas ain't flyer than me and can't fuck with me sonically (Talk to 'em)
These new rap niggas my sons, I'm feelin' fatherly (Uh-huh)
Respect it more than your father, boy, you should honor me (Woo)
Well, fuck your father, I would take my razor to his face
And leave the scars shaped like an apostrophe, look (Hold that)
Machine back, the nigga they can't fuck with
I'm just gettin' in my groove, I'm really just gettin' adjusted (I'm gettin'
in my bag)
Look, I mixed the soda with the yola and I fluffed it (Whip)
Cooked my first quarter brick and fucked it up, 'cause I rushed it, ah (Swea
r to God)
Two ounces bagged up in twenties, I'm disgusted
When Neiman and Johnny Walker raided the spot, I flushed it (Toilet bag)
Niggas talkin' all this rich shit and all this tough shit
That bitch you puttin' babies in, nigga, I wouldn't touch (Hahaha)
With a ten for pole, bought me a Benz to stroll (Ah)
Neck full of expensive gold (Ah)
Wrist got presidential role (Ah), Bottega on my bitches' toe (Woo)
Uh, Bentayga when she hit the rogue
I pay for and that bitch is cold, I'm basically a different zone

Drug money (Drug money), drug money (Talk to 'em)
Them bitches love niggas with drug money (Drug money)
Fuck on her good, then she can't get a hug from me (Hahaha)
The bitches love niggas with drug money, yeah (Drug money)
Drug money (Uh), drug money (Real shit though)
Them bitches love niggas with drug money (Neiman and Johnny Walker)
Post some pics on the 'Gram with the blood money (Raided my shit twice)
So niggas kick down your door for the drug money, yeah (The Butcher comin',
nigga)

I'm tryna be careful 'bout what I say on this
Ain't talkin' food when I say filet-o-fish, that's a yayo dish
Get with me, bills crispy, straight from the bank with it (Nigga)
Countin' sound like openin' bags of potato chips (Hahaha)
Fuck these funny artists that know about money launderin'
Price is so low, other hustlers hope I get caught again
I'm in my hood, fuckin' around with my homie, arguin'
'Bout who sold more, if it's him (Shit), least I taught him it
Peddle cocaine, Mexican grade, then I stepped on mine with it (I did)
What they sayin', except for I am secure as the FOI (Ah)
I can detect a spy (I can), they tryna connect the guys (For real)

From the corner, we fed with pies, the word is I bled it dry
My old motto was "If she wanna spend, she gotta help trap"
But puttin' my bitch in harm's way, it wasn't no sense in that (Uh-uh)
'Cause I need her to have my back, in case somebody else cracked
I let her spend all these racks, but remind her that I'm the catch
These bricks that I'm handlin' and these shifts that I'm managin'
Made me and my friends famous, like Jennifer Aniston (Let's go)
It's gon' take drug money to keep her especially (Ah)
She either Ginger Rothstein, or Keisha from Belly, let's go

Drug money (Drug money), drug money (Talk to 'em)
Them bitches love niggas with drug money ('Kay)
Fuck on her good, then she can't get a hug from me (Hahaha)
The bitches love niggas with drug money, yeah (Drug money)
Drug money (Drug money), drug money (Drug money)
Them bitches love niggas with drug money (Drug money)
Post some pics on the 'Gram with the blood money (Ah)
So niggas kick down your door for the drug money, yeah

These hoes meet you and have a field day
She got you saved in her phone under "bill paid"
I watch sports on a chill day
Cop brick by the Staples Center, but send 'em where the bills play
Don't trust hoes cause they will stray
Fuck a bitch, this blue steel tray is my real bae
You gon' need something that kill pain
I bring a 500 judge to a fight like it's Mills Lane
I don't treat a hoe great, I treat a hoe fair
If you treat a hoe great then she won't care
Take a hoe on a date, bitch I won't dare
Might get a to-go plate, we can both share
King of the streets, I did the most here
Set the city on fire, build an empire before the smoke clear
Yeah, I just hit a big weight robbery
Gamble with life, like it's the quick play lottery
I give space and privacy
Nigga I could teach a class about bars and call it mixtapeology
A bitch can't lie to me, I only let her take dick
You let the bitch dictate policy
Trust

Drug money (Drug money, drug money)