

One of y'all niggas gon' be fuckin' with me
I got two bad bitches gon' be rubbin' my feet
I got three young niggas down to bust out the heat
And all y'all ain't got nothin' on me
Ooh, not one of y'all niggas gon' be fuckin' with me
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Uh, okay, put your fucking hands up, this the fucking anthem
Smiling 'cause I'm young, rich, black, and I'm handsome
Not to mention wealthy, ass on a healthy
Young millionaire, what the fuck can you tell me? Smell me?
Nigga, that's Chanel cologne
I'm in Europe with the tourists with no cellular phone

Like ooh, sound like rich nigga problems
I hit a bad bitch with a fistful of condoms
And the randomness of risky ménages
Like get the head right, she can get what she wanted
The spits, then flaunt it, my drip like a faucet
She told me she was prego, I ain't even take the motherfuckin' dick out my pocket, yeah

The opposite
She want me to fly her, so I copped a jet
Must be thinkin' I'm a one way ticket on a runway
Drippin' in my feng shui, sippin' on a sundae

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I bought a Moncler coat for the times we were broke
I'ma wear it in the summer on LeBron James boat
Front row? Duh, bro, we don't sit on nosebleeds
Ain't your pockets obese? They won't fit in those seats
Ayy, we like a cold team, nigga, Shaq and Kobe
Like back in '03, I was only like 6
Shit, I was like 16, but I can give a sixteen
I can make a bitch scream, that's a bit extreme
I got a thick bald bitch, I call her Ms. Clean
My drip frosty like Halls and Listerine
We all all-stars, you hardly sixth string
Yeah, I had to ball hard to harvest these dreams
Swear to God, me too, no Harvey Weinstein
The coupe was lime green, my wrist was blinding
We party in South Beach, Ferraris and blue cheese
Fuck does that even mean? Nigga, just let the hook sing

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