(I was hungry as hell writing this shit I don't even give no fuck Let's go)

Cinnamon toast crunch, cinna cinnamon toast crunch
Cinnamon toast crunch, cinna cinnamon toast crunch
I got bitches wanna box me like I'm cinnamon toast crunch
I just pull up and I spray up like I'm cinnamon toast crunch
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It ain't no glitch when your heart stop I've been that bitch since the start, Doc Dude wanna trap me, that smart cock But I made him pull out like a park lot I'm counting real bank in a Rover At the most, gave me cold shoulders But now I'm making bitches pay for it Like a new fit, like FashionNova You could never do it, watch how I pursue it Money, I've been doing, I need life insurance Bitch yo money little, so we call you Stuart Been there, done that like a motherfucking tourist Yeah, the money nice, sending so polite Spent it Sunday night, Monday got it twice Out here living life, bounce through with the rice They say money talk? I see why they shy Sweatsuits in the studio, running through the B-side track I should buy these other hoes real suits 'Cause I'm everything that they slack Bitches really got it twisted, I'm not talking one litre with a cap I don't fuck with none of these bitches, not even Siri on Google Maps Refrigerator is full for the hater I'm not 'bout to wait her, broke bitch see you later It's levels like layers, they offering paper They want me to sign but I'm acting like Draya Ain't sign to shit, bitch, bye 10 Mill of that shit dry Good dick'll make you squint your eye Then I'm dipping like a french fry

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My niggas got munchies, soon auntie gon' cook
They blowin' weed like the Big Bad Wolf
Tellin' me stories on everything they took
But I don't repeat shit but a motherfucking hook
Bitches be irkin' me, beat her 'til burgundy

Went through emergency, now she need surgery Now that you heard of me, you should be worried, G Saying "first of all" will lead to a first degree Show her I'm not to be played with Fuck who that lil' bitch came with You cross me, I'ma cross you back With the cross on a first-aid kit Get more than a bruise, get put on the news I'm talkin' to you, so put on a zoot Got nothing to prove, don't fuck up the mood Been makin' more noise than Lollapalooz' I'm not just talking 'bout the music sign Money love me, don't confuse the bride Pay me first like a Uber ride I keep shit jumpin' like the Puma sign No one making me pause, bitch! You're always smelling like dog shit! Doing numbers like a call list! Closet like a mini mall, bitch! Switch up the flows, when I do it, it's raw These bitches ain't even got a verse that could touch me Pack the straws, when I'm picking at those 'Cause when I drag bitches, I like to be comfty Feelin' like I got gold comin' Fake rappers ain't sold nothin' Everybody tryna hold somethin' Pussy drippin' like my nose runnin'

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