

Brass instruments, Benz's and Bentley's and shit  
Rolls Rolce symmetry, simpler they be, marvel that  
How do they conjure up all of that emotional, braggadociousness  
and put it in motion  
I spent house money on these stage coaches  
I worked hard for this so I show it  
Some think I get that money and blow it  
But that's cause they don't know shit  
And think about 1-2 they would and if they say they wouldn't then that's bullshit  
But dig this, the plot twist, they the same as us  
They could also be pullin' up  
You put the work in, then you pull the car's out  
You garage, or your big ass house, your big ass yard  
Swimming pool with your big ass dogs  
I envision this for all of us, for every hustler to ball  
Forty-eight minutes from the tip off, to like the coin toss  
We tryna cross the line of scrimmage, move the chains  
It's so real in the field (Yeah-yeah-yeah)  
The goal is to stay off the court, parol list  
We rock Rollie's (la-de-da), bangin' oldies in my Bro whip