

Smoking a hundred dollar joint  
Major presentation, nigga Power Point  
Homes, hesitation never been a choice  
Early bird gets the Rolls Royce  
Baby cakes Duncan Hines moist  
Cause that money make her come anywhere I am  
She not dumb anytime she hear my voice  
Like a money machine luxury fiend  
Do anything survive the cobra's clutches  
Hopscotch hot coals on solid gold crutches bitch cold  
Ice man can't touch it half court raining buckets  
Star struck bitches behaving like lightning hit 'em  
Hold they hearts I'm in the building  
Oh lord Andretti killed 'em  
When they swung that '76 glass house three wheeling  
Surveillance vans parked up the block tryna peep the dealings  
Like I don't see them  
I tell my bitch to bring them a nice pitcher of ice tea since t  
hey thirsty  
Out right parched for the downfall of a boss  
Homie not me soon as one ends another one start this is season  
six  
We take the food plate and table cloths from a sip off rip lock  
your shit

And I find myself blunted  
One million dollar thoughts I'm just tryna make some money  
Turn my rainy day sunny  
Frank White style, my city I run it, skinny nigga turned chubby  
For safety my burner under my Rugby  
Either hate me or love me I'm purple label my luggage  
Uh, I try my best to dodge trouble  
You see Spitta my brother, you catch us puffing in public  
Trill nigga one hundred better yet one thousand  
Good God, will I make it out this jungle  
I'm just a nigga from the bricks with a bitch who's from London  
Big dog Bill Russell from a bucket to a Hummer  
They say the good die young I've seen the pretty turn ugly  
They either shoot They heard me to my stomach so his momma cry  
a puddle  
420 vision from up here's mad blurry