

Scribble Scratch Records  
Andretti and Statik Selektah  
Pussy motherfucker, better guard your necklace  
Uh

Scribble Scratch Records, protect your necklace  
Gran Turismo specifications on the Lexus  
Playin' interstate games with those that never catch up  
We in it for the long stretch, bruh, them niggas pressed, what?  
Them bitches pressed, Spitta ain't fall off yet  
How many more cars he gon' get? I think he just bought a jet  
This is the life  
Rap money plus them sugar babies  
Wine loot to Vegas from me every night  
Everything's going right, Rolex on my left arm all lights  
Band facing bezel, aw fam, let me tell you  
I walk through Hell, with gasoline shoes, fool  
Don't ever talk to me about payin' dues  
My Ferarri collection heavy 'cause I buy awards for myself  
My driveway display is really just a trophy shelf  
I done well, turnin' what I wrote into wealth  
Dabbed up, spaced out, high as an asteroid belt  
Cadillac grill sizzlin', these niggas patty melt  
Runnin' up that money like a flight of steps  
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I had to say that line twice, make sure it all connect, yup, yup

I stay whippin' a Lexus, different women, I'm reckless  
Makin' records with legends, takin' checks for my message  
My hands glistening, man, listen, I'm ambitious  
My plan different, competition is nonexistent  
Let's keep it real, my steering wheel is my realest homie  
My wheels are chromey, I'm on the go but my children know me  
My pinky ring is looking just like a wedding band  
I'm getting bands, that's several grand, look at your man  
Fuck a lunch, my brunch pussy and pancakes  
My eyes red like the brakes, flakes up in my paint  
Lap dances while I'm writing, my life is exciting  
I asked KiKi if she love me, she told me she ridin'  
'67 Eleanor with the metal doors  
Heavy bread of course, gold shield like the Porsche  
Hit the switch on the air ride, it's land mines  
Ridin' through them hoods with colors and hand signs  
Now that's a don, they crowned me for how I rap on songs  
Google my catalog, thirty-five atom bombs  
My pen fire, that's how I built me an empire  
Mass' legend, Reggie Lewis, Len Bias

Never talk to me 'bout payin' dues  
Yeah, yeah  
Just a trophy shelf  
Into wealth  
High as an astroid belt  
These niggas patty melt  
Runnin' up that money like a flight of steps, runnin'