Uh

Got the 96 Impala squatting on them Forgiatos
Right outside my niggas watchin' out
The block hotter than a coffee pot
Can't even get the pizza man to pull up 'round here
But this my partnas spot
He got paper but he say he don't wan' move out
So I visit him every time I'm in town
We smoked an ounce and a half down
Then I scratched off in my ride
Headed to that downtown high rise
I'm underground so I don't get that mainstream shine
And my people complaining about it all the time
I send 'em pictures of that Rolls Royce and my Ferrari let 'em know that I'm doing fine

We get paper on time
Nothing but hustlers on mine
Keep that hoe shit on yo' side
None of them niggas gon' ride
We get paper on time
Nothing but hustlers on mine
Keep that hoe shit on yo' side
None of them niggas gon' ride

You waitin' on a Lyft I'm sliding in the Six

AMG with the crash board shit I done drove every car

What's next on the list?

A warehouse to put more in I keep recording and touring

Merchandise money pouring all in the pot

We gon' eat so good this morning

Look at all this gold I got

Diamond Rollie wrist frozen

Put my sleeve over this bitch its still showing

Stunting on 'em without even tryin'

I just took a sip of my water and I'm blinding 'em

Shouldn't have been watching so close

Evil eyeing 'em, excuse me I'm highed up

Painting pictures with my mind again

Writing movie scripts with my rhyming pen

On time

Nothing but hustlers on mine
Keep that hoe shit on yo' side
None of them niggas gon' ride
We get paper on time
Nothing but hustlers on mine
Keep that hoe shit on yo' side
None of them niggas gon' ride
None of them niggas gon' ride
Keep that hoe shit on yo' side
Them niggas ain't get like us

We get paper on time
Nothing but hustlers on mine
Keep that hoe shit on yo' side
None of them niggas gon' ride

We get paper on time
Nothing but hustlers on mine
Keep that hoe shit on yo' side
None of them niggas gon' ride