

She had Chanel gloves
In here mobs sliding out a Benz trunk
Looking like real love
Fucking the whole head trying to get to the million
But run to the G's when she wants real fun
She admired that I come from where I come from
And done all the amazing things I've done
Out of the rubble, out of hustle
Handheld court to the our vented door
Beautiful struggle
Make you pretend I love you
[?]
Follow homeboys above you
Come down in your dreams to warn you about them niggas and their schemes

So much reggae shit for green
I'm in that blue Bentley on your chrome wings
Thinking 'bout so many things
More change
Hope not to get caught sleeping when they dope slang
Mind games, bitches try [?]
Designer drugs came, rearranged everything
They didn't see that it never change, still the same
Just like your OG's was saying
You thought they was playing
Cold juice in the booth
Don't spill a drop don't leave a stain
[?] old coupe, brand new
Leave a bad taste and I eat 'em out like [?]

The sky's about to open up over your head
Better retire
I need vacation
Lay on a beach for about 90 years
You got 10 seconds
One
Two
Three
Four, five
Six, Seven
Eight...
[Choking]
[Door slamming]