

We could do it like how we used to with no hook
Got a nice little breakdown for a verse and shit

Uh, crumbling cookie crumbs into my bong and writing songs
Niggas you took too long to come get that shit, now it's gone
It sells itself when it's packaged this well
Can't sit on the shelf, they coppin' it in cases of twelve
I shoot my shot at a bad bitch and pick up my shells
We do our thing but don't kiss and tell, no paper trail
I keeps it real and that shit pay me well
On a major scale, but I still push for expansion, see it's really all about branding
Internalizing the business mechanics, big in that tactics
Got buildings in Cali, got ranches in Dallas, marijuana and cattle
We slingin' it all, see it don't matter, one stop shop
Got the ZR1 with the top drop, I'm parked outside of the strip spot
These bitches delivering money knots, they all smiling when they walk out
Singles filed in a line, they buss it down, they give me mine
They love to give me mine, they love to see me shine
Baby had a sparkle in her eye, to me it looks like dollar signs (alright)

Yeah, real nigga, authentic
Batman, Bruce Wayne, still kicking
Five cones, pour four, three cups, one nigga, two bitches
Real nigga from New Orleans, in the A, the booth still fuckin' with me
Trademark straight pimpin', sauce drippin', six rings, Scottie Pippen
I was too real for them lames
I was always bout my change
Four solo albums in, still doin' my thang, what the fuck is you sayin?
Y'all niggas fakin' and playin', me I've been about my business
Bank account that's my witness, got a hundred mill on my wishlist
No ain't speakin' bout no money bitch, I ain't really tryin' to hear the shit
Talkin' bags in my convos, ninety bands stashed in the condo
Boss man, I'm the CEO
Tonto the head honcho
Tell your worker run them bags over, I need all my bands pronto

Living life on the edge, I'm taking a risk
I'm taking my shot, either make it or miss
Used to be broke as a joke, my nigga that shit is no myth
Was raised by queens, but still it ain't no love for no bitch
I'm cool as it get, I shine like the sun, I flooded my wrists
She told me a mill, I'm fuckin' her friend in the back of the Benz
Just me and my dogs, we killed this once, we gonna kill it again
My mama was workin', my brother was trapping, my pop in the pen
They call it the ghetto, we call it the trap cause that's what it is
I told my lil bro, them niggas be talkin', don't trap out the crib
I'm feelin' like Mitch, I hustle like Nip, it's all money in
One life to live, my homie got shot, he took two to the ribs
Cookin' that audio dope, they told me it's all in the wrist
It's still fuck a lame, it's still fuck the world and fuck how you feel
Could name a few kids who packin' that steel, it be real in the field
My summers was cold, friends turn to foes, it is what it is