

Money in my bank account, money in my denim
Money on these bitches' brains, they be tryna get it
Tryna run my pockets but I'm not tryna hear it
That's mine baby - what is you deaf, blind, crazy?
That ain't my Mercedes, that's my homeboy Benz
That's too new for me, I'm so vintage loaf
Cuban link, yellow gold, bought a British automobile
Cause I watch Layer Cake too many times
And I had access to too much of that scrilla, ma
Let me ride, these hoes got me feeling like Dre
Chronic high, these blades got me feeling like UGK, coming down

Middle finger out the sunroof, fuck a hater
That's a message, when a nigga ride through, I'm 'bout my paper
These hoes got a nigga all confused, think I'm a save 'em
They say that I'm them other dudes, got me mistaken
It's a whole 'nother world 'round here, a hundred baby
These niggas stacking change but these niggas ain't changing
It's a whole 'nother world 'round here, this shit amazing
The word spreading fast and these bitches say I made it

And nigga I'm still lane switching and pimpin
I'll save a half a dub before I save her
And that's 'til I die, I be as G as can be
Tell my mama when I go, bury me in a mink
My bitch say I need to change my ways and be more honest
I tell her ain't nothing change but the change and your spot ain't promised
All these bitches at my neck, I don't need an extra collar
And lames can stay in they lane, causing traffic jams and pile ups
So it's Jets up over every, and them plans land in dally
Three phones, still can't reach me with that shit you tryna tell me
Cause I vow to keep it trill, only focus on my mills
I done blew niggas deals on wheels, ride past road kill

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I'm riding on elbows, money green El Do
Rado I'm moving with 7 grams in my shell toes
Thinking 'bout pinky rings, might snatch me a pair of those
Pressed against my steering wheel, shining like a phantom grill
Didn't switch because I picked them chips up, I stayed real
Short bed Chevy pickup on off set 3 piece wheels
Muscle car maniac, wherever the bank be at
We thinking 'bout taking that president masses potato sacks
I'm puffing that danger pack, counting a paper stack
Laying up in Palm Springs, working on my golf swing
Smoked out, flying over the gulf, in a Gulf Stream
Indulging in delicacies, Jet Life is a legacy
Yea...

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