

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Uh

It's like divin' out the plane  
Once that music hit our veins  
Tins of Rose Champagne  
Mascara telling her tale  
Revealin' her pain  
She smilin' at the same time  
She so high  
We could live forever tonight  
They'll never catch us, we'll never die  
If you ain't scared to fly, it's rainin' outside  
Ralph Lauren, duck boots, will suffice, slidin' high  
Anita Baker serenaded my drive  
Counted my first million dollars and I couldn't blink my eyes  
Nowadays I'm used to it, I be smokin' while I do it  
Crops is poppin' 'cause I grew it  
On the flight, I'm actin' stewardess  
Writin' the truest 'cause I actually do this shit  
Who it is

You take some bleach, never take it all  
And what you get  
They won't even want to get you  
Police warrant, but guys get paid to shelf here  
Everybody wants to get it, too  
But if we do get a lot, no matter what, show you what you got to lose

Know what I'm sayin'  
Can't drink, I'm just gone dribble on this muh fucka right quick  
Ya dig?

Ay yo, Bentley leather ready red  
I do it like a Jill  
She don't think the sex come with head?  
I dodge a bitch like Neo  
Pussy you ain't thuggin', you Huxstable nigga, you a Theo  
Pyrex vision, pot got me pipin' hot, nigga, Tapatio  
Me and Diego move like Frankie White and Cesar Leo  
It's more than just choosin' your fingers up, and you deep with us  
You ain't eat with us, you ain't sleep with us  
Must of shot.223 with us  
Pack ran outta Ack, nigga  
You ain't never fiend for that lean with us  
It was stomach aches, heartbreaks  
Warrants off the missed court dates  
Eviction notice, 'bout to call the county  
Said the rent about a million months late  
White shit, now that's the type shit  
That put a nigga in a murder mindstate  
Roll a blunt and lace it with the girl  
Got a nigga zooted in another world  
Got the Toni Tone on the desktop  
Like a Mac Pro  
Mom and pop ain't really have the job to get me Lego blocks  
So, I stacked dough

I always tell my nigga Mac council  
Seen a one hundred thousand on the trap flo  
Got the strippers in here bustin' packs down, blow her back down  
She a trap hoe  
Got the shooters at the front and back do  
Yeah  
Yeah, yeah