

Boston George

D-Pryde

Colder than ever like I don't own a sweater, my shit is on
Lately I'm into spending my paper until it's gone
Lately I'm into taking my paper and just investing it
Double all that cash, save again and spend the rest of it
Woah, that's a bad habit, I ain't got fame yet
But I ain't doing half assed shit just to take cheques
My long tees, my tattoos make 'em break necks
Getting me a late text from a chick I used a latex on
That's the shit that I do when I'm reckless
J be texting me like, "Homie, your tweets be too messed up"
Setbacks of being so close to being the next up
But I'ma take your fucking crown, so go 'head homie, fess up
Forget an only college crowd, I'm taking the globe
Not settling to make it rain, bitch, I'm making it snow
Nice little Porsche, rich boy, but we're making it show
We'll pull up in some Hondas and Uber cars taking your hoes
Boy, my life should be on brazzers, we lit
Live the life I fucking live, watch your attitude switch
Watch your happiness switch, I'm bout to be the next
Tell your favorite rapper that I'm at his neck
Fuck boy, what's up?

When I close my eyes
Feel like everything could change in a minute
I've been gone, baby, I've been on my business
Going hard, thinking bigger than a limit cause
If you lived my life
Feels like everything could change in a minute
You'll be gone, baby, you'll be on your business
Going hard, thinking bigger if you're living my life

Looking fresher than Philip Chong with some slippers on
Chilling in a villa with blonde bitches, ain't hitting bongs
And I be on my laptop, really focused on better shit
Focused on which Rollie I'm about to switch the bezel in
Shmoney dancing at your funeral, fuck it I'm on
Used to want these young girls, now try cop me a mom
Now settle down, grown men are speaking
You just a little tipsy, all my soldiers hella leaning
Trizz rolled the greatest shit, man, he hella weeded
Rap boys that party like rock stars, we hella tweaking
And if you bout that money talk, you better speak it
Or I ain't fucking with you, man, I got some fucking issues
I love stack making, that's my fucking problem
Rapper, singer, actor, I don't know what to call him
You got some money, that's cool, clap clap
I ain't into being rich, boy, I'm into being fucking balling

That's right, yeah man
Strip poker, removing the bras
Playing Spades with the deuce of hearts
Little jokers, I got the big one
It cuts on the diamonds, it's kinda real, son
Sipping D'usse with your boo thang
These hoes ain't loyal, got me a new flame
I knock it out like Pacquiao
She my newest edition, pimpin', no Bobby Brown

Pryde hit me on the iMessage
I told him, "Hit me back in bout five seconds"
My bad, homie, don't mind stressing
Shit, I was eating some pussy, I had to digest it
New York, New York
Them Harlem niggas start to winning, of course you lost
I get it to you for the low cause them portions cost
Johnny Depp with the blow, Boston George
Hit me