

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
And I'm the best mother fucking rapper man you know  
Aye  
True story by the way...  
Everything's a true story...

I had my mind on the milli'  
I went and copped a Cuban that shine out of Philly  
I went broke and sold her mad that I did it  
Flew out to Cali got bags and sip it  
Ever fall off get some change from a freak  
We leavin' stains on the sheets  
You might wanna change up yo keys  
I got yo bitch name on a leash

She tryin' to send me the addy  
She think Imma pull up and fuck her to sleep  
I put this shit on the box now her grandma high because I sent her a P  
I put my bitches to work  
Ask her what you do for me  
She like when I lift up her skirt  
Bend her over we fuck on the scene

Her momma came knock on the door she said she gotta pee she had too much to drink  
I had to hide in the shower and that's when I found out her momma a freak  
She came and sat on the toilet and pulled out her phone but ain't lift up the seat  
I saw her play with that pussy  
Holding a picture of me

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I had a lil' hoe from the city she really with it stay down like a g  
I gave her way to much salt now she fuck with a nigga that play in the league  
I put a hoe through the most  
I make a pretty bitch leave  
I'm not even playin' with you  
'Cause you ain't gonna be playin' with me  
I used to fuck with a bitch that ain't even pay rent she be stayin' for free  
I asked to pay a lil' bill she act like I asked her to jump in the sea  
Like I told her go get a rope  
Tie it around both yo feet  
Tie up the rope to a brick  
Bend you ass over and leave

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Yeah