

Da One

Dame D.O.L.L.A.

Bitch, I'm the one
I took the jet to the West
For a load and come back with a ton
Don't care what I spun
It come how it came like a boomerang, yeah, and that boomerang rung

It's Tunechi, it's up
Watch face nasty as Freddy, the AP, Piguetty, the Rollie, the Pressi'
The diamonds, them straight out the face of the Patek
That gas 93, that's supreme, no unleaded
More money, more problems, no lease on the Wraith
Fuck it, I'm ballin', two-three, LBJ
I'm right here, I ain't hidin', no nigga, no hate
Drippin' this hard gon' make me dehydrate
Get the backends, take it straight to the bank
I'm laughin' all the way to the bank
Got the MAC-10, the AK with the shank
Straight from New Orleans, satan of saints
Told my brother to chill, we gon' take over Forbes in a minute
Just give it a minute
I done made well over one hundred million
Not Billy the Kid but a kid with a billion
And I'm on an island, it's me and like six of them bitches
I ain't kissin' them bitches, I'm blitzin' them bitches
I ain't sissin' them bitches, they sisters is bitches
I don't give a fuck if they real sisters

Yeah, got a bad ho naked (Hm), fuck it, I'm wasted (Hm)
Drop a lil' dot on a thot location
Chanel, no laces
Come through racin', Lewis Hamilton, hair back, fresh braided
Bad ho naked, fuck it, I'm wasted
Drop a lil' dot on a thot location
Chanel, no laces (Yeah), twelve gon' chase me (Yeah)
I stop and drop the top on the cop and start wavin'
Bad ho naked, fuck it, I'm faded
Drop a lil' dot on a thot location
Chanel, no laces (Yeah)
Come through racin' (Yeah)
Bumbu wasted

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Yeah, it come how it come
Bad bitch rollin' up blunts, I pay her in ones

I hoop, but I come from the streets
Doubt he can get you a piece, she give me the cheeks
Come back to you with a leash
She iron my shit with a crease
Swear I'm a boss, and I get it
You cut from my cloth, it's a given
Dipped in the sauce and get millions
I ball for my children
Know that this all for my children until they close coffin and seal it

Yeah, Lambo' with leather, nigga, I'm Conor McGregor
Be to the neck, I don't flock to no feather
Rollie no extra, but flooded my next one
Hop on the jet, get picked up in a Tesla
Bought it for fun, it's for flex on you niggas
Hoes on my line, hundred dollars in Texas
Torture these racks like Lex Luger the wrestler
Got on McQueens and Givenchy
Y'all know I drip like Dasani, and I put that on my mommy
Straight from the town like Kehlani
Raised in the jungle, Jumanji
Hilfigers keep me a Tommy
I rock and I roll, you can get popped for the lo'
All of my opps get disposed
I got on my toes when I was like seven years old
My diamonds Sylvester Stallone

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
IANAHB3