

Oh my god, cior

On the road and I'm floating, I'm faded (Yeah)
How you get to a Coupe from the basement?
They just mad that young nigga made it
Ball like Luka Dončić or like Tracy McGrady
International, she tryna take me in
Tryna find out what hotel I'm staying in
I'm in the valley with Dros and Arcadians
All my bread, I invest in the county
You should see what I spent on this cardigan
And everything on me rare
Steak almost rare, I spent at least a thousand dollars for my food back in Arlington (Go)
OG in the air, snakes everywhere, I keep mowing my grass, I be hardly there
Straps everywhere, if lil' Donny ain't there, I'm outside with my diamonds,
they Cartier (Let's go)

Hey, hey (Brt, go, go, go)
Hey (Go, go)

Lightning McQueen, I be driving quick, it ain't what it seems
I be stuntin', stuntin', man, I throw on Celine
Every time you see me, I got fashion on me
Like I love Alexander, I love McQueen
When I walk in, and she get geeked, I annihilate
Like my blunt, I put the wood in the fireplace
I feel like Geronimo, I got a quiet place
Put that blick to your dome, this the day that you die today
I'm in the brinx, I'm in the brinx
I'm in the brinx, I'm in the brinx
She in the mix, she fallin' in love, it ain't what it seems

Hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey

Hey, yeah, your bitch keep on dialin' for me
Literally cryin' for me
I'm a demon, but she keep on wildin' for me
I can't be in the streets, it get ugly for me
I ain't tryna be outside of the club, ooh-woah
Drunk young man in the parking lot, baby, that's too much, yeah
Yeah, do it, woah, woah (Let's go)

Number (N)ine on me, fashion killer
Geobaskets, uh, fashion killer

Beep beep, where you going now?
I'm on the east side where it's going now
I'm in LA where the Raps' play
Got your bitch with me and she going down
And she going down in the south side with some north niggas
Shout out Tilly, he just brought the torch with us
A-All these sons, I should abort niggas
I'm on the road and you been on the porch with it
If it's beef, then I'ma need a fork, nigga
I just run the city like a horse, nigga

Wait, let me put my shit in sport, nigga
Driving triple digits, that's of course, nigga
Feeling like I'm in the Porsche with it
Fuck twelve, we can go to court with it
Diamonds shining in the court, make your own lady think about divorce, nigga
I get your head chopped, I could afford it, nigga
I make 'em send you up to the Lord, nigga
I got cash, I pay the mortgage, nigga
I can send Dior boxes to the door, nigga
(I cannot fall in love with that)
Uh, diamonds on me, that bitch a tat
Diamonds be biting, they fight and they kick like they mad at me
If you living the life that I live, it's gon' fuck with your brain, it's an
atomy

Hey, hey, hey, hey (Yeah, shit)
Hey, hey, hey (Go)

Number (N)ine on me, fashion killer
Geobaskets, uh, fashion killer