

I can't play around and that's the truth, baby  
Look at all the shit, I got to lose, baby (Yeah)  
Pull up in that NASCAR, skirting off this nothing new, baby  
In my mind, I'm going too crazy  
I see you ain't even got a clue, baby  
In the Lam' truck, I'm outside  
Pick a fight and blame that shit on you, baby

I don't even feel no type of way about it  
I don't even feel no type of way about it, nah  
I don't feel no type of way about it  
I don't feel no type of way about it  
I just mind my business and I stay up out it  
Rather cry alone inside a Bentley truck  
Yeah, I just stack my guap and I don't play about it  
At the ATM until it's fucking empty, I don't even fucking spend a day  
without it

Woah, woah  
Hit that bitch and I'm airing it out  
On the table, lil' Don finna fuck up the club, I won't leave 'til the  
y carry me out  
I got Hermès on my vest too, got my shooter with me to the left too  
Christian Dior my body, I'm blessed too  
Alexander McQueen, getting stepped through  
Ask your ho how this shit getting wrecked through  
Out of my body, I'm geeked, yeah, I'm high as the lord  
In some shit I can't pronounce, I'm not sure I can even hardly go aff  
ord  
Suicidal, we gon' send his ass to the morgue  
New money, new life, everything fast, it's a new Porsche

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