Yeah, oh, yeah, oh, yeah, oh, yeah Oh, yeah, oh

I'm doing shit that they said that I couldn't
I wanna go on a vacation, I'll book it
I'm tryna get straight to the point, and they're crooked
They gave me the lane to the top, and I took it
I'm going to the top, oh, yeah
I'm going to the top, oh, yeah

These niggas be focused on nothing but bitches You barely got money, but you let her spend it I'm already lit, but it's just the beginning I promised my mama I'm gonna be the biggest I'm going to the top, oh, yeah I'm going to the top, oh, yeah

Huh, poppin my shit got designer to fit on Niggas hating on me and can't get on I can't hop in the truck unless the tint on In the Cullinan truck, not a rental I've been praying to God and I believe in Jesus But you'd never catch me on Spirit Don't compare me to niggas that's not on my level You know that them niggas ain't near it I'm on Rodeo, I'm spending a lot How you hating? You still on the clock I don't go back and forth, you get blocked We just met and she's touching my crotch You away for a month for the pussy She pull up on me, bitch, you fucking or not? Niggas waiting in line for some motherfucking Jordans I probably spend more on my socks Got a shotgun for niggas, get popped Got Michelle in bitch like Barack I be killing these niggas like Dahmer I'm too turnt and I ain't getting calmer If they're tryna book me for a show and it ain't over fifty I don't even bother Niggas tryna crack jokes but I can't even Kekekeke Bitch, my name is not Palmer

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