

Yeah, big bank Ruccis on the dashboard, scratch that
Shorty got good handles on the ball like a halfback
Made a million dollars off a screen, I don't sell crack
But I'll still make it do a cartwheel
Take one brick, make it three and put the fin in
Lil' cuh made world news, he on CNN
Five bodies, one day, made him a general
Snitch shit, ho shit, we don't even get into them

Made a hunnid off of show biz, fifty off of a ho biz
I'll put your ass on a Tee like I know Grizz'
'Member I slapped you out in third grade, boy you been ho
I been up since sixteen, boy, you been broke
Baccarat and runts make it hard to keep the hoes off
Six in a liter make the whole gang dose off
Soft-top Wrangler ridin' 'round with the doors off
White bitch finna snort her whole nose off
I'm in Candyman pop, sparkles in the paint
This the Candyman drop, chains like a slave
This the Candyland guap, shirt say Balen-len and so do my socks
Rich Homie Quan nigga still going in and I ain't ever gon' stop
Whipped the dick, I nutted on her lashes, she ain't see it comin'
Bape ape, when it come to beef, you don't see me runnin'
Flyin' through the streets, doing donuts in the Culinan
Bad Spanish bitch, she on my balls, she gon' juggle them
Niggas too flaw and they wonder why I don't fuck with them
Made it to the top so I gotta bring my brethren
Rap shit gravy with the drip, I'ma smother them
Showed up with VVs, and I left a puddle there
Fuckin' on Nini, and I left my cutter there
Snatch a bitch wig when I hit it from the back
Maybach Benz, I ain't pushin' no 'lac
Hellcat, Durango, we don't fuck with no Scats
Took the Rolls Royce Wraith and I put it on flats (Yeah, yeah)
These are all facts, not fictional
In her mouth, I explode like a missile do
Niggas snake, they be faker than mystical braids
In the trenches, in the yak, I be missin' them days
Niggas turned they back on me, I was broke as fuck
Now when they see me, they be askin' "Can I hold a buck?"
Ain't nothing to hit the nearest corner and hold a cup
We just hit the opps and spinned the block and they know it was us
Yeah, stop the capping you know what's up
I be in the city with a stick and for sure it's tucked
Moncler moose knuckles, nobody cold as us
I done seen rich niggas go from gold to dust
He a snitch nigga, that what was told to us
Kill a bitch nigga over what's owed to us
Louis Damier on me
I'm in newport right now, ain't got a square on me
Rocking Yeezy season two with the tear on it
Diamonds bright, lightshow like a fair on me
Fifty thousand dollars for a mink, it's a bear on me
Rollie like a G6 Tire, it's a spare on me
SOS (Woo, woo), Ric Flair on em'
Silence on the tip (Pew, pew), went there on em'
Poppin' all these percocets, I can't feel shit

Go to jail, she stayed down, that's a real bitch
Won't ever give my heart to a thot ho
You know I got the juice like a pot roast
I'm forever for the streets like a pothole
Mike Amiri jeans with the thigh pads
I'm connected to the hood like an iPad
Yeah

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