

Yeah
Wait, yeah
That money long, yeah
Take your girl too far
I take your girl, take it too far, huh
Radar
Off the radar
(ATL Jacob, ATL Jacob)
Git, git, ooh, ooh

I take your bitch, take her out, take her too far
I take your bitch off your radar
I rock and roll in the streets with my guitar (Guitar)
I am a boss, need a cigar
Back in the hood, bitches know I'm a big star (Big star)
So I'm gon' cop me the big star
I remember days used to ride in the lil' car (Lil' car)
Now I go drive in my jaguar (Jaguar)

No matter where a nigga at, I gotta keep me a strap (Thrraah)
I made a mil' in the trap, I made a mil', no cap (No cap, yeah)
Niggas be talkin' that cap, niggas be talkin' that rat (They be talkin' that rat)
I take your girl, take her too far, I take your girl off the map (Off the map, yeah)

I got some niggas that's rollin' with me and they countin' them stacks (Bag)
I bought a crib for 1.2, and I'm flippin' it back (I'm flippin' it back)
I know some niggas that play the field and they flippin' them packs (They flippin' them packs)
I know some bitches that want the cents and they sippin' that yak

I take your bitch, take her out, take her too far
I take your bitch off your radar
I take your bitch and went shoppin', went bizarre (Bizarre)
I get her bent like a crowbar
I know some niggas that hang by the sidebar (Sidebar)
I hate when they hang by the sidebar (Git)
I got a lot of new money and went far (Went fat)
A lot of new money and went far (Went fat)

I know niggas that be workin' hard that be dyin' for racks (Rain)
I know bitches that be tryna get me, they be tryin' their best (Oh)
I got a lot of love and a lot of hate, but a lot of progress (Hey)
I be overseas, I be with your broad and we be buying baguettes (Ooh, ooh)

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We back, yeah

Now we back, oh

Get racks, yeah

Blow them stacks, yeah

Flippin' them packs, yeah, oh

We back, yeah

Now we—