

all the time

Destroy Lonely

Feels like I lost my mind
I been pouring up drink all the time
I be flexing all the time
I be dripping all the time
I stay smoking all the time
I buy Celine and Saint Laurent
Givenchy and Prada
Vestments and Marni and Balenciaga
I do everything with no problem
I did a whole month at the Roxy
I lived a whole life in October
I'ma go and blow your college fund every time I walk up in that store
I'm the boss of the top floor
When I rock baby, please roll
Designer Leather jeans on
And they stuffed up with b-rolls
My life a whole movie and your life just a b-role
I say we Big B's and they buzzing, but I'm counting up c-notes
Yeah I ball, you can't foul me
I don't shoot no free throws
I got all these bitches on me
Might go crazy tryna fuck these hoes
Might go crazy tryna count this money
Might go crazy tryna count a hundred
Might go crazy if you try to play me 'cause I really came from nothing

O-P-I-U-M I throw my gang up
My diamonds way way way whiter than angel dust
We wear all black everyday, can't hang with us
Her pussy way way more pink than codeine cups
Yeah, I got you shawty, know I got you if you got me
My cash don't fold up, I can't do origami
Come get down with the gang nigga, this the top floor posse
I stuff money in my pants, baby, I'm never out of pocket

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Top floor, top floor, top floor
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