

# 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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Top floor, top floor, top floor, top floor  
Top floor, top floor, top floor, top floor