

(I can't cap, bitch, I don't even know your fuckin' name)
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
(I don't even know how much I made)
(Your lil' bad bitch, look good in the sun, like lemonade)
(Oh, yeah, yeah)
(Yeah)
(Oh, yeah, yeah)
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

I just want some icing on my motherfucking cake
I'm havin' racks, bitch, yeah, I might just blow 'em in your face
I'm smokin' thrax, bitch, and it got me floatin' out in space
I can't cap, bitch, I don't even know how much I made
Your lil' bad bitch, look good in the sun, like lemonade
Live it up, bitch, we be havin' fun like every day
Yes, I run it up, baby, every single night I get paid

Big F&N, this shit gon' flip your Wraith
I'ma make some new bread, 'cause I had a bad day
If I call up my slime, then he gon' lift your face off
Quick draw aim, nigga, ain't no face-off
Come through, sprayin' shit up just like Lysol
Yes, I stay by myself, I don't really like y'all
I'm pourin' Codeine up, feel like K
I don't stay with a mean mug, that's my face
I can't fuck with these folks, 'cause they really fake
Backwood of Gelato, take it to the face
Get money, the motto, I'm not talkin' Drake
I think I wanna buy a fully auto drac', dawg
I'm sippin' lean, baby, I don't drink, no
And we on the top floor, with the big dawg
Smoking big dog, rest in peace to the big boss
And I know that she lovin' me, through all my flaws
Yeah, I'm fly but I'm finna fall
Yeah, I'm gone, please don't fuckin' call me
Might mix the Chrome Hearts, with Miyake
When I'm touchin' this guap, niggas better stop me
Damn, there go the opps, nigga, grab the Glockie
Damn, there go the cops, put this shit in high speed

I just want some icing on my motherfucking cake
I'm havin' racks, bitch, yeah, I might just blow 'em in your face
I'm smokin' thrax, bitch, and it got me floatin' out in space
I can't cap, bitch, I don't even know how much I made
Your lil' bad bitch, look good in the sun, like lemonade
Live it up, bitch, we be havin' fun like every day
Yes, I run it up, baby, every single night I get paid