

Yeah

All my bitches pop fly shit  
My whole damn gang on fly shit  
Show her how to pop it, that's all I did  
All these niggas my sons but I ain't got no kids  
And all these bitches tryna come through and fuck me, it is what it is  
Talking 'bout fly shit, that all I'm kicking  
I get money, I'm about them digits  
Going James Bond, completing this mission  
Take white double cup and I kiss it  
I go blonde hair, Mary-Kate, I'm dripping  
Got bad bitches showing they titties  
I take a flight every other day in a brand new city, I'm going missing  
Fucked her once, now, I think I miss her

Talking about money, nigga, I go get it  
Designer clothes, baby, I stay fitted  
I stay strapped, nigga, loading my pistol  
All the drugs been fucking up my system  
All these niggas some losers, baby, I'm a winner  
I'm a young nigga, I been boolin fucking all these niggas' sisters  
Really been tired and niggas, if I see another opp I'm tell my slime go get them  
All my diamonds, they stuck on froze and shawty tryna come suck my popsicle  
Okay, you cool but I'm sicker, I stay sippin' drink 'cause them Perks make me sicker  
I put a red dot all on his head, no sticker  
And we got run down, it's a stick up

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Talking about money, nigga, I go get it  
Cut the fake niggas out my pictures  
Bought my new bitch Balencis  
It's not Christmas, anything she want she can get  
'Cause I get paid, lil' nigga, no, I'm not tricking  
My brand new Glock hold a fifty  
All these bitches in the way, I'm finna hit em  
And I keep a whole PT with me, yeah, I stay pouring up drank, I'm a real deal sipper  
Shawty kissing all on my face, she said she ain't ate all day, now she pulling my zipper  
I got some blue hundreds all on me, in my safe, lil' shawty, but I'm not crippling

All these nigga keep on playing games, I'm deadass serious and that's the difference  
Shawty said don't wanna miss me, I tell her to take a picture and save that image  
All they do it hate, ion listen, I look in the mirror I'm still that nigga  
Still getting rich, and all my clothes cost way more than that nigga  
I'm talking about that whole nigga (Yeah)  
My clothes cost a whole bitch (Yeah)  
You walk in my closet, you see new designer and a whole bunch of old shit (Yeah)  
If you walk in my spots see a whole bunch of Glocks and whole bunch of old sticks (Yeah)  
These nigga tryna act like they knew me back then but these niggas don't know me (Yeah)  
And I keep a micro stick up under my arm of my coat, man

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