

Uh, huh  
Uh, yeah

That chopstick gon' chop you up, uh (Oh)  
I'm rockin' the Balenci' jacket, it's cropped (Yeah)  
Lil' shawty gon' come eat me up, huh (Yeah)  
She tryna come give me the sloppiest top (Yeah)  
All I wanted was to get money, huh (Yeah)  
I had to keep going, no I didn't stop, huh (Yeah)  
A real big dog, shawty, then I made my way all the way to the top (Yeah, oh, yeah)  
And I'm getting so much money, these niggas hatin', yeah, they tryna make this shit stop (Yeah, oh, yeah)  
I just think it's so damn funny how these niggas hate, yeah, they wanna scoop out the pot (Oh, oh, yeah)  
My shooter, he rockin' the Lakais, he got a Glock and he might put your name in the pot (Uh)

Uh, uh, yeah, I'm doin' this shit, I'm livin' this shit for real (Uh)  
Uh, uh, a nigga wan' talk some shit, I swear that his blood get spilled (Yeah)  
Uh, uh, lil' baby, I'm born to win, you know I'm the king of the hill  
Uh, uh, These niggas so boring, man, I wonder if they is for real (Yeah, oh)  
Uh, I know these niggas, they not for real (Uh, uh-uh)  
Lil' shawty, she know I get guap for real, uh (Uh, uh-uh)  
I gotta cop a new steel, my big bro, he still serving rocks for real (Uh, uh-uh)  
Damn, I went off, can't re-up (Uh)  
Got this shit lit, finna pop a seal (Uh, uh)  
I bought my bitch a new Givenchy heel (Uh)  
But if I see 12, know I still gotta peel (Uh)

Uh, yeah (Yeah)  
Uh-huh

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Yeah, bitch, I'm getting so paid (Yeah)  
Shit was fucked up, now I look up, it's okay (Yeah)  
Uh, I don't give a fuck what these folks say (Yeah)  
Got a ho so bad, say, "She look like Beyoncé" (Oh)  
Uh, tell 'em, "Don't come down that one-way" (Yeah)  
Pourin' up Peachtree got me sittin' sideways  
Uh, I'm still smokin' dope in my driveway (Yeah)  
Five-star meals, but I might still eat Friday's  
I'm with my boy, shoot you up just like fireworks

Uh, Burger King, I got it my way  
And these niggas backwards like a nigga named James (Uh, yeah), but go by Se  
maj

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Oh, yeah  
Yeah