

That's my producer, 4ME
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

All this money, I'm never fallin' out of love
Molly like cocaine, crush it up
I keep thumbin' through guap, I never get enough
Keep these racks in my skinny jeans, tight as fuck
Geekin' out with a evil queen, she the plug
You can never be me, nigga, I'm the one
Glock got a green beam, yeah, it's up
We gon' burn down lil' niggas, somethin' like the sun

I fill a cone up with Gelato
Spend money then make money, that's the motto
Smokin' exotic gas, it costs a kernel
Link up with my Spanish plug, his name is Carlos
Get hit with that .223, it's fucking hollow
Don't smoke that Percocet, lil' baby, swallow
I'm sippin' redwood out a bottle
Damn, I'ma be geeked up 'til tomorrow
Switched up the speed, yeah, let's switch the gears
Walk 'round the house, see a chandelier
Smoke up weed by the ounce, watch it disappear
Foreign car have them horses, call it Paul Revere
And I get flyer than a fuckin' lear jet
I'm on a long ride, are we there yet?
It's been a long time, I ain't dead yet, nah
No, I'm not dead yet
Smoke so much you can walk in the crib and get high off the contact
Tell the police we ain't doin' nothin'
Cuffin' these hoes, we ain't doin' that
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Oh yeah)

All this money, I'm never fallin' out of love
Molly like cocaine, crush it up
I keep thumbin' through guap, I never get enough
Keep these racks in my skinny jeans, tight as fuck
Geekin' out with a evil queen, she the plug
You can never be me, nigga, I'm the one
Glock got a green beam, yeah, it's up
We gon' burn down lil' niggas, somethin' like the sun

Yeah
We gon' burn down lil' niggas, somethin' like the sun
Yeah, yeah, molly world