

Oh yeah, yeah (Plugs)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Sippin' on purple mud straight out the bottle (Mud)  
Slim-thick bitch, yeah, she built like a model  
Codeine got me moving slow but it's full throttle  
And I'm blowing through these bands like I just hit the lotto' (Beep)  
Forty-five hundred grams, stuff 'em in the Tahoe  
Backwoods stuffed crust, I could call it soft taco (Yeah)  
I might triple-cross the plug, got me feeling like Pablo  
I might pull up with the fire, call me "Lonely el Diablo"  
Woke up thinking 'bout the guap, getting money all that I know (Guap)  
You get hit with Glocks, my shooters don't fuck with rifles (Brrt, bow)  
It's funny how I popped now they treat me like an idol  
I'm just going through a lot, this movie don't got a title (Plugs)

I just want the money, I don't really care for fame  
I'm just going up and I know these things change  
Take a band, throw it up, now she dancin' in the rain  
How you switch up on the gang? Damn, I knew you was a lame  
Did it all by myself, how you think I got my name?  
And I'm still using Percs 'cause they take away the pain  
Know it's gon' hurt when I pull up in a Range  
Coupe gon' swerve and we really switching lanes  
This a two-seater but I'm in it with the gang  
When I'm on the money mission I can't pick up for a lame  
Get up on the top floor, it's like we outer space  
It's like I love the guap more, I'm really sorry, bae (Yeah, yeah)  
Been the same since a jit, no, this shit not a phase (Yeah, yeah)  
Call of Duty sticks but this shit not FaZe (Bitch, yeah)  
I'm speaking with you, nigga, we, we are not the same  
Making money with the bros, man, I love my gang

Huh, yeah  
Yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah), yeah

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Blowin' through these bands like I just hit the lotto'  
Blowin' through these bands like I just hit the lotto'  
Blowin' through these bands like I just hit the lotto' (Yeah, yeah)  
(Plugs)

Yeah, yeah, yeah