

# President

Destroy Lonely

8-808

EBK shit, give a fuck what you bang, you can die right now if you think you wanna try

Niggas claimin' they gang gang but they ain't gang 'cause I'm sittin' right here with Lone right now

And I'm rollin' right now, off the drank, yeah, I'm loaded right now

I pull up with like fifteen black trucks, I feel like the president  
Two hundred and fifty thousand, yeah, that's how my day was spent  
I stuff that shit in my trousers, yeah-yeah-yeah, they Givenchy

What I spent on lean, I could've went and bought Mercedes-Benz  
She said she feelin' me but I think I wanna go and fuck her friend  
I'm on tour, bitch, but I still linked up with the X-MAN  
Count up money and pourin' up drank, this shit just like Ed and Eddy  
Huh, every day I'm fresh with the swag, I go spendin'  
Huh, upside-down cross, all baguettes, go spaghetti  
Huh, I'm havin' new cheese, huh, Lone having fettyHuh, just like Little Caesars, boy, I know that you ready  
Huh, my swag cause a frenzy, got these niggas jealous  
And I ain't got no envy in me, that's why my pockets heavy  
I want the whole load, nothin' less  
I want the whole bag, nothin' less  
I poured a whole pint, bitch, nothin' less  
I spent a whole lotta cash, nothin' less  
I ain't got no envy in me, bitch, that's why my pockets heavy  
I've keep counting up the M and M's, put wifey on my necklace  
Me and gang switch the swag up, quick, tell her check it

I put that bitch in a Jag', huh, she used to drive a Lexus  
I got a bitch with a fat ass, huh, huh, she from Texas  
I got this model ho, she super skinny, all she do is neck  
I fuck all type of hoes, huh, I'm complex  
Like the nigga from Fantastic Four, make the money stretch  
I got this bitch throwin' up O, she throwin' up the set  
I live my life on private, that's why I'm on the jet

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I'm tryna switch up my location, switch my residence  
I just bust my wrist down, then I go bust down my bitch  
Huh, I'm gettin' rich now, I ain't got time for that shit  
I keep pourin' up drank and the way I'm gettin' sick  
I'm with the X-Man, bitch, we like the presidents

Huh, huh, everything I do presidential like the Rollie VETEMENTS New Rock boots I got on like "Holy moly"  
I unfold that Kel-Tec and let that bitch fold it  
I live in a hotel, live my life like Zack and Cody  
But all these niggas be hatin' like Mr. Moseby  
I told you that I ain't got no racks, I was gon' do the most  
I'm way ahead of these niggas, man, that shit ain't even close  
I can stop the whole world, yeah, with one post

I pull up with like fifteen black trucks, I feel like the president

Two hundred and fifty thousand, that's how my day was spent  
I stuff that shit in my trousers, yeah, they Givenchy

I stuff them racks in the drawers, yeah-yeah, in my britches