

Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah, Yeah

Yeah  
Siamese, two twin hoes, nigga, Siamese  
Yes, I'm goin' up, now these niggas tryna sign me  
Yes, I'm goin' up, now these bitches tryna find me  
Yeah, no, you can't find me  
Too many racks, can't find me  
Yeah, two kitty cats, and they Chinese  
Yeah, two twin Glockes, nigga, Siamese

Yeah, this ho on my phone, talkin' stupid shit  
I can't cap, I'm so done with these stupid bitches  
See these YSL jeans, not Ksubi, nigga  
If you got a problem, then sue me, nigga  
If you got a problem, let's do it, nigga  
If you got a problem, let's shoot it, nigga  
He get cut from this shit like a movie, nigga  
I post up on the scene with some movie bitches  
Have the pounds of this green like a plug, nigga  
But I'm talkin' money, I'm not talkin' drugs, nigga  
Yeah, nah, for real, nigga  
Put my boy on your head on a drill, nigga  
Yeah, I get high like a Rasta, for real, nigga  
And we pop rubber bands, not no pills, nigga  
Yeah, we got san tan, and some seals, nigga  
I got a lotta bands, hella bills, nigga  
I'm coming clean, no, I do not feel you niggas  
And you sippin' fake lean, it's gon' kill you, nigga  
She just wanna take my ice and put it on  
Yeah, she say she love that shit, it turn her on

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