

And I hate when I gotta come back to the city
Oh yeah, yeah
And I hate when I gotta come back to the city
And I hate when I gotta come back to the city (Yeah)

And I hate when I gotta come back to the city
My bad bitch, she miss me, you heard it
Bad bitch, she pretty, not nervous
'Cause these things be worth it
And I hate when these niggas think the fast lane not tricky
Yes, I hate when these niggas think they catchin' up with me
And I'm swervin', but I went this way on purpose
These nigga hurtin', they pockets hurtin'
No, they not workin' (No, they not workin')

Lil' bitch, I'm not buyin' you a Birkin
But look, I got money when you walk in, get to twerkin'
And they shook, I'm the youngest nigga flexin' and it's working
Baby, look, I ain't mean to fuck that bitch, she had me nervous
Feel like hook, can you answer when I call you, 'cause it's urgent
I don't play by the book, I just listen and I learn shit
I get this shit like all it took, so live this life, I guess I earned it
I hop up on this beat and preach, like I be speaking bible verses
(On God)
(This bitch, nigga)
Huh, yeah

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No, they not workin' (Oh)