

Wagwan nigga what goin'
My pants sagging, my gun showing
Some money way more green than lawns
I go bad boy, Martin Lawrence
I got a bad bitch, she a foreign
I'm up top nigga in New York
And my big bro just came from court
I got a stack full of all ones
I'm with some pretty hoes having fun
I'm in Italian, dripping in Milan
I only smoke 41, don't want no runts
I'm moving state to state, I'm the run
That why I hate to face it, ain't a front
That's why I hate these niggas they ain't nothing
That's why I hate these bitches they ain't nothing

I'm getting paid, no I can't be sad
Fucking this bitch and I'm breaking her back
Came through with a whole lot of cash
Came through with a whole lot of weed
Smoke on
And my diamonds stay getting freeze
They way too cold, they on snow cone
No I'm not Quavo but baby I count up by the hunchos

And I'm way too lit
If I pop out with this bitch, can't go through the front door
And she way to wet
When I hop up in this bitch, I need a poncho
I ain't even tryna talk if it ain't about money, I can't hear it
I ain't even tryna fuck with that lil bitch if she ain't serious
Celine, Chanel
When you ask for the fashion demon, it ring a bell
No, I'm not playing fair
I spent so much on this ring, I'm kind of embarrassed
I don't even like to do too much
My bitch, she do too much but I don't care
I'm sipping on codeine
Counting up money while this bitch do my hair

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