Ain't no telling what I'm finna be on I'm beyond all that fuck shit

Hey little mama would you like to be my sunshine? Nigga touch my gang we gon' turn this shit to Columbine Ice on my neck cost me 10 times 3 30, 000 dollars for a nigga to get flee I just hit Rodeo and I spent like 10 Gs I just did a show and spent the check on my mama When I go on vacay I might rent out the Bahamas And I keep like 10 phones, damn I'm really never home All these niggas clones tryna copy what I'm on Nigga get your own, tryna pick a nigga bone Way to Brother Skip, boy I had a good day Metro PCS trapping boy I'm making plays 50 shades of grey, beat that pussy like Hulk Hogan I know you know my slogan, if I ain't bout guap I'm gone Niggas hating cause I'm chosen from the concrete that I rose Shawty staring at my necklace cause my diamonds really froze Put that dick up in her pussy bet she feel it in her toes I'm a real young nigga from the 6 throwing bows I'm a real young nigga from the 6 throwing bows Real young nigga from the 6 throwing bows

In the middle of the party bitch get off me
In the cut I'm rolling up my broccoli
Ya I know your baby mama fond of me
All she want to do is smoke that broccoli
Whispered in my ear she trying to leave with me
Said that I can get that pussy easily
Said that I can hit that shit so greasily
I'm a dirty dog I did it sleazily

Ain't no telling what I'm finna be on I'm beyond all that fuck shit Ain't no telling what I'm finna be on I'm beyond all that fuck shit

I got companies and Pesos I got people on my payroll She don't do it less I say so I don't smoke if it ain't fuego I just sauce em up like Prego Fettucini with Alfredo All I wanted was the fame and every game they made on Sega I was 5 or 6 years old when I had told myself OK you're special But I treat you like my equal never lesser I was 26 years old when we had dropped this one amazing record Had the world stepping That's what I call epic Couple summers later I got paper I acquired taste for salmon on a bagel With the capers on a square plate At the restaurant with the why you got to stare face To know I either ball or I record over the snare and bass Rapper face, dread headed Golden diamond teeth wearing

They just mad cause I got that cheese bitch I keep dairy Turned up in the party getting lit to Yachty With a Spanish Barbie word to my mommy

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