Pyrex whipper Pyrex

I got big dreams so my watch got a big face
Girls get messy like a motherfuckin' mixtape
Smellin' like money and I'm lookin' like sex
I'm outside for real with the slimes and the slatts
Nigga ride wave, then the nigga get taxed
Fendi snowpants and I fill 'em up with racks
They all ball cap, and this all facts
No, I don't relax and I don't lack

Demons, they follow me deep in the dark
Niggas got problems with being a boss
We ain't been home but we hear all the talkin'
Hit 'em with hollows and clean 'em with salt
Salt in the wound and my heart in the cooler
Frozen like I gave my heart to my jeweler
Told him to make a new piece out of this
Ever since, I just can't give no fuck 'bout no bitch (It's a check)

Baby, had to bustdown on the AP, yeah
Baby, ain't no rich styles on you lately, yeah
I got fans in Costa Rica (Fans), I got bands in Costa Rica (Big bands)
I got fans in Costa Rica (Big fans), I got bands in Costa Rica

Got the Mike Jack' nose, just before the vitiligo Norman Bates with the eights, I'ma go psycho Laundromat with a temper, this a vicious cycle Feel like Rihanna, bitches go wherever I go Go against the grain like I'm battlin' the silo I'm going out west like I'm motherfuckin' Fievel LeBron in the finals, motherfuckin' five-oh Nigga bettin' under 5'4", hell if I know

Niggas got me tight like Arthur's fist and shit
Like I'm not an arsonist and shit
Not a nigga that you wanna argue with
'Cause then you fucking with your future like Larsa Pippen, shit
Boy, I'm like a barber with this shit
You get out the chair, you get in the chair
The things in the mirror, the way they appear
You look to the rear, my niggas is near, my niggas revered
You fuckin' with Mez, you fuckin' with Heirs, nigga

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I got balled up hundreds in my pocket
Diamonds on me water like a faucet
Got a lot of bands in Costa Rica
Lot of hoes in Costa Rica, got a passport in my pocket
And I flew with the stick, it's a rocket
Forty-five on me, shit hot like a pocket
You ain't talkin' money, it's nonsense

Top of the morning to anybody who thought it was beddy-bye Jiddy, I'm like a Jedi
Mind tricks live inside of your head, I
Devilish, red eyes, never been on a redeye
Or shit, I be high, I forget
Shawty said I be wildin' and trippin' when I'm on a lick
Score a penny or twenty, I'm Dominique Wilkins and shit
Really I flew to Costa Rica with an AP
At the airport, this girl ask me, "Hey, are you Swae Lee?"
Wow (It's a check)

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I got fans in Costa Rica (Big fans), I got bands in Costa Rica

Suffering succotash

She think it's all puddycat but, hell, I ain't even mad

I started sucking on her titty, put my thumb in her ass

She had a little one, it really wasn't nothin' to grab, I did it anyway

Nigga, I'm a bag

Comin' down the 91, flyin', doin' the dash

We goin' in today (Ayy)

And I been writing my ass off, Ernest Hemingway (Bitch)

I ain't got shit else to say

I got too much skills
I flow like the water, so surprised I did not grow gills
And I am your father like you was Luke Skywalker
And I conquer and let it burn like Usher's perm and kill confirmed
You look concerned, respect is earned, uh
You really be in it, B, gotta be kiddin' me, uh
You really be sickenin', I got the remedy, uh
I'm feelin' like Goku, bitch, I need your energy, uh
Um, okay, huh, goin' on a date with an AK, huh
Ayy, okay, goin' on a date with an AK, ayy (It's a check)

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