

Call me a star in these G-Star jeans
Baby girl, I'm 16 but I'm seein' all this green
I do anything I want like I'm controllin' a dream
I get money like Eugene
Bitches always say I'm mean

But I pull up in the cut, I'ma pull off in that Bimm'
I ain't drivin' no Mustang 'cause that's not my fuckin' thing
And I make these hoes sour, they don't eat sour cream
YSL all on me
Bitch, I'm cold, I don't ski
Give a fuck 'bout where you at
Give a fuck 'bout what you see
You still gotta pay a fee
Water wet, I'm in the sea
On my shirt it be a V
Niggas hoes, they just gon' leech
When I speak it's like I preach
Damn, I made it out the street
Backwood brown, ain't talkin' wheat
I got Maisons on my feet
I got hoes, could never cheat
I got dough, it's not that deep
Makin' plays just like a Wii
These niggas know not to play with me
I need all my niggas free
Smokin' OG, can't pop no E
See the law then you know I'ma flee
Block hot, I ain't sippin' no tea
Icebox ring and it's on me
Bitch, I'm not broke and that's guaranteed
I'm an OG, nigga, you an FG
Man, that mean you a bitch, you can't hang around me
Back then, man, I was a thief
Supreme all over my briefs
I'm posted outside like I need a shelter
I'm vlone and that's for the better
And free my nigga, gotta write a letter
These real diamonds, fuck a diamond tester
Counting Ben Frank, I respect my elders
Smokin' fortune cookies, I'm a fortune teller
Man, fuck school, fuck every semester
Young nigga but I been a young flexer

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