

(Bag, ahh bag)

Young nigga gotta get in my fucking bag
Nigga everyday I wake up I want a bag
Nigga I love y'all but I really want that bag
Nigga I get money, yea, I really love that bag
Young nigga, I'll put a nigga in a bag
You shouldn't man you would've been glad
Pull off in that bimmer and you know I act bad
Countin' up money old as a grandad
So fly, bimmer pull up on a helipad
Bitch just want some attention, haha, you not gon get it
You gon get the truth when this liquor in my system
When the truth hit, niggas wanna play victim
Big dog, AK-47 sick em
If I up this drac', then my nigga be my alibi
Nigga, fuck you mean I get away with my crimes
Spin that drac' on that nigga whip if he outta line
My bitch just tried to fuckin' hit me
What I do this time?
I gotta stop selling hoes dreams, gettin' in they minds
Two thick hoes in the room, I'm finna bust it down
Two hoes on me right now the same damn time
Two hoes on me right now the same damn time
Bad bitches all in the room with a pretty mind
Bad bitches all in the room with a healthy
I can't trust myself, why would I trust that?
I can't trust you bitch, I know you gon lie
Look down you ain't tell me my shoes was untied
Was married to the streets, I ain't even got no damn bride
Divorced that hoe, now I'm coolin' havin good times
She sucked me up with an afro, she from Good Times
Smoke raw papers, nigga, good times
And she got wet that's a punchline
That nigga broke the light, he ain't want nobody to shine
I love totin' this iron
Fuck police, fuck payin fines
Yo bitch heard me on the phone said I'm "fine"
Baby girl got it confused she think she mine
That 30 round nigga knock em down
I was fucked up, no you wasn't around
I got proof I was tryna hold it down (down, down, down)