

90 racks for the watch, 30 stacks for the chain  
A 50 bar for the medallion, diamonds drippy like the rain  
Lower development housing is where I was taught to talk my talk  
In the thick of the smudge, the slime, on the tar like crosswalk  
A young factor having scrilly, spending blue notes in a drought  
Living for the moment, fuck further out  
Tomahawk by my kidney, MCM belt  
Fucker want beef, I'm make him a patty melt  
I'ma see you about something, send my crash dummy  
He ain't from Japan, but he like to play kamikaze  
Your bitch got sloppy topky, off of the ginger ale with Jack  
She got that hot throat with a built-in thermostat  
I'm smoking agricultural and vegetation in the backseat zone and blazin'  
In the clean 19 with the dealership plates, insurance and registration  
Garnished and decorated with all the toppings and all the fixings  
We don't fuck with turf dirt, we only fuck with vixens

I don't jog, fuck the brown police dog  
From the Yay, apartment complexes and smog  
Get it, count money in the fog  
What? Ballhog  
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Hallelujah! The Lord blessed me with gouda  
You can find me on vacation in Barbados or Aruba  
Puerto Villarta, Mexico, Bora Bora or Bermuda  
Me don't do no snorkel, me don't do no scuba  
Under difficult circumstances, I'm having my finances  
Used to be the lowest man on the totem pole, used to be the brokest kid on campus  
Way ahead of my time, the laughing stock in pre-school  
Holes in my pants when ripped jeans wasn't cool  
Beat the odds, count my blessings, it's a blessing  
Praise God for replying to my message  
Suckers don't understand me 'cause they ain't got no understanding  
I'm out here feasting, I ain't famine, eating jasmine rice and salmon  
Your little gutter chick ain't handling, got you sprung  
Need to tell that hoe to douche and brush her tongue  
Wandering eyes, wondering why I ain't calling  
Come and get your bitch, she out here thottin', reckless eyeballin'...BIATCH  
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