

The streets is my financial advisor  
When I see other people havin' their money, I get inspired  
I'm far from a hater, that's what I'm not  
I'm a congratulator, tell 'em 'I see you' and give 'em props  
From my savings in my socks on the block and flea-flickin' rocks  
Getting beat up by cops to buying mansions on mountaintops  
No more going to the station getting fingerprinted  
The only time I get fingerprinted now is when I close escrow  
Still with the activation, still with the mannishness, blowin' cannabis  
Strains of that cookie blue fertilized in that bat boo-boo  
That there guano or maybe them chicken droppings  
Girl Scout cookie and gorilla glue crossing  
Some can't comprehend what I'm saying 'cause they way out of touch  
And they square as a box of Fruity Pebbles and Cocoa Puffs  
Out the loop like a hula hoop, get they game from the 'net  
I get my game from the soil, the turf, the trenches, the set

Tool on me in the club, yeah, I'm plyered up  
Talk shit, get hit, jaw wired up  
Roll another 'wood up, I ain't high enough  
Where the bottles at? We here tryna fire up  
(We finna get this muthafucka fired up)  
Fired up, fired up, fired up  
(We finna get this muthafucka fired up)  
Fired up, fired up, fired up  
(We finna get this muthafucka fired up)

UH!

Verse two  
I'm a make it do what it do  
My nigga, I don't know about you  
But I'm about my business like a Jew  
My diamonds be flexin' and pokin' out like a titty nipple  
The way I be dressin' is kinda fly for a bigger niggro  
Too blessed to be stressin', I reckon, life is a bitch  
Plead the fifth, no confessin' and I'm too thorough to snitch  
Watchin' Trapflix, rollin' a spliff in the afternoon  
On the couch in the living room with my lady on blue lagoon  
I stay timin', I'm a tycoon, like my vodka coming out soon  
I ain't lying, I never do, I'm a factor, you could be too  
BIATCH!

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Financials used to be ugly but now they gorgeous and lovely  
When my paper was injured it made a speedy recovery  
They say I'm short-tempered, I'll shoot you right in your artery  
I'm begging you, asking you not to try me or bother me  
Earth is my turf and my soil, gravel or property

And these suckas and haters is hella bad for the economy  
I go bad on these batches and I don't do no apology  
Razor-sharp like a cactus and I believe in astrology  
Loyalty, not dishonesty, THC, I blow broccoli  
I'm a fixture in the game, I'm tryin' to build a monopoly  
I want the money, fuck the fame, so break me off somethin' properly  
And you can find me getting high and drinking brew on the balcony  
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