

Y'all be hella high powered on them socials
Face-to-face, I don't feel all them emotions
Money plays, I don't make 'em with emotion
Focused, never loafin', enough drip to fill an ocean
Ooh, me on ho shit? Never
Ooh, big boogers in a bezel
Ooh, real niggas like ooh
You ain't tryna lose, better follow my moves, on God

Not from Buffalo, but I'm playin' with a few bills
My medallion frostbitten, might give a penguin the chills
I'm the author and I'm an inventor of this style that you spongin' up
Your bitch on my fender, I told her I'm married, don't wanna fuck
I pray to my God like I'm at a mosque
On my knees like I'm arrested by the cops
Prices go up and down like a seesaw
Cameras up in my studio, I can see y'all
Flyer than the Blue Angels, more sticks than the Blue Men got
My rifle was stock 'til I modified that bitch with a bump stock
A bump stock? An accessory that I bought
I could turn a semi to fully, put hella holes in your hoodie
Hella holes in your hoodie, hella holes in your lip
These 7-point-6-2s'll eat up your whip
Hot-headed, I'll blow a fuse, I'll put out a hit
Give you and your niggas the blues, I'm with the shit (Bitch)

Y'all be hella high powered on them socials (On God)
When we got face-to-face, I don't feel all them emotions (Not close)
Money plays, I don't make 'em with emotion
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On God, I ain't playin' with you niggas
My side gettin' money with the winners
Yeah, I see what they be doin' but I don't feel 'em
Stars in the ceilin', watchin' for the killin' (What?)
Murder the scene like I pulled up in an ambulance (Woo)
Nigga, whoever land, Santa gave me gift of gab
You need the gas? Oh damn, let me poot
California legend, rest in peace Ron Newt (What?)
Miss me with that thug talk 'cause I ain't tryna hear it
You may fool what's in that mirror but that shit ain't in your spirit
You may want me on your song, but on my mama, I ain't gon' clear it
Problem ready for that drama, on my mama, I don't fear it
Ask 40, and the dead homies, and my new Rollie
It's a bunch of mes everywhere, it's like the game cloned me
I ain't gon' never ever forget what the game showed me
So now I'm back to get everything the game owe me (What?)

Y'all be hella high powered on them socials (Hella high)
Face-to-face, I don't feel all them emotions (Not one)
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More hammers than a tool box (Tool box)
More poles than the Bass Pro Shops (Pro Shop)
Don't get scalped with the tomahawk (Tomahawk)
Don't get your head put on the choppin' block (Choppin' block)
Be careful who you ridin' with
'Cause who you ridin' with might be into some shit (In some shit)
These bitches'll have you pussy-whipped
Thinkin' with ya dick'll get ya hit (Get ya hit)
I don't trust nobody, you either my friend or foe (Foe)
I don't even trust my own family no more (More)
I remember cookin' keys of candy or blow
Now I get six figures at these festival shows
When we shootin' dice it's hully gully peewee, no catcher (Uh)
Bet I ten or four before I 7-Eleven
Bet you I could sic a bad bitch on the reverend
Bet you if I ran for mayor I'd win the election (Bitch)

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