(You feel me, Rome? Haha, yeah)
Huh, huh, huh, huh
I'm rockin' Dickie 'fits and Lanvins
Nigga, let's set the record straight, nigga, let's get some shi
t established
What the fuck I owe you broke-ass niggas?
I don't owe you niggas shit
Huh, huh

Look, I'm rockin' Dickie 'fits and Lanvins
Nigga, let's set the record straight, nigga, let's get some shi
t established
'Fore I ever touched the motherfuckin' microphone, I was trappi
n'
'Fore I ever went to state prison, I went federal, I ain't capp
in'
Uh, referee, these pussy niggas out here flaggin'
Uh, pocket full of cheese, pulled up in an Aston
I'm the MVP like Lamar Jackson
They broke, these niggas got they hands out askin'

That my right-hand stepper, she be slidin' when I'm in traffic Uhhuh, huh, I went flat, she was whippin' when I ain't have shit
Hit her from the back, pull on her hair when I stab it
Yeah, I got a two-tone Rollie on my wrist, I'm goin' Patek
Beat it 'til it lock and let the dope dry on a napkin
Beat it 'til it lock and let the dope dry on a napkin
I'm higher than a bitch like the private-jet captain
Uh-huh, fuck around and turn a nigga ass to a bloodstain
I could get you killed on command, you ain't got no rank
My trigger skinny on the Drac' like Coi Leray
Uh-huh, huh, my trigger skinny on the Drac' like Coi Leray

Uh, got a thick yellow bitch and she ratchet

Look, I'm rockin' Dickie 'fits and Lanvins
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