

Ridin' out in Vegas, I got five-four bitches
Real player, play the gat 'round, ain't gotta take pictures
I've been hot as fuck, I keep a bad thing with me
New Chanel bag, I make her hold the steam in it
She don't want a Birkin, that bitch want a big business
Ain't say life was perfect, gotta move like the lieutenant
In this bitch, suburban, baby, tell me if it's worth it
I'm movin', swervin', if that shit love then I ain't certain

If you think it's real then that shit perfect
If you think she willin' and she worth it, woah-oh
I've been ridin' in it, tinted Mercy, woah
Talkin' down, they say that they gon' hurt me, ha
Better be the day I hang my jersey, woah
Spent a million on this address, lil' ho, you gotta go
Made a killin' off this rap shit, give a fuck who really know
Give a fuck who really 'round me, yeah, they try to down me
They try to lost and found me
Bankroll on bankroll, that shit roll up like bounty
Heard they got a bounty, I'm out here, you ain't found me
Found me

Love, love, tonight, love, love
Love the way, love the way, love the way, love the way
Love the way, love the way, love the way, love the way
Love, tonight, love, tonight, love, tonight
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh