

A-T-M
Yeah
Trap, trap, trap
Yah yeah
Yeah

My OG told me murder everything
If they tripping homie let it bang
Uzoz' umoya like I'm heavy K
Them bitches love me like I'm Lenny K

I run this city
50 nigga with me
You don't want no problems
Futsek hamba kini
Hamba kini
Futsek hamba kini
Ungjwayela a masimba ungbheke kahle angsi yi khimbi
Hamba kini
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I've been working hard for this shit
And I thank God for this shit
Working graveyard for the bricks
100 racks straight on my wrist
I don't spend none on a bitch
Everybody know that's a risk
If you got a problem, we gon fix
Chains come in two's like the chopsticks
Catch me smoking in the wheel
If they catch me I'm in shit
Gotta skrrrr to the crib
Yeah I get it how I live
Got that Sprite, I'ma mix
Drop some ice then I sip
A-T-M, y'all should get it, weekend shit
They know Api Koka
Expensive like Pogba
Now my money get the zeros and the commas
She says she wanna meet the squad with the chommas
What you sippin? I got Noet and some pongas

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Gotta thank y'all for this shit
You the reason I ball in this shit
Been around the world taking trips
Always got that purp taking sips
Yeah you the one that turned into a snitch
Now you mad about my sitch haa!
Now you sadder than the bitch haa!
That I might drop a Louis bag on your bitch haa!
Jelle praat de viel
I'm getting dough for real
I won't give you free shit
Maybe Oprah will
If you talking money
We can close the deal
Damn em niggas hating
But it's over still
Yeah I pull out, pop out
Whole hood they pop out
Louis, Gucci, 'Sace that's a knockout
More money than papago
Le skeem nyana se sahao
Goose yeah tse tlakao
They slap you and you pass out

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