Cheat Code Mode

Eric Bellinger

Off top
YFS
Yo, shit, whattup
It's easy

She want a boss, at least (Ayy)
You say I'm a boss, capeesh (Capeesh)
We tryna put that pussy underneath, yeah (Pussy underneath, yeah)
I'm tryna put that pussy on a leash, yeah (On a leash, yeah)
I be off the drink, yeah (Drink)
But you know I be soft and geeked (Geeked up)
We tryna put that pussy underneath, yeah (Ooh)
I'm tryna put that pussy on a leash, yeah

Sex
I be of the drink (Sex)
Audemars, took out some links (Ayy)
Slime, is you rich, like what you think? (What you think?)
I can't help but pick you up if you sing (Woo, woo)
Dirty, AP, Rollie, baby, pick one (Ayy)
You are not a gangster if you pig once (Ah)
I think that I need me a lil' Ritalin (Yeah)
I been gettin' top inside a Bentley (Skrrt, skrrt)
Hit her with a sig
Rose gold shoppin', do you dig? (Dig, dig)
I been on the hair like a wig (Wig, wig)
Overseas I think I got a kid (No cap)
I told her don't put [?] with me
R.I.P. to Nip, shoutout to sixty (Nip, ayy)
Call me ice cream, she tryna lick me (Ayy)
Orange diamonds on me, I'm a Reese's

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Pull up in the 'Rarri
With the top down, niggas salty
And my outfit hella floss
Gotta look good for paparazzis, yeah
Money, money, money, so much money comin' in
I just write another and then they cut the check again
I got money, money, money, so much money to myself
And my life is on cheat code mode, you could tell
Dior hankie in my pocket (That's Dior)
In the villa every time I hit the tropics (For sure)
I'm the man now, everybody watchin' (Tell them more)
I'ma G, so the only thing I do is profit
Damn

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911 Maybach matters, she got me tatted
Rich as a bitch but hood is so ratchet
Shawty want the real, these niggas is so cappin'
Hunnid thousands all in ones, don't do plastic
Super red, like I'm over, got her suckin' like she super head
And no friends, no nothin', baby, where you land?
If I can't get the nookie baby, where you stayin'?
And I ain't playin'
Niem hit me on the Tec like it's all good
I still want Bernese with her face down, ass up
Patek cost a bag, had to go and get bag up
Rappers talkin' money but niggas ain't pass us
My homes with the win like it's Super Bowl
I don't want them hoes, they all future hoes
I keep me a dime and I keep a pour
She gon' drop it to the flow when it's her song

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