```
Yea
I bet lil' baby gon' give it up (mmm)
I say lil' shorty don't fuck this up (mmm)
She do it proper attitude like she Madonna
She think it's summer draped in that Balenciaga
Yea
You rappers trash go and give it up (mmm)
Act like the man but you bitch as fuck (mmm)
You ain't do numbers how you here fuckin' up commas
The label you under showin' they really don't want you
You ain't want do all the things I did
Drop twenty pounds how'd I get like this
Moving alone I don't need no bitch
I talk to God and he told me to get it
You boys is pathetic don't come to my section
Blastin' these shots ain't no point in suppression
I know I'm really gon' see me some blessings on blessings on blessings
I ain't just talkin' bout gettin' these stacks and
Fuckin these bitches and breaking they back
I'm talkin safety for all of the fam
Pray we stay healthy to enjoy the bands
Growin' up I always had me a plan
Snakes come around I'm not breaking no bread
Don't want yo pussy I'm takin' the head
I don't do chasin' I replace instead
Yea
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I say lil' shorty don't fuck this up (mmm)
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Down in a week
You rappers fake like yo' Bape and Supreme
Go get some paper quit writin' to me
Why in the fuck is you trying to reach
I get the money then put that shit back (uh)
Ooo I be feelin' so blessed
Studied the shit since I was writin' them tests (uh)
G showed me how to invest
I need my bottle way taller
Picking the harder way baby want pickup a baller
Movin' way smarter
Holdin' the money close keepin' these leaches way farther
Let's get it started
Head to the crib and she can't wait to go and hop on it
Goin' retarded
Shorty be dumb with the head suck the soul out my body
Yea
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