Bitch I got my racks up

Now they wanna tax us

So I gotta keep all my receipts

Glocky with a red dot

Leave a pussy red hot

If a bitch wanna take something from me

But who gon' come and heal my pain if everything depends on me

I ain't have no back up

Finna get this cash up

I'm gon' fuck the world with no plan b

Said I came up out the mud with my fuckin' gang
Everybody and they mama finna know my name
I'm just tryna make this rap shit worth the pain
Last year I was broke, knew it had to change
So I got up out my feelings and inside my bag
Started workin' on the phones, we was making plays
I can't see my mama cry another fuckin' day
Unless it's 'bout her only son out here getting' paid
I treat this shit like war I'm a fuckin' soldier
I don't really do no talkin', but I fuckin told ya
All these bitches sleepin' on me like they in a coma
Shawty used to try to curve me now she bendin' over

Cause' bitch I got my racks up

Now they wanna tax us

So I gotta keep all my receipts

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I always starve myself in the stress
I can never help myself I'm a mess
Only use for women right now is some sex
Lil' shawty standin' on her knees like she blessed
I can't make no mistake
Bitch I'm tryna escape
Stress got me sippin' something strong on a weekday
Shawty said she miss me
Know it's kinda risky
Know these bitches all finna lie on me
So I gotta slide out with a Ruger
When I pop out I'ma do ya
All these pills goin' right through ya
Now we rollin' rollin'

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Now they wanna tax us

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