

Yeah  
Yeah  
Sci Fi on the beat  
Turn me up sis  
Yeah, away, yeah

Yeah, (why) Adidas on me like I'm DMC  
Yeah, (why) your bitch wanna hang with me  
She wanna smoke dank with me  
She wanna bust jugs and ride in the Range with me  
Yeah, why, but bitch so glad to see  
I run to the money  
That bitch is so dumb, that bitch actin' scummy  
And what is so funny?  
I'm juugin' so hard she think it was funny  
My Rolex cost 40  
These bitches so dizzy she thought it was seventy  
Now check this out honey  
I get to the money, I get to the money

I'm catchin' plays like a quarterback  
Had to run me up a sack  
I was broke but now I'm back  
You run up on me? Blow your back  
And shoutout to my broski Mac  
I ain't talkin' fast, rollin' off a flat  
I wanna leave but they at  
Yellow bitch is where it's at  
All this Bape like a fuckin' monkey  
I fuck your bitch, she a fuckin' junkie  
I put the dick up in her tummy  
And now these bitches lookin' scummy  
Your man, he fuckin' bummy  
You ain't talkin' shit you ain't talkin' money  
I be runnin' to the hundreds  
I swear to God they blue hundreds

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