

Keep me a stick and I pick up the mop
I just love me a Glock, got me dumpin' through blocks
Pull off the switch, bet they all gonna hit
Now the Hellcat go fast, see the dash, make it flip
Uh, she wanna suck on a young nigga dick
'Cause she know that I'm turnt and I'm all 'bout a lick
Run up a check, give a fuck 'bout a bitch
Be out the way, I ain't up in the mix
Get money, my [?] totin' Glocks for the C-notes
Now I got money, he call me his best bro
My Draco in the D-league, he shootin' his free-throw
I pour me a pint and I mix in the Faygo
Look, I ain't drop shit in 'bout two or three years
But I still got the motion, it's just on the d-low
He lovin' and cuffin' that ho, he a hero
I'ma get back and take care of my people
Lil' bagger, you talkin', it's six figures up
Pop me a oxy, my face, it got stuck
Left me, my old bitch, she ran outta luck
And I roll by the pound, so that bitch keep it stuffed
If you don't answer my call, then [?]
I'ma call you again and I'm givin' it up
But as soon as you hit me, I'm pickin' it up
I'm out in Miami, I'm livin' it up

I'm at the top, but I'm here with the bros
[?], we turnt on the road
I keep on my hand on the blick while I'm hittin' these hoes
I'ma grab on her ass while I grip on the pole
If a bitch actin' up, make her sit on the road
If niggas is cappin', we get 'em exposed
You know how I be when I get in that mode
I get it and go, I'm like, "Nigga, for sure"
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This that all-new Benz truck
Tell 'em double back, then we get back, get back
Drop the whole check on your bitch socks
Good luck keepin' up, you ain't get your bitch back
Mixin' [?] with Rick
Hittin' your chest like some Vicks
Over, my bitch gotta dip
Ho, don't talk back, 'cause I bought you them lips
Bought her a bag and she back to the streets
Bitch smokin' dick, then she upgrade on me
Ran me the bags up, right with the team
Y'all made it corny, I put down the lean

I'm at the top, but I'm here with the bros
City to city, we turnt on the road

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