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She's getting it ready
Wanna sell it to Freddy
No lie, we don't spend on a jezzy
Thirty racks that I spent on a prezzy
When we step in the Fendi, we're spending a twenty
The women, she'll never forget me
My youngen in black, messy
Yeah, I just got the wap in, heavy
Them drops are holding horses
I got this co-imported
Nah, it didn't drop it Europe
Lots of touring out on the street
Them shoes that down by my feet
I got them now but they're out in a week
Four foreigns, we're out in a fleet
Niggas rolling, I round up the team
Listen
Yeah, my youngens are juggin', doing their ting, food in the cling
In two days, man's viewing the crib
And two weeks rent costs two and a bit
Got a view and it's lit
Half a box, man's doing that quick
My cunch ends popped off so much, I packed my bags and moved to the strip
Niggas be talking trapping, they're lying
Look at my bracelet, actually diamonds
'Bout to whip this pack I'm frying
Balmain rips, not scratched by lion
Niggas don't want me to pop out
Cleaning the strip with the mop out
We used to chat, she's blocked now
'Cause she gave me hat, pop down
For my wrist, it's some buss down
Who can I trust now? Rolling with uck town
Going to uck town, I don't do shows without uck now
And all of my shows getting shutdown
Thirty six O's getting bruck down
Yeah, you had some money, you're bruck now
I spend couple hundred on lunch now
Leave gyal shy when I come 'round
Check out my coat, that's a chinchilla
She wanna hold on my chinchilla
Chill nigga, six figures
Women with us, they got sick figures
Check him, I'm boiling and rocking
Watching the oils, they're dropping
Whip it up, oils are locking
Plus all of my boils are problem
Yeah, gunners are with me, you know it
Yeah, I'm running the city, you know it
Yeah, I'm clubbing, it's with me, I got it
No, it's nuttin' to spin all the profit
Told myself I ain't shopping this week
Next day, Harvey, top and a jeans
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Both of them shits gonna cost me a G