

You better not raise your voice at me  
You know I got a pimp degree  
Pluto

Draco season with the bookbag  
Rat tat, got a little kick back  
Hundreds on hundreds got a good batch  
You ain't never ever get you bitch back  
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Lamborghini doors, but I never stop  
They done fucked around, got a nigga pissed off  
Nice little thot got a stiff arm  
Did the Heisman on the hoe got the stiff arm  
Fuck up that body like Tyson or Holyfield, wo wo wo wo wo  
A couple of pills and I got my soda filled, wo wo wo wo wo  
Break out a sweat, I go head over heels for these mils, wo wo wo wo wo wo  
She thinks she the one, but to me she ain't nothing but a thrill, whoa whoa  
whoa whoa whoa  
I've been drippin' like a God with her  
I been dodgin' all the flies, what else?  
I been fillin' up garages what else?  
I gave her a French menage what else  
Close your eyes eyes eyes  
I'm about to slide slide slide  
Wonder why why why  
I stay in the sky sky sky  
Pink Molly, let me dance with her  
Freestylin', let me dance with her  
Sky Dweller, it was sentimental  
Rose gold, it was sentimental

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Fuck up my bitch by the change  
Want me to jump out the stage  
I wanna jump in the air  
You know the love ain't fair  
You killin'? then show us the proof  
I already got the juice  
Chain different colors like fruits  
I like to hang out the roof  
I got to train my bitches  
I'm putting chains on my bitches  
I'll pull some chain on the snitches  
I'm focused, I'm back on my mission  
Flex on a nigga, no apologies

Molly Off-White, done got a league  
Playing hockey with the ice in the Major League  
35 bitches at the St. Reg  
Fall back shooter like KD  
Back in the kitchen with the Curry  
Pullin' up wit Xan, can't hurt me  
Pineapple drink lookin' syrupy  
56 nights, I was dirty  
Styrofoam cups servin' patients  
Heard you been talkin' bout the kid  
Knowin' damn well that's a flagrant (technical)  
I cancel two bitches  
I got me some new bitches  
Come check out how I'm living  
I got me some new drippy  
I got me some new drip!  
She ain't got nothing to do with it  
I'll give my bitch to you  
If that what she mean to you

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Yeah I'm cruisin' in the deep  
Im twisted up, I got geeked  
Misbehaving with ya freak  
Can't tell she got teeth  
I was in her mouth like veneers  
Stop comparing my career  
Designer flooded through the crib  
Business furniture for real  
Bought a Fendi couch for my kids  
They just want to plug a nigga wig  
Charge a half a mil for the gig  
Middle fingers up, fuck the pigs  
Diamonds fallin' off me, let me jig  
Never falling off and never quit  
I retired cookin' up a brick  
Certified nigga out the six  
Who was wrapping dummies in the zone  
I was chargin' 10 for the strong  
Keep on goin' in on this song  
Keep an F&N at your home  
Lesson learned and we moving on  
I got Firm niggas, Al Capone  
Got my Chi niggas on the horn  
Downtown Atlanta I was born