

(ATL Jacob, ATL Jacob)  
Freeband Gang

Yeah-yeah  
Hi-Tech Tech, yeah-yeah  
Big ol' jet, yeah-yeah  
Big ass TEC, yeah-yeah  
Big ass bitch, yeah-yeah  
Thick lil' shit, yeah-yeah  
I'm gettin' my money, yeah-yeah  
I'm gettin' this rich, yeah-yeah  
Straight out the crib, yep  
I'm straight out the trench, yep  
I'm straight out the trench, yep  
I'm straight out the trench, yep  
The trench of the trench (Woo)  
The drank on the floor  
I started, I pour  
But not no more

Hop in that go-go-go-Ghost, I'm on go mode  
We drivin' every single car you want, send in the dope, ho  
She like to ride when I go jugg, I got a dope ho  
Make me sing to your bitch, K-Ci, JoJo  
Every day, every night, go to the moon  
All of my niggas geeked up in the room  
Paradise, shoot my one and two  
Astronaut takin' off, I got the proof (Yeah)  
Perky medics (Yeah, yeah)  
Head from Becky (Yeah, yeah)  
Gold baguetties (Yeah, yeah)  
Gold presi' (Yeah, yeah)  
I be down in Houston like Kareem, I'm a rocket  
Drank the drank and popped a couple beans, now I'm cocky  
Came through the game and took that shit like I was robbin'  
Chain rings, earrings, please proceed with cautions  
Courtside, I'm sittin' at the game with a Glock in my pocket  
All my niggas bang, brr, clear out the cartridge  
Go inside of Chanel store and start poppin'  
I told you, I'm rollin' off a bean like Scotty

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Big ass bitch, yeah-yeah (Big ass bitch)  
Thick lil' shit, yeah-yeah  
I'm gettin' my money, yeah-yeah (Hi-Tech Tech)  
I'm gettin' this rich, yeah-yeah  
I'm straight out the crib  
I'm straight out the trench, yup  
I'm straight out the trench  
I'm straight out the trench, yup  
The trench of the trench (Woo)  
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I started, I pour  
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Yeah, I fill up a cup with that red and I know it might kill me (Hi-Tech Tech)  
I throwed on the animal print and it got me bougie  
I sold my coke in the cold, the sweater was Coogi  
I can't forget my bros, we make a zoovie  
I am not supposed to be fuckin' these bitches, they jockin' my dick on the low  
I got her on lean (Woo), I got her on beans (Woo)  
She down to my team, man, I'm cuttin' up a ring, man  
Fully loaded magazines, shout out to the gangland  
And I can't even sleep  
I been already geeked for seven days  
Put the wood on that Banshee  
I position her more than seven ways  
I got black cards and Visas, I'm gettin' paid  
I'm sittin' in the dark, ain't got shades  
Take all the tablets and go to space

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I'm gettin' my money, yeah-yeah (Hi-Tech Tech)  
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Hi-Tech Tech  
Hi-Tech Tech, Hi-Tech Tech (Yeah-yeah)  
Hi-Tech Tech (Yeah-yeah)