

GRWM

G-Eazy

These hoes keep on callin' me baby
Where's my money? Fuck you, pay me (Uh)

I'm in London, off the grid
I got euros, I got quid
Poppin' champagne at the Ritz
Eatin' caviar and squid
Your BM in my DMs
I pass that like Jason Kidd
Look at this lil' Oakland kid
Said I'd do it, and I did (Did)

Check my wrist, it's flex o'clock
Rollie, Hublot, Patek talk
It's not a list, it's not a stock
Sold out shows, I'm in your city
And the line's around the block
Had your girl the other night, she hawk tuah on my
You know what, uh

Come to the Bay, tap one, leave
Truth be told, I'm really that guy
It's not somethin' I'm pretendin' to be
Send me the pics, I'm ready to see
I like fat assess preferably
Mornin' sex and then I get dressed
Now she tryna get ready with me

These hoes keep on callin' me baby
Where's my money? Fuck you, pay me
These hoes keep on callin' me baby
Where's my money? Fuck you, pay me (Uh)

Dot my "I"s and cross my "T"s
And stay on my "P"s and "Q"s
Stand on business, pick a side
It's your choice, feel free to choose
Just don't be surprise that I get more "P"s than you
You puttin' on a show, it won't be no season two, yeah

I'm rich, I'm rich, I'm rich (Ay)
Last time I heard, you a bitch on bitch, on bitch
So don't you ever diss 'cause if shit ever go down
You gon' make some people 'round, you get the gist

Capiché, keep the peace
It's just some things you can't teach
Thought I told you, "E"s a beast
Net worth eighteen mil' at least
Fly from Paris out to Nice
Positano then to Greeze
Pulled up in the LaFerrari
This a pink slip, not a lease, uh

These hoes keep on callin' me baby (Nah)
Where's my money? Fuck you, pay me (Uh, uh)
These hoes keep on callin' me baby (Nah)

Where's my money? Fuck you, pay me (Sorry)

Where's my money?
Fuck you, pay me