

If I post it on the story I already left
Headed to the Sphere with Jimmy on the biggest jet
Orange Aquanaut matching with the Prada vest
We did the shit they dreamed of, never threw it on the net
Too many shoe options, I'ma need like 80 legs
The gala only time you seein' Gashi rock a Met
Denzelin' Yankee hat, Brim always bent
At the Knicks game, floor seats laughing at the Nets
We laughing cause we hate the way you dress
Rolls tinted on the belt, my nephew's watching Elf
Never met a bitch that wouldn't fuck or give me head
If I'm horny at a funeral, the pussy dead
Orca Sound Records, bitch, I'm signed to myself
Pandemic left your favorite rapper on the shelf
Labels want me dead, money on my head
I drop the top at JFK and walk right on the jet

Jealousy, want my life
They want me dead, but I survive
They hate on me, want my shine
They fell asleep on my sleepless nights

I'm chosen, I'm chosen, ain't no plan B

I keep a stick on me like a Krabs dealer
Offshore bank accounts in Anguilla
Still putting pressure on you rap bitches
Got the shit jumping like Ant Edwards
I'm Cooper Flagg with this fucking bag
I gotta cop two just to fucking brag
Since 2016, I haven't seen a tag
Went shopping with my mom and dad and blew a million cash
Seven-figure wrist, my time a triple threat
Shoe deal, pending told my lawyer, triple check
Jersey in the rafters, I ain't hit the draft yet
Ten generations up, every album a classic

My drive is endless, Bimmers and Benzes
I'm floating in them deep waters like a cruise ship
Who's this?
Like an amputee, check out my new wrist
Orca, bitch
How they say he got it made and I ain't made it yet
Her top off at JFK, we walking on the jet

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You couldn't walk a half a minute in my timberlands
You couldn't walk a half a minute
When the orcas come around
The sharks, they run away