

Runnin Thru Plastic

Germ

One more time (Hahaha)

Skrrt, bah (Boom, boom, don't even know what the fuck going on)
Running through these bags, nigga, through these bags, nigga

Running through these bags, I just can't help it, I'm feeling myself (Feeling myself)

Pocket rocket on me, keep it by my Fendi belt

Balenciaga what she rocking, hope that Prada make her melt

Pave my own road to these riches, get right, don't get left

I used to fade, break bread with my niggas by that fountain

Watch me count it up, count it up, lil' bitch, might move a mountain

These them things we do, them Glocks and sticks might change the mood (Bah, bah)

Diamonds hit like fah, fah, huh

Bitch, I really do this, bitch, I did it, all this sinning

Who'da thought 'bout all this winning, I could've really used yo' presence though

Bitch, I been that mofucka, clutching on that mofucka

Ready to blow this mofucka, I wish I would've listened, oh

I been on these downers wasting days like I got time to waste

Chanel rag 'round my head, at least I'm dripping on my dying day

I been bent off Perkys, a couple bars, I seen a couple stars

And keep them fuck niggas from around my way 'cause I'm already scarred

Brand new Rollie, I think my wrist a nympho

Bitch, I'm way too cold like choppas that y'all niggas claim to blow

I pulled fresher than a pack of rubbers, fasho

All these emotions, roll a blunt, call up yo' bitch phone (Hah)

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