

Muhammad

Guapdad 4000

Yeah, what is that?

Yeah

Look at my bag

What's in that?

All fifties, hunnids

Capitol Hill, Capital One

We gon capital run it

Only 69 my hoes

I can't keep it a hunnid

50 fucking dollars

Bitch you coulda kept it a 100

My bitch up a 100

And she started as a runner

Before the trap we was fuckin' started as a plumber

200 by the winter if you started in the summer

Both my parents trap

And it started with my mother

When you getting low flows

See yo me they wanna smother

Bitch in there with Jigga juice

Yeah, that's my brother

Left Valentine's Day

Get his daddy a new Porsche

Just for his pops to say he ain't want the sport

Team up with money, money up with sport

All the cool kids in high school is now dorks (Weird)

Come full circle, and karma stab you like a spork

Cookin' in the lab

Just to get my bake on like pork

My momma want a Hermes

My brother want a Hammer

And listen when I talk, like the honorable Muhammad

In the durag catching head

From my biker bitch, Ducati

Bitch, you know my body

I'm not anybody

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I just fucked a bag at Saks

Had a orgy with my commas

Twisted [?]
But this ain't the Bahamas
Got a lot of sense
But a nigga name ain't Common
Had some nigga switch on me
I'm doing me regardless
Only niggas I fuck with is blue like the Watchmen
Whole body covered in water
But I ain't washing
Ran out the store without buying this Givenchy
Not spending money on powder
But ain't no laundry
Momma in jail, daddy in jail
I'm a orphan
They want me in school
I wanna scam, I wanna escort shit
Oakland nigga
I'mma do the race, Ricky Bobby
Why I need the sloppy
I'm not anybody, so-

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