

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 plummer
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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