

(Verse)

Bitch get out of my over, my motherfuckin apartment
Damn, I got dope all on garment
Cookin dope and trust tree, move the trap to south LA
Now I'm lean, gretcher housin, money pilin, money pilin
All so fresh, don't need a stylist
I want a car, tinted windows
Eye a cop, stop the mileage
Stuffin bricks all in gumba
Stuffin peas in the spare tier
Gucci ain't real, you a damn liar
Save yo nigga a lot of fire
I'mma show you sucka niggas Wi Fi
Serve more chicken than Popeye
Strong clear Popeye
One day I might die, but my song is on the strip fool
That old schools got new schools, got one rule - don't cross me
Red bottoms on my feet, course sliding the sparkly
Baby, I'm Spike Lee

(Hook)

All the purp, all the white
All this grain, check out my flight
Hope all night, nigga getting shot
Man getting popped, big guwap
Drop my top, suicide doors
Boy no fools, they bought me a Rolls
Money over hoes, recycling your clothes
You niggas going broke, I'm sure of my goals

(Verse)

In Mexico we cook up dope
If a nigga broke, we sellin some
I can see it in yo eyes that you niggas going broke
'Cause you don't got no president on you
Bitches gone, your money getting low
He used to buy bricks, I ain't buyin no fool
Money over bitches, can't wipe no ho
Money over everything, can't go broke
We blowin gas, smoking on slights
Place your order, I'll be there over night
I'm talkin private planes
Hunnid bricks of white
Still a young nigga, I live a mob life
(Let's go!)

(Hook)

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