Get it back, get it back
Bitch, I know I get it back
Give a fuck bout that little paper
Cause I know I get it back

I got cash, cash on fire Cash on hand, cash on deck Give me everything 3 X And all 12's up off that rack Wash my stash with Ajax Me and Tit, back to back And we ridin' around, smoking Kush by the pound Like how it ride but we love how it sound Drop-top Lam so low to the ground Just like a snail, I'm close to the earth Waves on my temp, so a ho gotta surf Hollering rock - when you're scared, go to church Me and Slim Dunk in the club throwing racks Go into the trap and I get it right back Want 10 bricks? You can get it right now Pull to the trap house, come to the back Riding domestic with the trunk in the back Riding in a foreign, so the trunk in the front Sixty thousand cash just for me to roll blunts Standing in front, blowing kush through her dress Five grand just to see her dance Ten grand just to see her tats Jump in the corner and he smoking on her clit Waiting on you, so he get it right back

In the club, throwin' money
I done run through me some racks
Give a fuck bout that little paper
I know I get it back
Get it back, get it back
Bitch, I know I get it back
Give a fuck bout that little paper
Cause I know I get it back

Get it back, get it back Yeah, you know I get it back Shorty say she want my name So I bought that bitch a tat I walk in this bitch with racks Tell them, come and get this paper Yeah, my bitch is made in Asia And I'm icy like a glacier Get your baby momma Take her then make her You date her, then fuck her I fuck her, then date her Everything is on the up Like a elevator Gucci Mane and Tity Boi College Park and Decatur Now I do it for the haters Started with a Buick LeSabre

Ended with that Ferrari
Tell me, meet me up out in Vegas
Got so many acres
I don't ever see my neighbors
Niggas say they want a mil
I put money on the table

[Hook 2]