

Dee Money nigga
Real shit
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?

Just bought a pint so the whole team can sip
(Just bought a pint so the whole team can sip)
Nigga talk crazy get hit in the lip
(Nigga talk crazy get hit in his shit)
I am so low key but I'm in the VIP
(I am so low key but I'm in the VIP)
I didn't get sent I got it on my hip
Kickin' that bitch and you know she's a rip (Woah)

I'm not the player, I'm the coach
If you want then just order the boat
I just want piece of the bread (Bread)
'Cause bitch I came for the loaf (Loaf)
Put on some shit so I can dance on the low (Huh)
Pussy get tortured and hung on a rope (Pussy get)
Cut off his finger and leave him a note (Cut of his)
When you play dirty that's how this shit go

I had to hit it, thousand pounds of dope
I had to break it down and get it sold
I got some money, went and fed the Po
I kept it silent, I would never fold
I know you remember 'cause I can see the floor
I used to broke, now I became a boss
My niggas hard, the opposite of soft
I got me a Glock, I might just shoot the law

Paid for that shit and don't look at the cost
I used to be broke and now I'm a young boss
Toppin' shit on me and I might like some floss
Got a bad bit' just like Diana Ross
My niggas ain't soft and I'm high as a loft
[?] ain't no high but I'm talkin'
Christian, my Louboutin wallet be walkin'
Put your head up for an auction
Whippin' up, baby's a doctor
All the bad bitches be flockin'
Sellin' out shows and we walkin'
Pussy ass nigga just blockin'
We out in public, soon as we spot 'em we poppin'
Bro you might need you a doctor
No limimt soldiers, all my niggas bad
We do not focus, all my niggas silent

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All of my niggas rock solid
Niggas ain't hard, they hard body (Hard body)
My [?] a borin' Gotti
Run outside wit' a stick and I caught a body (Caught a body)
Caught that AP, apologize, we sorry (Sorry)
I remember I used to rock [?]
Bitch I came from the bottom, bottom, bottom
I got niggas that never seen a 'Rari
I was broke, went from a little to a lotta (Little to a lotta)
Went to Neiman's, yeah, caught my bitch some Prada
I went straight to Balmain, I skipped the Robin's
Gunna-Gunna can't [?] bitch, I cannot pop it
That lil' baby boy soft, boy he need to stop it
Got your bitch in my room, give her sloppy-toppy
Yeah that left clip the drip that tryna copy
Don't let me slip out wit' my pocket rocket

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