

## Iphone And A Gmail

Iamsu!

IPhone and a Gmail  
Tryna stack my chips up, flip bucks, go for G's  
Selling clothes overseas now  
Guarantee your hoe tryna go with me

Oh, they was hating on me  
But it won't work  
They lining up for Jordans  
No, that's my concert  
I said I need it in my life  
Them big face hunnids  
If she don't let me hit, I'ma make her shake something  
I gotta get that work  
My bills through that roof  
I got big baller habits plus I need a new coup  
Still pull up in that hoop  
Ball like I'm shootin' hoops  
Said you can't make it from the bay, I'm the living proof  
All these fake people in my way  
Disappearing "poof"  
Do the show  
Next day to the bank stacking up my loot  
I'm more of a Maloof  
I'm contemplating millions  
Independent till' ten million  
Tryna get it, tell them hit me on my

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Living what I rap out my tour bus, my trap house  
I was out in Denver smoking killa, but I'm back now  
Always on a mission, on the road to that bread  
I need rollies on my wrist, I need wifey in my bed  
Pockets on Uncle Phil, I can't fuck with Uncle Sam  
On these big ass stages, showing people who I am  
When I say " I am", ya'll say "Su"  
This is chess not checkers, they be watching all my moves  
2 o'clock breakfast, I've been grinding all night  
Warfield sold out, I'm in all white  
The type of shit I like lemon chicken, fried rice  
Gamed up, laced up like my shoes tied tight  
Hit my

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