

Basquiat

Icewear Vezzo

(Primo, turn this shit up)

(Primo beats on the track)

Ooh

Show these niggas they ain't fuckin' with me, fuck these niggas

Alright

(Iced Up Records)

These niggas rappin' and they tellin', I don't know how the fuck to trust 'em

Quick to grab the chop and nail 'em, niggas pussy, I can smell 'em

Forty-six on my new bezel, I got rich, them niggas jealous 26'll do the dash, the Forgiats can't reach the pedal

Don't give a fuck about no niggas, hoes, or nothin', we really steppin'

Thousand bows, they come from Cali', you can't touch 'em, we can mail 'em

Used to rob, I'm rich forever, emerald cuts in every letter

Hundred rounds sit in the Pelle, syrup pints look like jelly

Got my own pape', the stat'll drop

Put a bag on niggas' blocks

Drop a tag if niggas hot ain't never friends, we really opps

Eighty grand, yeah, just playin', my lil' yeah to send the drop

I'm a man, lil' nigga, I was in the feds with niggas' pops

Richard Mille, Cullinan, and Spectre, Vacherons

We get right to it sooner if they tester lock you down

Ain't never opped around, don't fuck with cops around

I had my ups and downs, and now I'm rich like Kai Cenat

Huh, MACs and KelTecs'll paint some shit like Basquiat

I throw the bitch in drive, Cybertruck, she top me up

Keep dranky, Wockied up, they janky, copied us

Huh, real soldier nigga, a big dog with sloppy nuts

Ain't tryna work with niggas unless I got a verse for niggas

That purple mud from hittin' turkey bags and turkey bitches

I call up my lil' what? Pah, pah, he earned the chicken

Them racks gon' hurt they feelings

No Act', I'm purple sipping

You know that bag to heavy when I get packs that hurt the skizz y

I hit up my lil' gang and we got back and lurked for minions

Can't argue with no lame unless it's cash, I'm worth a million

Fuck them niggas and that shit they claim ain't worth a penny

Huh, got like thirty Rollies, niggas actin' worse than Emmy's

Might drive the 'vert to Denny's, I ride with Percs and semis

I'm grindin' 'til I'm filthy, bitch, my dryer worth a billy

Neck shinin', this shit silly, my wrist frostier than minties, nigga

(Iced Up Records)

My own money, my own everything