

Turn me up (Haha, PBell)  
Ooh  
Yeah, yeah (Dxnte, you snapped on this one)  
Yeah, huh

Brand new Rollie, it look like peach  
I make them hoes away my seat  
Ice my Rollie just like Meek, them Forgis fours on all my feet  
I do drugs 'cause I be geeked, my O. T. run was just like Meech  
Got Cali' bud, this shit ain't cheap  
I get shit done just off one tweet  
I can pop my shit for real 'cause it's real life, it ain't no act  
If that Rollie ain't at least three hundred, that shit light, them ain't no racket  
She not my type, but still'll fuck a bitch on sight 'cause I like racks  
Fill my closet up, mix match, that's on my life, it look like Sax's  
I like hoes that's gon' be hoes, but I hate hoes that play they roles  
I smoke 'bows and I like clothes, that dog too strong, it stank my nose  
You ain't coppin' least two O's, don't hit my phone, bro, what you on?  
Fuck this rap 'cause this shit bold, how niggas told it and sell out shows?  
I been poppin' since like ten, bitch, I can pop it 'cause I'm him  
Off the lot with Maybach Benz, flooded rocks, bitch, I might swim  
What type of games niggas be playin', dog? Shot still ain't spinned  
Bentley drop, it cost two men, flooded the watch with all blue gems  
Bitch, I'm talkin' Flintstones and gettin' fent' gone, yeah, since the flip phone  
Half a million standin' from my foot up to my hip bone  
New compressor, step when it's so hard, I put a six on  
Fluffy bag filled up with all coins, it got wicks on  
Rich nigga, that's ten thousand gone, I put fits on  
Plot a bitch from Cali', get the load before I get home  
Pour up yellow Tussin, this shit so old, look like it's hit on