

Cheesecake

Icewear Vezzo

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 S ax'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