

Uh-huh, uh  
Check, check, yeah  
Uh-huh, yeah

Sittin' on cloud nine, but it's really my couch  
Pierre Jeanneret's, the original ones  
Not the one's they get for five hundred to dress up their house  
I'm single, boy, single boy  
No girl or no spouse  
Crib be quiet as a mouse  
Don't smoke, but I could make it loud  
With the push of a text, I'm textin' your bitch  
She exit your shit to push up and get hit  
I need to tone it down  
The neighbor's complainin'  
The HOA sayin', I'm sayin I don't know what they sayin'  
I'm never in town  
Don't disrespect my intellect  
My GLS be at the intersection when we intersect  
She look like she innocent, I'ma change it in a sec'  
Niggas ballin' for they bitches, 'til I come and intercept

Now they ballin' for they bitches  
Devin Booker with the tears  
Cotton flower jeans, to show you the spring in the air  
Yeah, we see you sittin' there, but your name ain't on this chair  
Motherfucker, we don't care

I put my cheddar where my mouth is, just to keep my mouth fed  
Thought the green would get respect, but all I got was grouches  
Niggas gettin' grumpy 'cause they can't relate, it's funny  
How they use their energy for winnin' on the hate  
But when they see my clique, they turn to mice  
I show you how my clout hit, every time your doubt hit  
And realize the shit in which they really do amount hit  
The motherfuckin' fad 'cause-

I can never be the one tryna ball for these bitches  
Devin Booker with the tears  
Cotton flower jeans, to show you the spring in the air  
Yeah, we see you sittin' there, but your name ain't on this chair  
Motherfucker, we don't care, yeah

Sittin' on your whole year, but it's really my couch  
Pierre Paulin's, this the original one  
Cost fifty bands, all in, just to put in my house  
The replica like fifteen, you can check the amount  
If we ain't talkin' money, IDK, what we talkin' about?  
Fly shit, the house came with wings, nigga  
They ain't laughin' at your dreams, then you gotta dream bigger  
I seen niggas talkin' down when I was down, now I'm up  
Copped the 911, just to tell these niggas "Eat my dust"  
Keep a heater tucked for niggas sneakin' up, he think he tough  
If he try my hand, then I'ma call his bluff, no, I don't believe in luck  
Try to slime me out, I wipe his nose like his shit was stuffed  
The jig is up  
I'm the big dog, you just a little pup

Nigga, what? I'm back outside, never been one to hide  
Streets said Unique might've died, but Joey still alive  
I'm done playin' games with you niggas  
Ain't lettin' nothin' slide, what's the vibe?

I could never be the one tryna ball for these bitches  
Devin Booker with the tears  
Cotton flower jeans, to show you the spring in the air  
Yeah, we seen 'em sittin' there, scratch his name up off the chair  
Motherfucker, we don't care, yeah