

Everything that glitters...ain't gold. sept trappin
I'm talkin bout rappin, yo I'm talkin bout the action
An I'm callin up 1st, hit the yo, hits happen
Two beans in the bucket. Fuck it aye, let's take it to the stage
Flip that bird. Equal shows on shows
Equal stacks on racks. Yo I gotta gets paid
Get the rush like a dealer. Cook this flow ship it off no sleep
Every show sold out from the clubs to arenas
Flow dope so I might get sapena, yo

Deal for the 8th, 21 for the key
Every flow be a quarter you promoters know me
Whip work, whip it hard, gold bricks. OZ
Yeah. I'm talkin bout my shows
Pay money in my hand, Quick Time

QuickTime

Ain't enough Time, in a day so I ship Every coke line
Take bong, and a brick that's one rhyme
Make stacks, make it flip facing life time
Make it flip like gabby Douglas
You know what that mean?
IGGY gotta bring home the gold
Usain wit my money betta come in a bolt...
White girl mean dope. I swear she go...
They say I'm dope... Like a

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QuickTime

Time time to get this cash, We blowin money fast
Mijo hit my boost, He just tryna get some ass
If it ain't bout money fuck it, these azaleans they love it
So I gotta drop trapgold, bet all the trunks they sub it