

Fuck you and your situation  
Why you make it so complicated?  
Hit my phone, don't leave me hangin'  
Smokin' weed, all different flavours  
I got plenty cash, just make arrangements  
There's more where that came from, that's all I'm sayin'  
It's me and you, we far from basic  
It's you and me still got no relation

FYB we got a cheque, not just me  
I'm CEO status, I'm Mr. Jacquees  
Backwood rollin' up, I'm stuffin' it with weed  
I'm double cup poured up and drinkin' Hennessey  
Come take a shot, with Jacquees  
Let's go up, turn up, I'm tryna make a scene  
You don't need your purse  
You don't need your keys  
Don't need no money, when you're with me

I'm ready, to do what you wanna  
Just meet me half way  
And save all your drama

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We drunk as hell the liquor wasted  
She fine, fine, body amazing  
She let me hit it on the kitchen table  
But we single, we ain't got no label  
She see me on the road now  
Still be getting them load offs  
I'm high and drunk, I might doze off  
Still got my head on that poured up  
Cause you know I ain't average  
Stay fuckin' on the baddest  
My jeans made in Paris  
Money goin' round like a Ferris (wheel)

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