

Oh yeah, uh
Hood fave'
Let the-, let the-, let the- (OG Parker)
Ayy

Roll the gas, bro, what's up with it? (Gas, gas)
Shorty super bad and that ass got some junk in it (Fatty)
And they keep on throwin' shots, what, you still ain't drunk, nigga? (What, you still ain't drunk?)
Shout out to my mama, though, she ain't raised no punk, nigga (Nah)

I was doin' bad and I got through with that (I'm done with it)
If you see her with me, she got rackies in her Louis bag (She coming with)
Put her in that foreign, she get wetter when I do the dash (Ayy, hey)
In my trap you need a tutor 'cause I do the math (Grrt, the math)

Blicky wit' me, I might do a drill in the Peon Hills (Grrah, grrah)
Thick as fuck, look at all this ass, I ain't miss a meal (I ain't miss a meal)
Yellow whip, cream inside, look like a banana peel (Woo, yeah)
Big Don, big money, big dog, I'ma big deal (Oh, yeah)
I been settin' trends, I see these bitches takin' notes, though (Uh-huh)
M's in the bank, double C's all on my torso (Woo)
I run through a check and I ain't trippin' on no broke ho
30K around my neck, thirty inches on my frontal (Yeah)
Front row at Kim Shui, diamonds doin' jujutsu
Magazine in the Chanel incase a ho got a issue (Grrt, baow)
Steppin' in my Lavin's, blew bag at the Comments
Hatin' hoes on my dick, I don't read they comments (They comments)
Yeah (Yeah)

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In my trap you need a tutor 'cause I do the math ('Cause I do the math)

Don't come around me actin' stupid, brodie shoot 'em fast (Frtr, boom)
Money long, you could see that shit on Google Maps (Hood fave', ayy)
You could see it from a satellite (You could see it from a satellite)
Bad bitch weigh no weights but she eat it up, got appetite (Hey, eat it up)
I might pop out to the club with her (Pop out to the club)
Hit it while she playin with her toy, she fell in love with it (She fell in love)
And that brand new foreign is a toy, I'm havin' fun with it
All these niggas say they run the city, we the ones in it (That's the Money Gang)
Ayy, and we been the ones (And we been that)
I don't even know where the hate be comin' from, so I went and bought bigger guns (Bigger caps)
Plain Jane got racks like rim been done
Bad bitch with the dimples on (Yeah)

Move strange and the fam' gon' miss you, hug
Get popped like pimples on you (Get popped like-, cap)

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In my trap you need a tutor 'cause I do the math (Drip, drip-drip)

(OG Parker)