

Lamar Jackson

Jay Critch

Put me anywhere on God's green earth and I'ma make it work
Money flowing, watch how they get thirsty
And these niggas say they in they bag, it's Tory Burch
I've been in my Birkin, she can't get a Birkin, don't deserve it

Them boys don't put no work in
I swear it feel like they losing on purpose
I hear the birds talking, yeah, they chirping
But they ain't getting no paper
Baddie pull up big-body Suburban
A pretty young thing but she take Perkys
It's like she was a Olay, I ran out, ain't doing no favors
From the block now, I be on the stages, got them hoes waiting
Money bring more problems so when they hate me, I get more paper
Money bring more problems, I could tell why they don't like me
I stopped hitting juggs but for that blrrd, I do boy sheisty
Still got rackys in the shoe box like it's some old Nikes
Forty thousand for the lawyer fees
Ain't crying 'bout that shit 'cause we got more of these
I separate myself 'cause they annoying me
They could keep the love, just give me loyalty
Straight up out the hood, we live like royalty
Kidnap a pussy rapper for his royalties
I ain't satisfied, I need a billi'
Like, let's go fill up the bag, this shit look low to me

Bad bitch from the block said she was over me
Bad bitch from the block like she got smoke with me
I hit that, she like, "Choke me"
She eat it up, she so freaky but she don't go with me
That first Rollie was a trophy, I could cop a Richie for no reason
Gold bottles and gold pieces, how the hell I ain't the MVP?
I've been putting number up the whole season
Diamonds punching, I'm with the bloody like my nose bleeding
Hood fave, I'm just cut different, it ain't no secret
They ain't playing through no speaker
That boy ain't fucking with my old leaks
He a gangster, why he post me?
I was gon' violate, they was like, "Chip Critch, that's OD"
Fuck the shooters, still go and see 'em, nigga hating and I'm on his BM
Beam with me but I'm in the Benz, pour the lean, mix it up blended
Ease with me, tell her bring a friend, how you sleep? Money don't rest
Can't lose man, it won't happen
My opps don't got no motion, my opps don't get no action

I can't play no games know what I'm worth, feel like Lamar Jackson
Double cup so good, I take a sip and then I start smacking
I learn that since young, they don't respect words, gotta start smacking
Niggas had they run, it's time to wrap it up though, start packing
I want every dollar, every hunnid, money overlapping
I want every bitch under the son, my hoes too attractive