

Wicked

Jay Critch

(I-I-I love you Jay)

Got me goin'
All of this money got me goin' mental
All of this money got me goin'
All of this money got me goin' mental
All of this money got me goin'
All of these - got me goin'

All of this money got me goin' mental
All of these drugs got me goin' mental
She give me top and this shit goin' mental
She rock Dior, I adore her

And I had to build it from the floor
On a yacht lookin, like to explore
In the trap, we was doing the chore
Count my paper, make sure it ain't short

I ain't get lucky, I'm chosen
I gotta stay ten toes, then
Get my buckets like DeRozan
Pouring slime, Nickelodeon
I got the ticket, it's golden
They moving wicked, I notice
But if I click it, you toasted
And I'm not switchin' on bro 'nem

They switchin' up, man that shit is disgusting
Money be talkin', now end the discussion
Why are they talkin' if they ain't on nothin'?
Diamonds on me, and they bussin'
In that Benz, I was waitin' on busses
And this toolie on me, I will buss' it
Me and Suave count all blue 'hunnids
Post on the block like Andre Drummond

Where I'm from, it was hard to do numbers
Hit a stain, cuz' I needed a come up
Need that new double R for the summer
Diamonds keepin' me cool when it's sunny
Bitches see me like "Ooh, he got money"
I'm surrounded by paper, like mummies
Used to trap behind school, I was flunkin'
But I'm too smart to cool with the dummies

I'm goin' in like "cannonball"
Took the top off the whip like Amber Rose
Ain't got no heart, what you stand for?
And I make it my biz' if gang involved
We took some losses and stand strong
Servin' the fiends, doing handoffs
And in my city they spinnin', if they can't find him, they come knockin' his
mans off

I'm talkin money, like who gone' speak?
Racks in the shoebox, not 2-3s

I'm in LV just to get new feets
It's crazy, I started on YouTube beats
Easy to love me with all the bands, but when I was broke no you didn't believe
She got a text, had to call her man
When I call her up, she be callin' to me

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