

Pull up to the place and make it pop
My jigga said, "I think the money's dropped"
Now Rebecca's on my celler 'cause she know's I get the gwop
Baby, did you know that I'm a boss?
I'ma turn these dickheads into dust
Shit then, money boppin' when I step, let's make it lit then
'Cause I grew up in the gutter with some sick men
Why is everyone on Twitter tryna diss men?

Stacking up this money taller than the ceiling
Slap it on the table, then I bring my Gs in
Take a trip to Birmingham and meet my sweet ting
Yo, punk lickin' shit nigga, what ya dealin'?
Big up One Wave, bruddah, that's the army
Do a fuck-off party, fill it up with barbies
If she's got a friend, then I'm rollin' with shawty
The way you lick your lip up is makin' me horny
Kick back lookin' like a baller, whippin' in a fast car
Come a long way from the Gaza
Splashed a couple hundreds on my Starter
Baby, would you rather hot the Shard or go to Benihana?
This one's lookin' like a sweet ting
Friend lookin' leng but she slapped when I asked her for a threesome
Say that you got figures, let me see then
Try to stay cool, but these dickheads used to givin' me a reason
Wait

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I'm too saucy with it, boujee with it
GLC whippin' got me cruisin' in it
You was at the top but now you're losin', innit?
JAY1 came and now your whole ting finished
Ah call it jiggy when I bop
Big brown back bounce, silly when it drops
Book a flight, now I'm missin' with the squad
Double JD and Coke got me kissin' up a thot
I pull up in a phat whip bigger than yours
And I ain't touchin' up a knife, you just get one to your jaw
Man can make a couple bangers cah the kids got the source
And I ain't even gotta rap, I grab the mic and I talk (Safe)
I come through, hit the zoobie like, "What's poppin'?"
Everybody's talkin' greazy, but these pussies ain't on nothin'
Take a trip to Abu Dhabi, gyallie know that JAY1 poppin'
Gucci rope around my body, thotty twist it own and buss it

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