

Was out of respect  
Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah (It's Surreal Gang, lil' bitch)  
You have no heart  
Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah

I want my wrist on Cartier  
Do I wanna get high with his bitch?  
None of this shit was a surprise  
Known since a jit, I was gon' be rich  
Thirteen, I was trappin' through the school  
I was skippin' class with my lil' ho  
Think I seen her backstage at a show  
Me and her, we rollin' fat  
And she gettin' second hand from the smoke, ayy  
Get my money, get more, ayy  
Gang really love the 30's  
He would kill a nigga for one of those, ayy  
Pussy nigga not hard, lil' bro think he Chief Keef on the low,  
ayy  
Niggas wanna be like jaydes, so it's all love when they steal m  
y flow

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Wrist on Cartier (Wrist on Cartier)  
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Get high with his bitch (Get high with his bitch)  
Known since a jit, I was gon' be rich (Known since a jit, I was  
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