

I step on these bands
I step on his miss, nigga
I can't miss, nigga
Watch how I switch
Witch house on my bitch
Never really gave a fuck about them niggas 'cause they lame
Same niggas that's still biting swag for they page
Can't see no one in my lane
Can't see no one in my lane
Can't see no one in my lane

Kill confirmed
Yuh, yuh
I said, "Bitch, you still mad at me?
Why you mad at me?" (Yeah)
I said, "Bitch, you still mad at me?"
Yeah (You have no heart!)
I'm worried 'bout the bag on me, yeah
Eyes rolling back, I'm geeked, yeah
Shop with me pack on me, yeah
I'ma need my shit in kilos, yeah
I know that the trap gon' stink, yeah
I knew his li'l ho was a freak ho
Why would I ball when I shoot free throws? Yeah
Aye, cutta' in ya' town
He say, like, "Uh, oh" when I'm around
Balenciaga on this gown
Margiela on me wiped down
Yeah, listen to this money count
Yeah, yeah
Dominican bitch on me said, "Ay que lindo"
Can't lie, I lost a lot of love for the scene hoes

I sip lean with my niggas, man
With these bitches though, can they see the vision, though?
Baby said I'm different
I feel like the difference
I'm like, "What's the difference?"
Yen really the difference, yeah, aye
Yen really the difference
Yen really the difference

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