

HIGHROLLER

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Uh, yeah

Blowin' money fast, but we ride slow (Skrrt)
This lifestyle we live to die for, so bullets is hollows
Ain't no tellin' how it might go (Yeah)
Shooters hoppin' out with the mask, watch his whole life flash, it's a slide show (Brرت)
Every day is a dice roll, might get his head cracked
Niggas ain't playin' fair, tryna make his bread back
They go crazy when they see low green (Uh)
When you get the hot hand, they kill they self-esteem
Street dreams are made of these
My uncle whip just got seized for a hundred keys
Couldn't believe it when I heard the news
Though I always knew that the hustler spirit is in my blood
Just a different path I had to choose
I'm havin' it my way, ain't playin' by the rules
Real player in the game, can give you a pointer or two (That's right)
Say, when the odds is against you, what you gon' do?
Gotta keep a winner's attitude or else you're gonna lose
Girl, I wanna know

Girl, I'm 'bout that dollar (Yeah)
Baby, when I call ya, you know that I mean it, babe (I need it, babe)
Girl, I started from the bottom (That's right)
But I fell harder, baby, when I see your face (Haha)
Money fix your problems (That's right, fact)
I know baby wanna touch my pocket, tell me (Right)
What you want, I'ma cop it
I oughta tell ya, baby, it's yours, yours

We just tryna thrive 'cause all we know is survival
Livin' in the concrete jungle, had to be tribal (Yeah)
Basic instincts, my second nature is primal
Any sign of a rival, dead on arrival (Yeah)
Every day, my niggas gon' pray, hand on the Bible (Right)
On these streets, seen false prophets and false idols (Uh)
Lotta niggas claimin' they king and lost titles by their queens
Got they ass set up 'cause they was liable
I'm breathin' new life in the game, it's a revival
Left me no choice, to take your spot, it was rightful
Life is a bitch and she back on her cycle
Can't stop 'til the chips I stack tall as the Eiffel
My attitude spiteful, my vision is insightful
Only downfall, at times, I'm too prideful
I'm the king of poppin' shit, but I ain't Michael
The bag so long, look like I'm packin' a rifle
Girl, I wanna know

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Girl, I started from the bottom (That's right)
But I fell harder, baby, when I see your face (Haha)
Money fix your problems (That's right, fact)
I know baby wanna touch my pocket, tell me (Right, Ferg)
What you want, I'ma cop it (Yeah, uh)
I oughta tell ya, baby, it's yours, yours

Came a long ways, always wanted that
You was fuckin' with them drug dealers out there sellin' packs
Had to let my money stack (Hey)
Start to rap, got up in my bag, had to double back
Now I'm a star, hit you in that sweet with that honey pack (Uh)
Unwrap, them buns clap while them guns clap
Shootouts in your hood while I'm in it, I'm still gon' come back
I'm with all the smoke, I'ma hit it until my lungs black (Woo)
Then you poke it out, I'ma stick it in like a thumb tack (Woo)
Jerking like you don't want that (Damn)
I want you to lick it until your tongue chap (Ugh)
Them diamonds be hittin' under Burberry mittens (Woo)
Baguettie cut to precision, see, you ain't peep the vision (Right, yeah, uh)
I been on a mission, copped you a new Patti LaBelle, that's a new addition (Uh)
Maybach, color Bobby Brown, this the new edition (Ooh)
(Girl, I wanna know) Damn

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