

Bitch, it's on

Hit-Boy

I make it look easy in these, oh

I make it look easy in a foreign

I got all this green like I'm a sergeant

I got all this green like I was farming

She call me the army leader, sergeant

I woke up in the middle of this darkness

Yeah, yeah, uh

I got all this green like I was what? Uh

I got all this green like I was farming, uh

I'm the army leader, I'm the sergeant, uh

I need yellow bones on that Mars shit, uh

I'm not from this planet, I'm a martian, uh

I ain't getting drunk but I got bars, yeah, uh

Servin' rounds like you at a bar, yeah, uh

My gun sing, I feel like Barbra Streisand, uh

Cowboy this revolver in my left hand, uh

Married to this money, uh

Holy matrimony, uh

He think that he real, uh

Your boyfriend a phony, uh

Turn his face to pizza, choppa make him pepperoni, uh

I'm the type to pull up, then I flex my fucking Rollie, uh

AP on my wrist but it get deeper

I go back to school just to shit and then fuck on the bad teachers

Give a fuck about you, prolly getting head behind the goddamn bleachers

You don't fuck with me, that's cool 'cause I don't fuck with me either

I'm hot, just caught a fever, she scream, "Oh baby" like Justin Bieber

I pull up on the scene bring the house down like I'm Queen Latifah

You could try me if you want, you will get smoke like Wiz, no Khalifa

And I don't even smoke reefer, nigga, I don't even smoke reefer

Yeah, but keep them percs coming

If I go broke, back to the trap, just keep that work coming

I'm praying every day, but I don't go to church for nothin'

You know that the pastor be fronting, he think he be talkin' 'bout somethin'

That nigga probably fucking your mommy, huh, huh, huh

If I'm being honest, huh, yeah, huh, shit, I ain't just talking

Nigga, I don't talk it I walk it

And I don't do shit without offers

I told you, my nigga, I'm awfully awesome

I probably got powers like Austin

Pull up to your apartment, I leave a bomb like the marathon running in Boston

Yeah, huh, yeah, huh, look what I did, huh, huh, baby, huh, see it, uh

She hold up my kid, uh, huh, Home A- huh, lone, huh

I'm in your crib, uh, huh, but this ain't, huh, two people chasin' a white kid, uh, huh, yeah

Glizzy on me, huh

I get busy, I get jiggy, I get jiggy on it, huh

I can't hear what you saying, why you goin' Iggy on me? Huh

I can't hear what you saying, why you goin' Iggy on me? Huh, yeah, huh, yeah, huh

Pockets, huh, bands, huh, choppa, uh, from, huh, Afghanistan, huh

50, huh, Cent, huh, said it, huh, best, huh

Many, huh, men, huh, wishing death

And I don't got time for it, I just got Tom Ford  
I don't even got change for these hoes, you can't have a dime, boy  
I feel like Kobe in the fourth, I ain't passing no dimes, boy  
I'm 'bout mine with the gun, it sing like it's Cece Winans, boy  
Listen to how I spazz on they ass, leave 'em leaking like a maxi pad  
It's me and Max Lord in the studio counting up all these racks  
I used to fuck with the Xans, now it's Percs in my hand  
I used to fuck with the work and now I got no work in my hand  
Nigga, you know where we stand, huh, huh, huh, huh  
Boy, your bitch is a stan, huh  
If I fall in love then I'm gon' turn into Stan, huh, ayy  
If she leave me, I'm driving off of that bridge, huh, yeah, hahaha, damn  
Uh, uh, keep that, I'ma do one more take