

(Physic made this one)

Back to back, yeah, my young niggas slidin', huh
Hats on hats, nigga, that's bodies on bodies, huh
Yeah, nigga, back to back, yeah, just countin' them hundreds
Yeah, got hats on hats, nigga, that's homi on homis
Yeah, outside, them niggas, yeah, they don't be outside
Young nigga all on songs, they never did nothin' to nobody
I'm countin' racks, yeah, up in my home, yeah, that's my brand-new hobby

I get so damn geeked, I don't want nobody botherin'
(Yeah, I don't want nobody botherin', yeah)
I got ice all in my cup, you know I'm blicked up
I got ice sittin' on my neck, you know I'm sticked up
Yeah, this truck is bulletproof, lil' kids tryna prove somethin'

Don't give a fuck if it's broad day, put him on the news, huh
Catchin' hats on the highway, bullets rip right through his stomach

Niggas know I get a lot of cake, any day, made a cool hundred
Iced out all my diamonds, these hoes one of ones
I see these niggas tryna copy, I got a lot of sons
Hit the bank, no deposit, I pull out them funds
Hit the club, then I swap it for a lot of ones
Yeah, I'm gettin' so much money, had to open up five new bank accounts
You ain't gon' never get money, just look at the niggas you hang around

I'm in the back of Givenchy spendin' these racks, they hatin' now

What you spent on your pendant, nigga, on codeine, I spent the same amount, huh

Double that shit
Double that shit, double that shit