

Damn, Trgc made that?

Ha

Arc'teryx jacket (Arc'teryx jacket)

Ha, new Margiela (New Margiela)

Walk up in Saint Laurent, yeah, nigga, I'm coppin' whatever

I got my heater on me (Yeah), yeah, we blow at whoever

We go at whoever

Them niggas ain't on my level (Uh)

Sippin' codeine out the kettle

Trackhawk make a nigga jump, damn, he know he ain't catchin' me

(Know he ain't catchin' me)

Yeah, I been havin' racks way too long, none of this shit be impressin' me (Shit be impressin' me)

Them lil' boys been cappin' too long, AMG tear up the whole street (Tear up the whole street)

My lil' nigga tryna catch a lil' dome, he tryna go on a killstreak

He tryna catch him a face shot, huh, yeah

You know my lil' nigga crazy, shoot just like AI, yeah (Shoot like AI)

Pop me a Rox' when I wake up, nigga, gotta stay high (Nigga, gotta stay high)

Take that lil' boy off the list

Yeah, told my lil' nigga, "Shoot that shit," yeah, he better not miss (He better not miss)

Ain't finna buy no ho no Birkin, bitch, you could eat my dick (Bitch, you could eat my dick)

Yeah, I got rich off merch, huh, yeah, ridin' around with a—  
Ridin' around with a blick

Bitch ass nigga get blicked up

You know we ridin' around with that hit (Hit)

Yeah, you get hit with that hitstick (Huh)

Bitch, get hit with some big shit

Yeah, lil' Kan got rich quick

Call up lil' Yeat, his wrist hit (Huh)

I just went crazy in Rick

He can't even pay his rent

Boy, we ain't poppin' no Fent'

7.62 through the fence

FN, it be my defense

That boy be all on my dick

Fuck all that money I spent, ha

I need a hunnid to sip (I need a hunnid to sip)

I want the money, that's it, huh

I want them racks, that's it, yeah

I want that bag, that's it

I want the cash, that's it