

(That boy Jdolla go crazy)
Yeah, ay, uh uh uh uh, yeah, yeah
Uh uh uh, we ain't lyin' (Pluto got it knockin', bitch)
Yeah, you ain't gettin' money lil' nigga
Yeah, you ain't gettin' money lil' nigga
Yeah, you ain't gettin' money and racks, nigga
Yeah, you ain't gettin' money, gettin' racks, nigga
Yeah, uh, racks nigga, yeah
You ain't gettin' racks nigga
You ain't gettin' racks nigga, yeah

Yeah, ay, yeah we gettin' money and cash (Bitch, ha)
He ain't gettin' money, gon' crash out
She wanna fuck 'cause them racks out
Nigga don't do no handouts
I flew to the O and took them bands out
Ay, that nigga doin' that lackin', he too xanned out
Yeah, nigga ain't cuffin' no groupies, these hoes be fanned out
Yeah, nigga, I had that stick even at my granny house
Yeah, before we made it out
Bad lil' bih gon' face me down
FN five seven take him down
'K wit' suppressor won't make a sound
Forty in the closet gon' take him down
Yeah, wit' them new draco rounds
I'm [?], niggas wanna play around
Yeah, let that nigga play games, leave him on the ground
Yeah, right in that lost and found

Yeah (Bitch)
(Pluto got it knockin', bitch)