

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Hit the road, just came in, made like ten racks on the road
In that V12 Maybach, shoot that bitch around the globe
Switch up like they shows, these niggas be hoes
These niggas be hoes, had to let 'em know
I'm back on that road, I can't lose control
All my hoes, they bad as hell, my hoes be chose
All your hoes, they throwed, wouldn't hit her with a Trojan
These niggas be so bogus, thank God I'm chosen
Yeah, you better change your tone
Go to hell and back for Tana, he can't do no wrong
I'm tryna get a rap nigga whacked, ain't tryna do no songs
I told that bitch I can't go back, you know I'm too far gone
I done glowed up, know I poured up
We got rosé inside this Rolls truck
Nigga, lil' bro, he'll blow somethin', know he keep it tucked
Nigga, DJ 'nem gon' poke somethin', he don't give no fucks
Hell, lil' bro 'nem, he a soldier, he'll flip your truck
And he hop out, yeah, with that FN, he'll hit you up
I been countin' this hundred sack, lil' nigga, like all day
Know I ran these hundreds up, go put 'em in a safe
I got my rank up, nigga better keep your chain tucked, lil' nigga
All this talkin', ask your nigga to get your rank up, lil' nigga
Only pop out, yeah, for a check, no, I ain't tryna hang with you niggas, yeah
I only pop out for that check, nigga, that bag
I only pop out for that check, nigga, nigga have them racks
I only pop out for that check, bitch, for that bag
Me and my niggas, we hop off the jet, we flyin' across the atlas
This shit turn out tragic, this shit turn out bad
You better keep your mag, boy, your face get packed up
Got a new 4-5 Magnum, nigga, that bitch platinum
These niggas, they be rattin', man, I swear this shit ain't addin' up

Yeah, yeah