

# taxbracket

Kankan

(Ayy Geo got them bands, huh?)

Huh, yeah

Bitch, this is a brand new Cayenne

Bitch, this is a brand new— uh-huh

Bitch, this is a brand new Cayenne

This is a brand new—

We sipping red, nigga yeah, in the Hellcat

I'm in a whole nother tax bracket

Just landed in LA, I'm like, "Where the red at?"

He was faking, got his shit splat

I'm riding through Houston, I'm smoking on big gas

S560, that bitch like a Maybach

Draco make a nigga get back

If Daroo hop out, that's a new hat

Huh, hit him with no mask

His shit jammed, had a ProMag

I got these niggas so mad

His lil' ho know that I'm him

We tie him up in a trash bag

In the SRT, I got jet lag

He tryna beef, that's too sad

He want a feat', that's too bad

I'm really rich, no—

I'm really rich, no troll

I'm really rich, no cap

I'm really rich, no joke

Riding in the AMG, I'm overdosing

You know it's dope in my soda

12 tryna pull me over

Why they acting like they know us?

Catch a rapper lacking, make him blow up

Soon as I wake up, pour up

Look at your bitch, she tore up

Look at my wrist, it's froze up

We shipping packs to Dakota

Hop in the whip then I roll up

Hop out the whip, he got rolled up

If we hop out that whip, then it's over

Yeah, huh

Nigga, we hop out that whip then it's— (Yeah, phew)

Nigga, we hop out that whip and it's over

Double R shit, bitch ass niggas, these niggas— (Huh, yeah)

I'm sipping on Wock' in my soda