

(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