

Yeah, woke up sipping Wock', yeah
He sipping on fake drop, yeah
This shit around the clock
I'm too high, I can't stop it
I just left the bank, ain't made a deposit
Boy, this an SRT, this ain't no Masi'

Uh, hold on, my bitch bad as hell, his hoe got mileage
All these racks on me, ain't go to college
Yeah, that nigga want him a feat', told him send the deposit
Damn, choppa right under my feet, it get to wilding
Ha, I do shit he can't, yeah
He not in my rank, I'm that nigga and he ain't
Made like ten racks off some drank
I keep cash, like fuck the bank
Told that nigga, just stay in his lane
Riding with sticks inside the Range

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I spent racks in YSL, this shit a hobby
His bitch geeked as hell, yeah, she off X and Oxy'
Yeah, uh, I been geeked as fuck and stay right in the party
I don't even give a fuck, I put my bitch on Roxi'
Uh, racks inside the Sprinter, we run it up
Uh, that's his hoe, that bitch, she came to fuck
I been on these niggas' necks, I can't let up
In that all red Trackhawk, yeah, you know that's us