

I call up your bitch, I know she a freak  
She already let me fuck, I met her last week  
Thought they was applauding, I'm clapping her cheeks  
I fuck so many bitches, I'm on a killstreak  
Feel like Joe Frazier, I knock out the beat  
I can't talk right now, bae, I'm too high, I'm geeked  
Got some bitches they wanna vibe out and they freaks  
If you run up and tweak, you get smoked, you get chiefed  
I hate being sober, just like Chief Keef  
I ride in a rover, I ride in a Jeep  
But this a Trackhawk, not a regular Jeep  
These niggas be talking money but they cheap  
If I'm talking money, lil' bitch, better believe it  
She call me cocky and conceited  
Like Michael Jackson, told her beat it  
Now she on her knees where my feet at

I got a lil' bitch on her knees yes  
She suck it up with no gag reflex  
You flew that bitch out on a P jet  
Now you looking for her like where she at  
I just Uber that bitch right to me yes  
Fucked her after you took her shopping yes  
She don't tell no, all she tell me yes  
She talk to her friends like, "Girl, he the best"  
And when it come to me she'll leave the rest  
But I'm good I'm still in the hood  
Do you understand, am I understood?  
I get to them bands there ain't nothing to it  
Anything for the money, I know you won't do it  
I'm rocking these hoes, I know you won't do it  
I'm fucking these hoes, I know you won't do it  
I'm rocking these clothes, I know you won't do it

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