

(Shit, the fuck?)
Mm, ayy (808 Mafia)

I'm tryin' not to crash out
I done fucked around and brought the MAC out
Nigga, I ain't playing, you better back down
Before I blow your back out (Yeah)
Yeah, I live what I rap 'bout, uh (Bitch)
Nah, nigga I don't rap battle (Uh-uh)

Yeah, I just hit the opps block and made them niggas scatter, yeah
I just hit a hot thot and got her right up out of here
Gotta get back to the spot and get back to them dollars, yeah
Gotta get back to the spot and get back to them dollars, yeah
Yeah, uh
Yeah, yeah, yeah, uh
Yeah, yeah, yeah, uh, uh, uh (Yeah)

Yeah, I gotta get this dough, get it 'til I'm gray and old (Uh)
Rain, sleet, or snow, I just gotta get some more (Get some more)
Rain, sleet, or snow, I just gotta get some more (I gotta get some more)
Rain, sleet, or snow, I just gotta get some more (Yeah, I gotta get some more)
Yeah, I'm flexing all the time these hoes say I do the most
Bitch, I was born to shine, I'm just doing what I'm supposed (Yeah)
My auntie always told me everything glitter ain't gold
That's another reason why I do not trust a soul
Yeah, lately I've been getting too high, try not to explode
Yeah, trying not to crash, trying not to let it go
Yeah, you get rich they get mad, that's just how the way it goes
Damn, I thought you was my bro, how you let this shit turn cold?
Uh, yeah, yeah, uh
Uh, yeah, yeah, yeah, uh
Yeah, yeah, yeah, uh, uh, uh (Ayy)

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Gotta get back to the spot and get back to them dollars, yeah
Yeah, uh
Yeah, yeah, yeah, uh
Yeah, yeah, yeah, uh, uh, uh (Yeah)