It's over with' for 'em
(Sosa808)
Lil' boy business over there
Paper Route business over here
Ha, yeah

Bad bitch, bougie and she ratchet (Yeah, yeah)
Something like a pimp, just like my daddy (Yah)
Smoking weed and shopping sprees, my bad habit (Yah)
Dior the bucket hat and Cartier the glasses (Uh-huh)
Every day, I come out fresh as fuck, hashtag (For real though)
Got more artillery in South Memphis than in Baghdad (For real though)
Yeah, I do the most, that's why you mad, mad (Yeah, yeah)
M's on top of M's, I'm getting bags, bags (Yeah, yeah)

Ayy, I been going crazy, crazy, been telling me slow down lately (Slow down) On the E-way doing one-eighty, and still can't believe I made it (Yeah) Whatever I want, I take it (Yeah)

Invited your bitch to dinner, then called her back, told her that I can't make it (Sorry)

But she gon' still pull up and fuck me crazy 'cause that's my baby (Yeah)
But last night she was just texting me talking 'bout she hate me (What?)
Machine guns all around my house, I grew up on Dick Tracy (Ugh)
P's of strong just to roll up, I smoke like I'm Jamaican (What's that?)
VS1 rocks in my ears and they all in my bracelet (Whew)
My lil' boy wear Rolex, my daughter wear a diamond anklet
Having this shit die come (For real though)
Having paper don't feel like nothing when your dawgs don't got none
That shit, that's what I got on (Uh-ugh)

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Oh, you mad, mad? (Damn)
You sit up, gossip 'bout other niggas, you sad, sad (Damn)
I took her away from a buster now she glad, glad
She met a real nigga, now she just wanna smash, smash
Ayy, every time she see me, yeah, she cut up (Go crazy)
Diamonds on me hitting, kicking, biting, they like what up? (Stupid)
"Am I tripping? Look Dolph, you still ain't signed a deal", Shit, what for?
Say you can find another nigga like me, baby, good luck, ha (Ugh)
Blue diamonds, blue Chevelle, pull up bumping my shit
Blue racks, blue Chanel, Dolph, you such a stylist
Drinking on the dirty and still smoking on the loudest
I'm my daddy's son so I know that nigga the proudest

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