

Brand new Rollie, that shit cost a hundred  
Can't count on bitch, rather go count this money  
After I fuck her, that bitch say she love me  
Say that she feel it inside of her tummy  
Her face turn blue like the face on my hundreds  
Bitch, don't you slip 'cause my water is flooded  
I get some top while I count up the money  
I'm feelin' sleepy, my cup is too muddy  
Heard you not strap, boy, I still got it on me  
Heard you not slatt, boy, I still got some homies  
Got all these bands, I did it by my lonely  
My outfit Dior and my shoes are Rick Owens  
Just finished the pint and my nigga still pourin'  
Fuck her, threw my boxers, they came from Ralph Lauren  
I fuck her one time and I leave that bitch snorin'  
Kick that ho out, ain't no stay 'til the mornin'  
These niggas my son like they came in the mornin'  
Bitch, I stay eatin' like eight in the mornin'

Bitch, if you broke, get some change, change your subject  
I get some bands, I ain't talkin' 'bout budgets  
Spent your advance on my wrist just to flood it  
Got mama worried my cup is too muddy  
Bust down my grill, now my mouth is all flooded  
Used to flex 20s, now I'm flexin' 100s  
Cartier frames help me see what I'm thumbin'  
That bitch not fast if it don't hit 200  
If I fuck that bitch, I'm gon' fuck her buddy  
My car too fast and my cup is too muddy  
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