

I done lost count of all the bitches that I fucked on IG
Life gave me lemons and I put them lemons in my hot tea
Wake up in the morning look outside the window bunch of palm trees
Cars heavy like I'm part of mobb deep I'm a dying breed
I was mad as shit, I was stuck in Dallas, tryna find weed
Me & coop wore top 10s, nigga now we top 3
Had niggas laid out on concrete for them oxys
Bitch text me, said she gon slide when she leave Roxys
I was high as shit last night think I lost 5 gs
Yeah he got this yeah he got that, he ain't got these
Ain't learnt my lesson I keep wilding
When I'm depressed I just keep shopping
Beat bully got the beat knocking
Young kur got the streets popping
Bitches I fuck em and peace sign em
Mind my business and I keep grinding
Bentley expenses they screenshot it
Love all my niggas my team solid
Either way it go my team rocking
Me and my man we would nissan it
Me and my man had the grams popping

Top 3 [x15]

Hang with criminals and bank robbers
New years might do saint thomas
Rappers fussing with they fake diamonds
Hiding out like we can't find ya
Miss Al but I can't dial em
Aunty house move them grams out it
7 deep in a van crowded
Think its sweet get ya man shot at
All that fuck shit don't get acknowledged
I don't like niggas gettin rowdy
Feel that hot shit, that'll calm him
Where my block at? right behind me
Con-artist so you can't calm me
You a sucker, can't stand by me
I don't care what niggas said 'bout me
She was pretty, got some bread out me
Before she left, I got some head out her
Do it all for some red bottoms
LA flight I had the red alliard
When I'm done I let my man try it
I ain't looking if I can't buy it
I done woke up on a dawm island